BRITANNIA and EVE

APRIL
1937

1/-

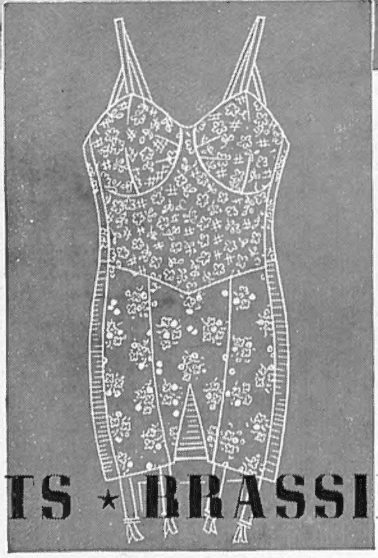
In this issue—
SPECIAL SPRING
MOTOR SECTION

HELEN JACOBS
W. COOPER-WILLSON
CRAVEN HILL
DONALD S. AITKEN
C. PATRICK THOMPSON
F. MATANIA R.I.

COMPLETE HOME
and
FASHION SECTIONS

Had a
nobody can ever call you fat, now,
Mummy dear! I lo

When she sent this picture to her critical daughter, she wrote "A snapshot of your Mamma, doing honours at local fete—I am getting quite a 'personage' down here since a Berlei foundation transformed my figure." She is wearing a Berlei Controlette, fitted true-to-type and specially designed for the *abdomen* type of figure.



A FREE BOOK on dress lines, exercise, posture, figure control. Send us a p.c. or speak to the corsetière in any good store. Abdomen Type Model on the left is 3866 Bust sizes inches 38-46. 52/6

Berlei CONTROLETTES ★ BELTS ★ BRASSIERES

BERLEI (U.K.) LTD., 208a REGENT STREET, W.1. (WHOLESALE ONLY)

Attractive Evening Gown and Coatee in Courtaulds Printed Rayon. This particular model has a white design on a navy ground and a further touch of white is added by the revers faced with tulip skin. *Price 98/6*

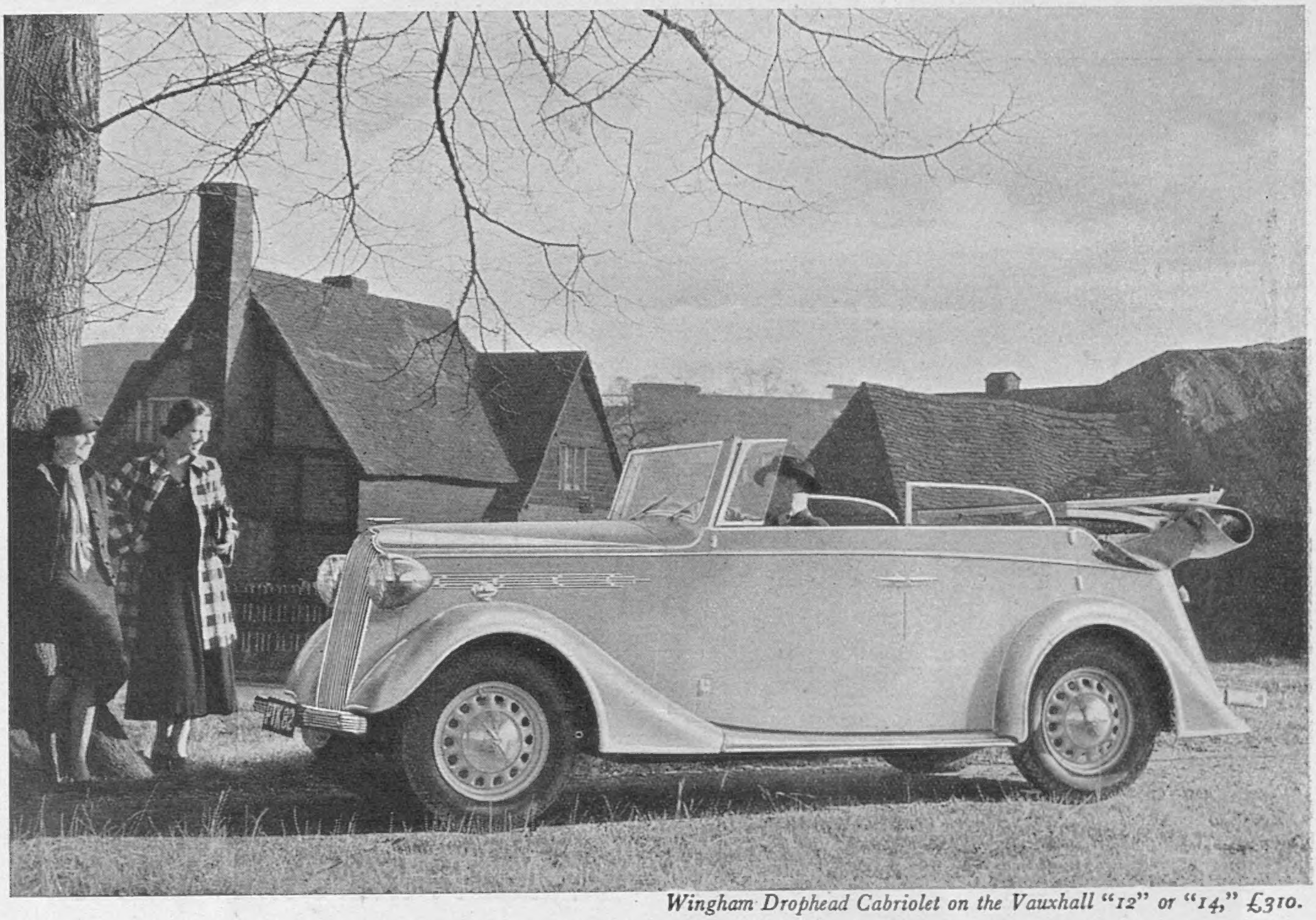
Selected from Selfridge's Model Gown Department

Courtaulds

THE GREATEST
NAME IN RAYON

COURTAULDS
RAYON

COURTAULDS LTD., 16, ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND, LONDON, E.C.1



Wingham Drophead Cabriolet on the Vauxhall "12" or "14," £310.

Prescription for jaded Motorists

Glad to get home and put the car away? . . . Getting a bit tired of motoring?

We know the feeling. It has lots of causes—they nearly all depend on the kind of car.

A Vauxhall "Six" is going to cure you. It makes motoring a joy again. It has so many *extra* features that make a tremendous difference to road travel.

Independent Springing, for instance, that smoothes away the bumps and makes the potholes disappear. An eager liveliness that sweeps you ahead of the crowd—with exceptional smoothness and silence. No-Draught Ventilation, and Body Conformity Seats, and Super Synchro-Mesh.

But try a Vauxhall for yourself—and get a thrill out of motoring again. Your local Vauxhall dealer will be glad to arrange a trial run any time. Saloons range from the 12 h.p. at £195 and 14 h.p. at £215 to the 25 h.p. at £298.

Vauxhall

COMPLETE VAUXHALL PRICE LIST

"12" & "14" MODELS. Standard Saloon (12 h.p. only) £195. De Luxe Saloon £215. Touring Saloon (14 h.p. only) with enclosed luggage accommodation, £220. Coupe £235. Tickford Foursome Drophead Coupe £285. Wingham Cabriolet £310.

"25" MODELS. Saloon £298. Grosvenor Close-coupled Saloon £345. Tickford Drophead Coupe £365. Wingham Cabriolet £400. Long wheelbase "25" models. Continental Touring Saloon £528. Grosvenor 7-str. Limousine £575.

Catalogues on request from VAUXHALL MOTORS LTD., LUTON.

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 14, No. 4. APRIL 1937

Contents *for* April

Cover Design

by *Heade*

Articles

They Vanished into Thin Air: by *Trevor Allen* 8, 9 and 98

Boom in Jewels: by *C. Patrick Thompson* Decorations by *Nina Miller Davidson* 10, 11 and 124

In Training with the Rescue Men: by *Ronald F. Tiltman* 12, 13 and 97

Did Destiny Shape their Ends Alike? by *Stefan Lorant* 18, 19 and 112

The Zoo's Own Night Club: by *Craven Hill* Decorations by *John Nicolson* 24, 25 and 110

Pacific Scene: by *Harry J. Greenwall* . 30, 31 and 141

Old Tales Re-Told: Semiramis: Written and illustrated by *F. Matania, R.I.* . 36–41 and 102

Home Section

Health and Beauty:

Nerves 46

Transform Your Face with This Make-up . . . 47 by *Chrysis*

Woman's Talk: by *Jean Burnup* . . . 58

Aristocrat from Siam . . 59 and 134

I'll Tell You All I Know: by *Mary Young* 60

Cooking for Fourpence a Day . 61

Stories

Simon: by *Helen Hull Jacobs* Illustrated by *S. Tresilian* 14–17 and 76

A Bachelor's Pearl: by *Olga A. Rosmanith* Illustrated by *Jack M. Faulks* 20–23 and 104

Norderney: by *Edwin Muller* Illustrated by *Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.* 26–29 and 135

Pride of Possession: by *W. Cooper-Willson* Illustrated by *Albert Bailey* 32–35 and 130

A Man's Worst Enemy: by *Donald S. Aitken* Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 42–45 and 94

Home Section

A Matter of Arrangement 62, 63

A Place at the Sea: by *Winifred Lewis* 64, 65 and 98

Men's Rooms are Different To-day 66, 67

What to Eat with What: by *Elizabeth Hughes Hallett* 68 and 98

Baby Set 69

Eating Out 70 and 140

Cooking Craft 71 and 141 by *A. H. Adair*

Good Buys of the Month . . 72

Confidently Recommended . 74

Fashions

Paris Fashions: by *Jean Burnup* . 48–52 and 108

New Stuffs 53

London Dress Shows . . 54, 55

General

Editorial 7

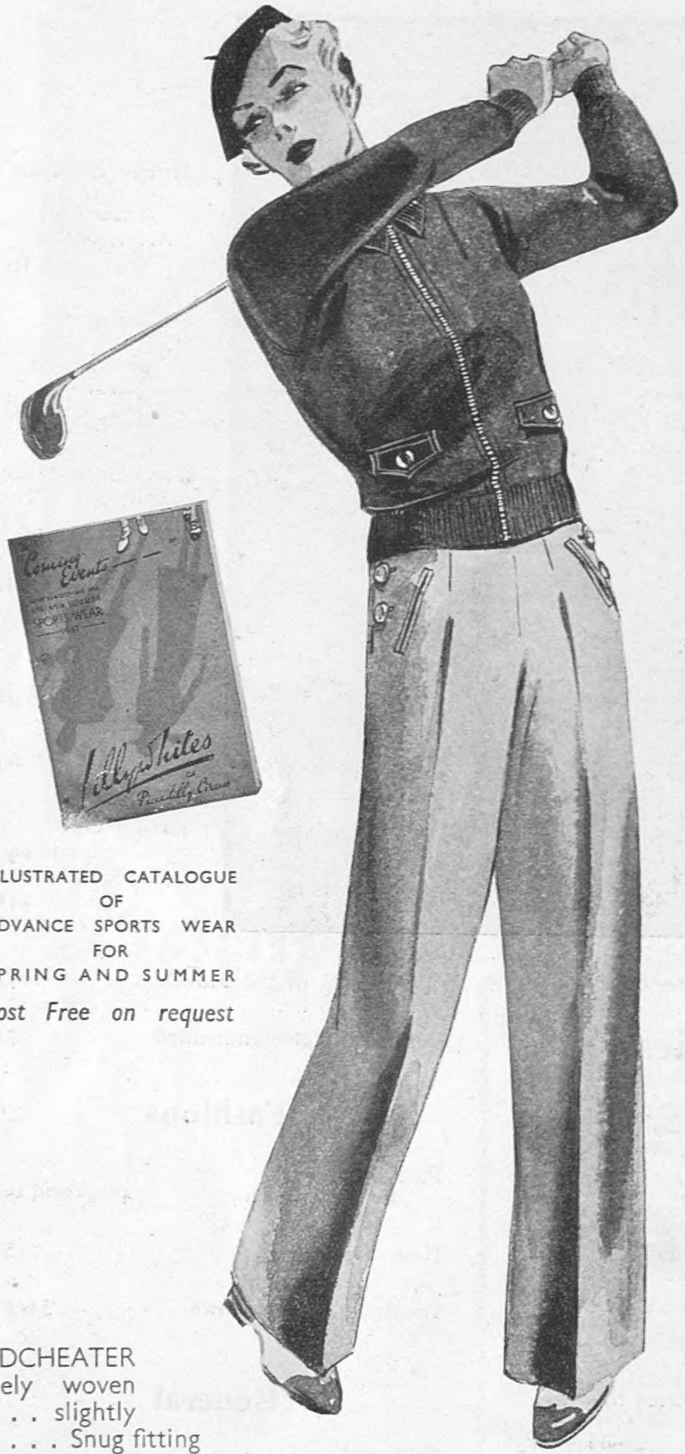
Books: Reviewed by *Arnold Palmer* . 56, 57

Spring Motor Section: Conducted by *The Earl of Cardigan* . 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89 and 91

Ranee's Delineations of Your Character from Your Handwriting 102

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 154. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

What to wear
FOR SPRING GOLF

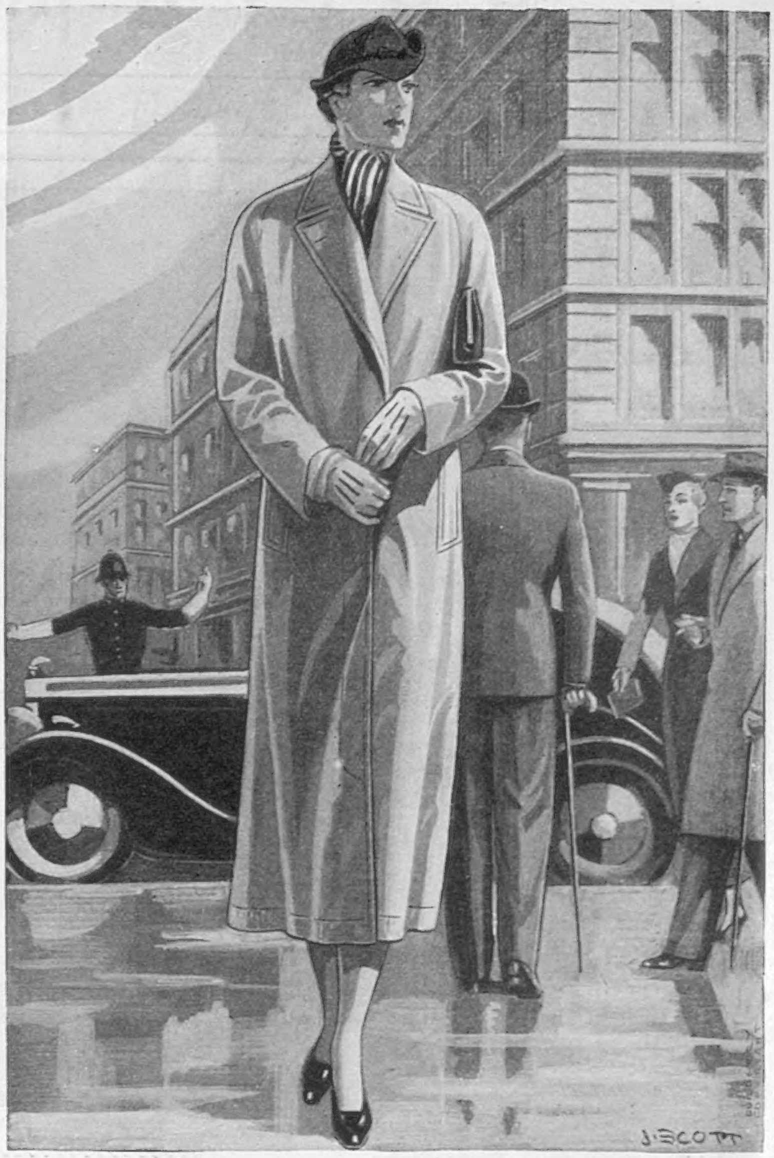


ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
OF
ADVANCE SPORTS WEAR
FOR
SPRING AND SUMMER
Post Free on request

● WINDCHEATER in closely woven fabric . . . slightly proofed . . . Snug fitting with ribbed welt and cuffs.
In Navy, Bottle, Maroon, Nigger, Scarlet or White - - 15/-

● TROUSERS
Tailored in Grey or Navy Worsted Flannel - - - - 37/6
Other styles from 21/-

Lillywhites LTD
OF
Piccadilly Circus



To the lady who wears The Burberry Weatherproof, the month or the rain is of no concern, she is sure of being dry and comfortably warm come what may. The Burberry is proof without heat, practically weightless, self-ventilating, healthful, warm on cold days, the topcoat of inestimable worth.

THE WORLD'S BEST WEATHERPROOF

In all seasons, in all climates, The Burberry is the definite choice for a definite purpose—healthful outdoor protection and comfort.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S BEST OVERCOATS

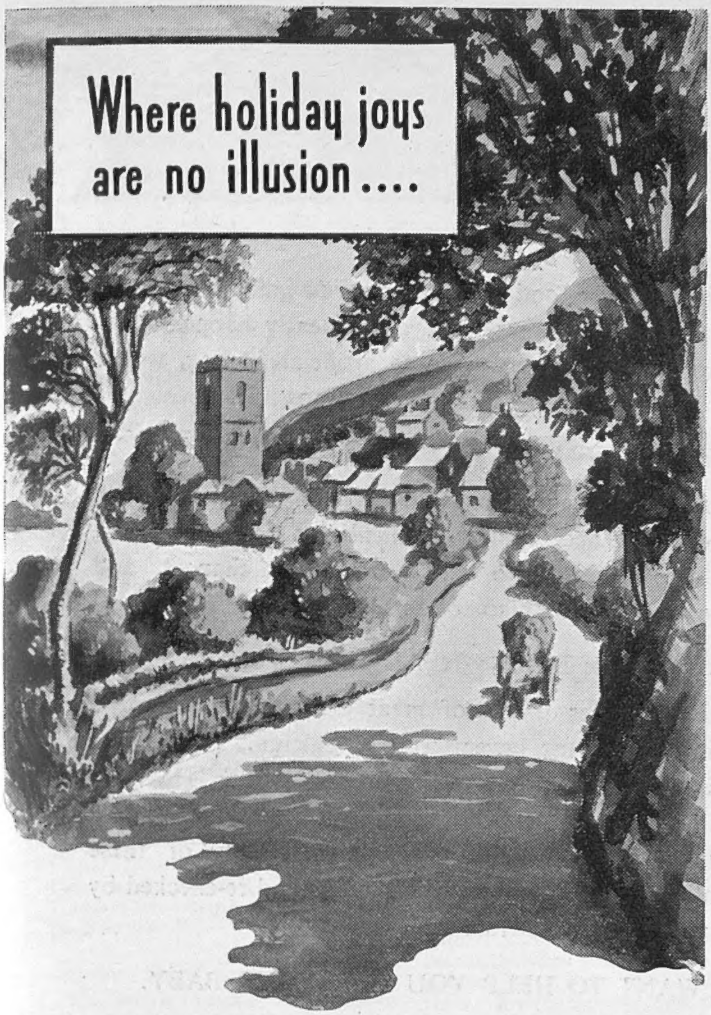
Patterns, illustrations, and prices sent on mention of "Britannia & Eve."

WARNING

No garment or material, unless it is the manufacture or merchandise of Burberrys Limited, may be described as "BURBERRY", a Registered Trade Mark protected all over the world.

N.B.—Proceedings will be taken against offenders using the word "Burberry" wrongfully, whether with or without knowledge.

BURBERRYS LTD., HAYMARKET LONDON, S.W.1


Where holiday joys are no illusion....

Your holiday . . . you plan it so carefully . . . you await it so eagerly . . . and how often does the reality bring disillusionment.

Come this year to Devon, where the bounty of Nature and the ingenuity of man combine to provide the perfect holiday playground.

Will you holiday by the seaside? Then Devon has a coastline on which broad tracts of golden sands alternate with rocky stretches in which nestle innumerable charming coves.

Will you holiday inland? Then Devon offers you a countryside world-famed for its loveliness.

Seek then your holiday joys in Devon . . . the Queen of the West!

BEFORE YOU GO

Obtain these two books :—"GLORIOUS DEVON," by S. P. B. Mais, price 1/- (2/6 bound) ; "HOLIDAY HAUNTS," 1937, containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (price 6d.)

HOW YOU GET THERE

"Monthly Return" Tickets (1d. a mile 3rd, 1½d. a mile 1st class) issued from nearly all stations.

WHEN YOU GET THERE

Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets will enable you to see the best of the county.

All information will gladly be supplied by the Supt. of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station, or the usual Tourist Agencies.

GWR

DEVON

Henry Heath Ltd
105/9 Oxford Street
172 New Bond Street W.1.

The "Bolero" regd. In finest quality fur felt.
In all fashionable colours, 32/6. Agencies everywhere.

CARR'S

TABLE WATER BISCUITS

Carr's Table Water

Perfect with Cheese..
Perfect with Butter...
..with a glass of Wine
or alone

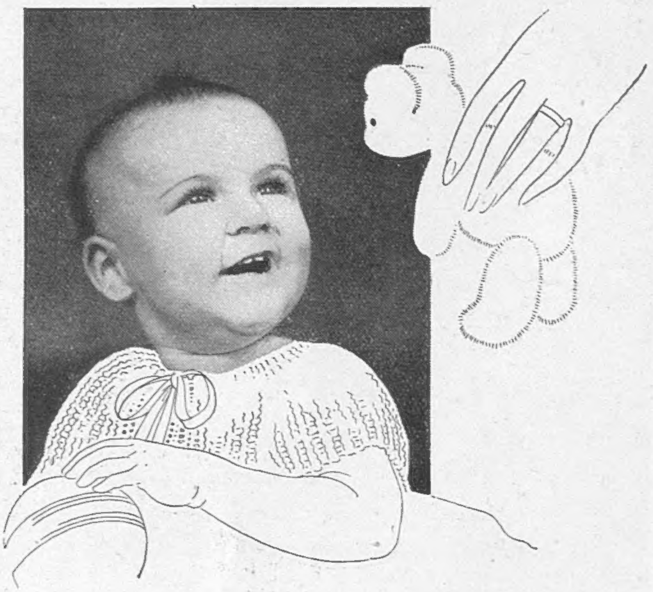
BY APPOINTMENT

MADE ONLY BY
CARR'S
OF CARLISLE
ENGLAND

©956

Baby's first needs

As soon as baby is born he is deprived of the food that has supplied him for so long. Undoubtedly the best substitute is natural feeding—but it frequently happens that Mother cannot supply him, and recourse has to be made to artificial feeding, which must be as near Mother's milk as possible.



Mrs. E. C. W. of London, the mother of this baby, writes "At three months my baby weighed under 8 lbs, although her birth weight was 7 lbs. 4 ozs. . . . . . In desperation we tried several foods and at 3½ months commenced Allenburys No. 1. In 8 days her weight increased 1 lb. and she steadily gained until at 6 months she weighed 13½ lbs. . . . Today, at 18 months she is a bonny baby of 28 lbs."

WHY A SYSTEM OF *THREE* FOODS IS NECESSARY.

Progressive changes occur in Baby's digestive power between birth and toddling. Allenburys Foods Nos. 1, 2, & 3 are adjusted to allow for these changes, and efficiently take the place of breast milk.

MINERALS & BABY'S HEALTH.

There are other things of great importance in Baby's nutrition. He must have plenty of Calcium, Phosphorus & Vitamin D to form strong bones and teeth. He must also have plenty of Iron to prevent any possibility of anæmia. Allenburys Foods contain plenty of these essentials, and their presence is checked and re-checked by laboratory analysis before sale.

WE WANT TO HELP YOU AND YOUR BABY.

We have a special bureau—The Wise Mothercraft Bureau—in charge of a qualified woman doctor, to help all mothers, not only about feeding, but about baby queries of any sort provided only that they do not call for the family doctor.

Then again we make many other products to help mothers—Feeders, Rusks, special Baby Soap, Baby Powder and Baby Cream, Carminative (for flatulence), Haliborange (the *nicest* way of taking halibut liver oil) and so on.

WE ARE GLAD.

What we like best about our Foods is the number of mothers who say how well their babies do on them—like the mother of the baby above. 'Wise Babycraft' tells of some more of these and gives a host of information about babies. Post the coupon below for a copy—we shall be pleased to send it.

Allenburys

FOODS FOR INFANTS

Allenburys No. 1. From birth to three months. In tins at 2/-, 3/9 & 7/-.

Allenburys No. 2. From three to six months. In tins at 2/-, 3/9 & 7/-.

Allenburys No. 3. From six to nine months. In tins at 1/3, 2/6 & 6/3.

Allenburys Rusks. Trial carton 6d. In Tins at 1/3, 2/3 & 4/6.

FOR FREE SAMPLE

Fill in your baby's birthday, or expected birthday, write your name and address clearly in the white margin below and post to Allen & Hanburys Ltd. (Dept. A), 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3
Baby's Birthday was.................................... is expected to be.................................... F FD/D

APRIL

Thursday, April 1

"Oh, to be in England, now that April's there! . . ." and Fooling ceases at mid-day. That's official.

Even so, the Fool Business costs the country the loss of half a day, and the nation's purse won't stand it. Practical joking has ceased to be a pastime in England, it's an occupation. Take the rise in steel, bread, petrol, taxation—why, every day the family grin and bear it.

Trout Fishing starts in River Thames.

The first young of the Shrews are born. Water-shrews are finer fishermen than beavers. Great activity also among foxes, otters, moles, stoats and weasels.

Saturday, April 3

And among footballers. Three Cup Semi-finals to be played to-day. *Rugby*—League Challenge Cup. *Association*—F.A. Amateur Cup and Scottish F.A. Cup. *Hockey, too*—Scotland play Wales at Peebles.

Sunday, April 4

At last, a breather and a good morning to go out sniffing the daffodils and fragrant velvety wallflowers. Scent gives sentiment to gardens. So, do not forget to sow Night-scented Stock and Mignonette in numerous freed and loosened spaces in the flower-border. Let them grow where they are sown; they do not like to be transplanted. Also slip in a few bulbs of the Regal Lily and gold-rayed Lily of Japan. Their perfume bewitches summer evenings unforgettably.

Peas are important: sow more peas, carrots, turnips, cauliflowers, leeks and broccoli; also broad beans. Do this at fortnightly intervals from now on, to keep up a succession of young vegetables.

Tuesday, April 6

Easter Law Sittings begin.

Wednesday, April 7

The first twelve hours bring luck to the clinching of contracts, and to obtaining a rise in pay. The next six smile on courtship and mating.

But to the A.B.A. Boxing Championships at 7.30 p.m. at the Albert Hall, these stellar influences bring trickery.

Saturday, April 10

Feverish Football: F.A. Cup Semi-Final.

Dominion and overseas visitors pour in. Among them an unrivalled singer, shy, dressed in brown, never met at docks or stations. Due to come out of rural retirement in May. Look out then for broadcast of—the Nightingale.

Sunday, April 11

Kreisler and the London Philharmonic Orchestra play at the Albert Hall, 3 p.m. As they will cause a traffic jam, start early.

It will quite likely be a showery afternoon. Build a ring of soot and clinkers round delphinium crowns. Spray visible slugs with a solution of ½ lb. aluminium sulphate dissolved in 1 gallon of water and mixed with four gallons water in which is ½ lb. lime. This is harmless to plants.

Trap ear-wigs with small pots stuffed with hay; wire-worms can be caught with pieces of carrot or potato left over the bed. If rabbits are the trouble, dust plants with pepper.

Monday, April 12

Winebibbers ahoy! Auction of old and excellent wines at Christie's donated by the best houses in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital. Some remarkable port, champagne and claret.

Tuesday, April 13

Horses trot out at Newmarket for three days' racing. Impossible to forecast betting; weather has been so unfavourable that they have had few gallops and have discreetly kept their mouths closed. Lucky colours to back: steel-blue, mustard yellow, grey.

Wednesday, April 14

If you wish to be drenched in glamour, ecstasy and gold, go to the Royal Horticultural Society's Daffodil Show at the New Hall, Westminster, although it is a *pink daffodil* that will be attracting attention. All the latest and most gorgeous spring bulbs. Early market produce can be seen at the Old Hall.

Exhibits will be marked: "Please do not touch." In America, they are marked: "Hands off." In Aberdeen: "Put back."

Thursday, April 15

On no account miss visiting 148, Piccadilly. Rothschild home showing finest French furniture of any period and Dutch masterpieces. Young Rothschild is forsaking this marble palace of his ancestors to invest his fortune in scientific research. Hence the sale.

Saturday, April 17

Further frenzied Football. *Association*—England *v.* Scotland, in Scotland. And the F.A. Amateur Cup Final. PUT YOUR CLOCKS FORWARD.

Sunday, April 18

SUMMER TIME BEGINS. Tauber, world's most popular love lyric warbler, does this at Albert Hall at 3 o'clock.

Let those on country rambles gather dandelions. Snap flowers off just under the head and soak these, barely covered with water, overnight in a preserving pan. Boil for twenty minutes hard in same water. Strain off flowers. Then boil again with ½ lb. granulated sugar to each quart for twenty minutes. When pan has cooled and liquor is down to blood-heat, stand in a dry, dark place, and float in pieces of yeast powdered toast.

Leave liquor to work for three days. Then remove froth, scum and toast. Bottle after nine days, but do not cork down until you finally bottle after three months. By Christmas, this cordial will be more potent than whisky. Delicious, prevents chills, restores health to liver.

Monday, April 19

Primrose Day. Cambridge full Easter Term begins.

Rothschild sale in Ballroom at 148, Piccadilly. Watch sphinx faces of Continental buyers; they might be playing baccarat.

Tuesday, April 20

If you bet at all, back favourites at Epsom to-day.

Many schools reopen. Situation desperate. New cricket-bats, blazers, flannels, swim-suits, tennis-rackets, play havoc with family budget. Father and mother should dine at a restaurant and go to a show and forget it.

Wednesday, April 21

Will be troublesome for all save the wise who go slow and keep the peace. Wisest to do nothing about the City and Suburban at Epsom.

Thursday, April 22

At Barbizon House, Henrietta Street, Grand Exhibition of WILSON STEER. He is the only artist to hold the Order of Merit. Paints with the poetic sweep of Constable, but with colours more vivid. Immortalises the Cotswolds, Shropshire and beach stretches of Wales. Never inserts or takes out a hill for effect. Paints England as he finds it. Dominion visitors should not miss.

Friday, April 23

Three cheers for St. George and Merrie England!

Saturday, April 24

Cataleptic sport. Association—Scottish Cup Final. Golf—English County Championship at Saunton, Devon.

USED CAR SHOW, Agricultural Hall, Islington. Seven or eight hundred cars on show from £25 to £1,000. Every make. Each car is tested by a committee of independent experts, who label it with a document describing state and performance. Best place to sell or buy a secondhand car. Dealings above board.

Monday, April 26

Last chance to view Rothschild silver-gilt table service weighing just under 22,000 ounces. To be broken up and sold at Sotheby's. Those seeking wedding presents, note. Bidders, please wear smoked glasses. The glare is blinding.

Wednesday, April 28

Newmarket. Two Thousand Guineas. Test race for sorting Derby winner—result unpredictable, but highly exciting.

Friday, April 30

Fashion, his wife and his daughter still at Newmarket. Fillies' Race, One Thousand Guineas. All the old—forever new—crowd are circling there.

Those of us who are not fashionable and who are not rushing into fittings of new clothes for the Coronation—like the tortoise, for instance—will want to eat and eat, and lie still warmly tucked up in the garden in the late afternoon, watching swallows, the fruit blossom and soaking in the beauty of late spring.

CAPTAIN NUNGESSER, who together with M. Coli left Le Bourget in May, 1927, for New York in "White Bird," and was never heard of again

The Epic Drama of the Lost Legion of Flyers whose courage and casualties have blazed the trail of Conquest

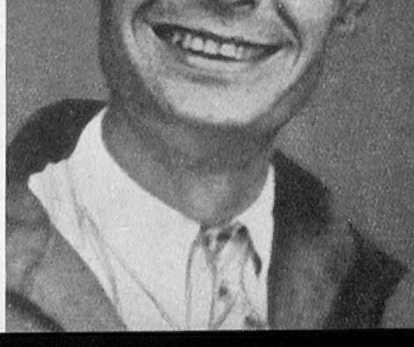
They Vanished

By Trevor Allen

PRINCESS LOWENSTEIN-WERTHEIM and Captain Leslie Hamilton, who set out from Upavon in September, 1927, to fly the Atlantic, and were never heard of again

ELSIE MACKAY and (left) Captain Hinchliffe, who disappeared in an attempt to fly the Atlantic in 1928

PAUL REDFERN, an American airman, who disappeared on a flight from Georgia to Rio de Janeiro in 1930



"GOOD-BYE—and good luck!" With engine roaring, airscrew challenging the unknown, the machine takes off and soon becomes a mere speck on the skyline. It is away on yet another pioneering adventure. The few watchers turn away, filled with a great hope—and foreboding.

Silence.

Hours drag by, and days.

Silence.

That machine with its human freight has vanished into space. Another casualty in man's conquest of the air; another "write-off" in the dramatic annals of flying. . . . There have been many such during the past quarter of a century; and sometimes the story has added poignancy because it is a sensitive woman who takes the plunge.

On a morning of September, 1927, the Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim, Colonel F. F. Minchin, and Captain Leslie Hamilton took off from Upavon to fly the Atlantic. The Princess—formerly Lady Anne Savile, daughter of the fourth Lord Mexborough—wanted to be the first woman to achieve the feat. Although she had done little piloting, she had been interested in flying from its early days—flew the Channel long before the war, in later years was "lost" for a time in France, having made a forced landing at Pontoise.

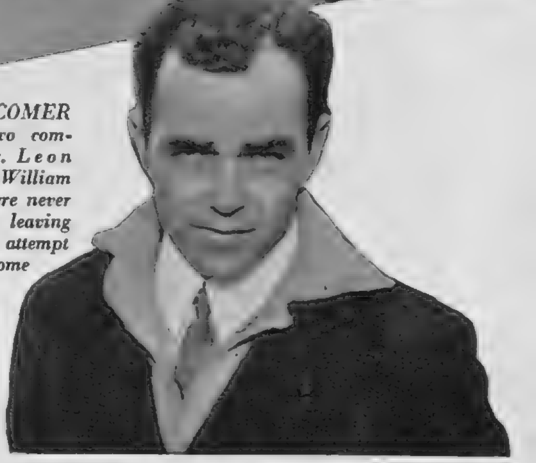
into Thin Air

CAPTAIN LANCASTER, who was last seen roaring over the Sahara in attempting a flight to the Cape

MRS. FRANCES GRAYSON, with Bruce Goldsborough and Oscar Omdal, standing beside the aeroplane "Dawn," in which they attempted to cross the Atlantic

MILDRED DORAN, who disappeared with six companions in an attempt to fly from California to Honolulu in 1927

EDNA NEWCOMER with her two companions, Dr. Leon Pisculli and William Ulbrich, who were never heard of after leaving New York in an attempt to fly to Rome



BERT HINCKLER who vanished on a flight to the Cape. His wrecked aeroplane and remains were found three months after he left England by charcoal-burners in a gorge in the Apennines

Now was her great chance. The machine was named "St. Raphael," in honour of the patron saint of airmen, and her mother, formerly Agnes Raphael. She left her London home in Upper Belgrave Street—always decorated with laurels in great vases, which she loved—and dawn found her on a bare, bleak Wiltshire down, dank with mist, swept by rain.

Being a devout woman, she was accompanied by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cardiff, and attendant priests. In the grey light, a short service was held under the "St. Raphael's" wings; the machine was blessed with holy water, a prayer was offered for the success of the flight. Before entering it, the Princess knelt to receive the Archbishop's final benediction. Father O'Reilly gave her, for luck, a shamrock leaf he had kept thirty years.

"I am proud to be the first woman to attempt the crossing," she said. "I am rather nervous, but it is the greatest moment of my life." She added that she might fly the 'plane herself for brief periods.

The fliers narrowly escaped disaster at the start. Loaded with 800 gallons of petrol for forty-eight hours' flying, the machine could not be coaxed from the ground. Only a few feet short of the Upavon-Ludgershall road, Minchin, at the controls, just got her to rise. She circled the 'drome, then flew away westward. . . . Was last sighted heading for the Atlantic in fog north of the Aran Isles. Winds were against her, though not seriously. A dense fog was reported from the Newfoundland coast.

Somewhere between fog and fog those three courageous adventurers disappeared. Weeks later a wheel was washed up on the Iceland coast, believed to have belonged to the 'plane.

The rest—silence. The Princess's sister continued to keep a brave display of laurel in the Upper Belgrave Street house in memory of her.

Another devout woman was Elsie Mackay, daughter of the late Lord Inchcape, lost with "one-eye" Hinchcliffe on another Atlantic attempt in March 1928. Typical of the adventurous young women of her generation, she wanted to achieve something for herself, instead of just living on the family name. She tried the stage, played with Cyril Maude in "Grumpy," and in films as "Poppy Wyndham." Then she took flying lessons with Sir Alan Cobham and C. D. Barnard, and also dreamed of being the first woman to fly the Atlantic.

Out of consideration for her family, her plans were made with the utmost secrecy. They took off from Cranwell in the "Endeavour" at five o'clock on a chill, snowy morning, in that dawn-hour when aerodromes can seem the most desolate, intimidating places on earth; the tried, intrepid pilot, the earnest young woman, and—the faith that filled her heart.

What that faith must have meant to her I realised later in the Silence when I stood in a little Catholic church in Grantham and heard from the priest's lips the story of her last tryst with her God. At confession, the evening before the flight, she arranged with Father Arandzen to take Holy Communion with him in the small hours, immediately before her departure on the great adventure. (*Continued on page 98*)

Prosperity brings Boom

By C. Patrick

"BLACK pearls," said the millionaire. "I congratulate you," and he bowed over his champagne-glass to our hostess, and took a small sip—barley-water was his usual drink, but this was an occasion.

"And I thank *you*," smiled the lady with the black pearls. "Whenever my husband is extra specially pleased about a deal, he adds to my jewel collection. I think," she added, flattering the lean ascetic with her clear, beautifully fringed eyes, "that he is very, very pleased about his deal with you."

But the millionaire was not the sort of man to talk deals at a cock-and-hen dinner party. He masked his eyes like an owl. When he unmasked them, he said: "I was thinking how unusual it is to see a woman choosing pearls, even black pearls. All the ladies I know have such a passion for carbon and corundum."

This lady signified by an interrogative arching of eyebrows *à la* Dietrich, that she did not follow. "Diamonds," murmured the millionaire, with his thin smile, "diamonds, you know, are just native carbon crystallised in the isometric system. And the other precious stones are just transparent corundum. When there 's blue colouring matter in it, you get a sapphire; red, a ruby; purple, an amethyst; yellow, a topaz; and green, an emerald. But it 's all corundum. And when it isn't transparent, they use it to make emery-cloth and sharpening stones."

"I think that 's very unromantic," declared our hostess.

"Ah," sighed the millionaire, "all things are unromantic when you examine them too closely. Pearls, for instance—an oyster's stomach-ache. Your black pearls came out of oysters with chronic dyspepsia."

Our hostess laughed lightly. But I think that if she could have slipped him a dyspeptic oyster, she would have done it. Jewels are no jest to a woman—especially one who owns an enviable collection.

But our hostess and her new pearls, and her financier husband, and the old millionaire, and the deal—these all blended for me into a human picture of the boom in jewels. They explained the quickening pace of diamond sales, the rise in the price of emeralds and rubies and platinum, the busy air and prosperity smiles around Hatton Garden in London, the Rue Cadet in Paris, and the Maiden Lane district in New York—it starts half-a-dozen blocks above Wall Street. Business is good, and getting better. Its rhythm keeps pace with the growing momentum of industrial and trade recovery the world over. In America, the biggest market, net sales of jewellery, only £35,000,000 in 1935, is rapidly rising to the former peak of £107,200,000 established in 1929. The dealers who come from the ends of the earth to the "sights" of diamonds in the plain, four-storey headquarter building of the Diamond Corporation in Charterhouse Street, near the Meat Market, will be clamouring for more diamonds than are offering if the present demand keeps up: for stocks are getting short, and the producers, who want higher prices, are in no hurry to replenish stocks from the mines, newly opened after four years in the caretaker's hands.

They have had a thin time through the slump, the diamond men. In the slump-trough year of 1932 sales fell to £1,500,000 from the pre-slump peak figure of £15,000,000. That, however, was the low point. Sales have been going up since. They were £4,000,000 in 1934, and £6,250,000 in 1935, £8,000,000 last year, and the estimate for 1937 is £10,000,000 to £11,000,000. Given peace in Europe—war will not break out

in its train a

in Jewels

Thompson

NINA MILLER DAVIDSON

Decorations by
Nina Miller Davidson

elsewhere if the first explosion does not come in Europe—the diamond men see no reason why expansion of world trade and purchasing power, should not take the annual sales up again to the £15,000,000 mark, and beyond it, to a new Everest peak in diamond history.

And as with the crystallised carbons, so with the coloured transparent corundum gems, the "tears of the sea" that are pearls, and the enormous mass of synthetic and imitation gems, and the mass-produced jewellery and ornaments of all sorts, which in the aggregate comprises an annual trade worth directly and indirectly between £500,000,000 and £800,000,000 a year.

THE first sign that the jewel industry at last was thawing out after the ice-jam of the great slump, came with the news last year that the giant Jonker diamond, the 726-carat stone found by a native on the Jonker farm in South Africa, had been bought from the Diamond Corporation by an American dealer for £150,000. That was a big price to pay for a stone which, priceless as a museum piece—the world's biggest uncut diamond—would, if cut, yield a number of fine diamonds, but none bigger than 200 carats, and only one that size. There are probably in the world not a score of diamonds exceeding 100 carats, cut. But the Nizam of Hyderabad has one weighing 277 carats, and the two biggest of the ten stones cut from the 3000-carats Cullinan diamond weigh respectively 516½ and 309¼ carats (the world's biggest cut diamonds—they are part of the British Crown Jewels).

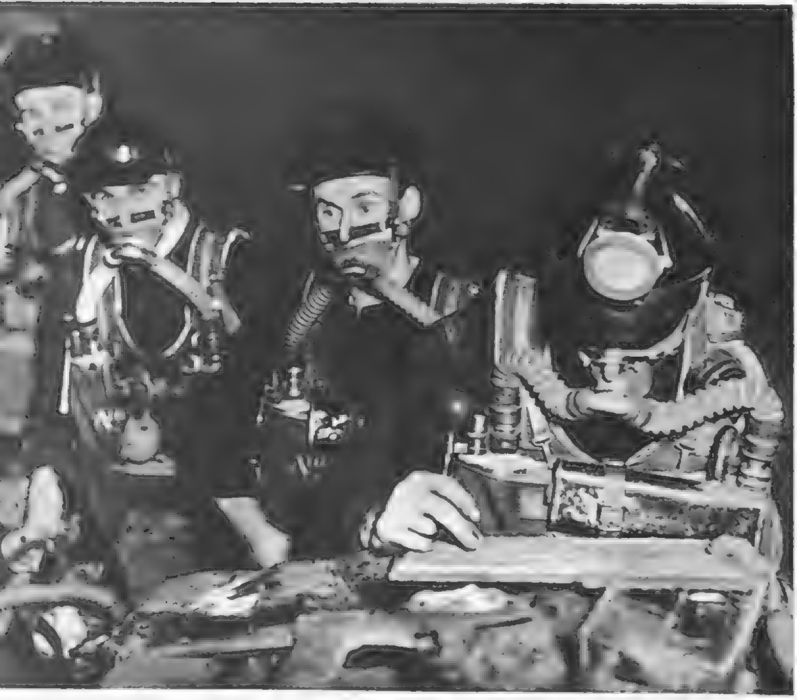
All sorts of diamonds are found in the reef-girdled chimneys in South Africa whence comes 90 per cent. of the world's supply of new diamonds—green diamonds, blue diamonds, yellow diamonds, black diamonds, and, rarest of all, the colourless and limpid stones which are said to be "of the first water." Half of all the stones extracted are useless to the dealers in precious stones. They go to the dealer in industrial diamonds. Splints and bort diamonds tip glass cutters. Diamond fragments, powdered and hammered into a copper strip, make files. The keen cutting edge of the diamond trueing tool gives a new perfect surface to the abrasive wheels used in precision grinding. The mining engineer drives a borehole thousands of feet through strata and rock with a steel bit set with diamonds projecting slightly above the surface. Through diamond drawing-dies alone can metal of every sort be drawn with the rigid uniformity of diameter and hair-fineness needed for scientific, artistic, and the more delicate industrial purposes.

The commonest form of industrial diamond is not good enough even for this specialised industrial work. It is therefore crushed to powder, mixed with olive oil, and pasted on a soft iron plate. In the diamond cutting and polishing shop, this disc is smeared with diamond dust, revolving at 2500 revolutions a minute, is brought into contact with a fine diamond. The wearing action of the hard oiled dust makes a gleaming face on the diamond, transforming the rough stone into a gem. Demand for these industrial diamonds, so far from falling off during the slump, has been on the increase.

IT is the big diamonds which, until latterly, have been a drug on the market, along with the even more precious emeralds and rubies of the first quality and exceptional size. The ordinary emerald is just a coloured beryl worth 3s. a carat, but a flawless, clear, deep-green emerald is so rare that it is practically a freak, and fetches £200 a carat, which is far more than diamonds of the first water sell for. It is the same with clear, deep-red rubies from the mines of Ceylon and Burma. There are so few of them of the first quality and large size, that they command prices beyond those of the finest diamonds.

The prices of rubies and emeralds, though, fluctuate more than the prices of diamonds between the fat and the lean years of the world's economic life. During the slump, two magnificent necklaces composed each of several hundreds of small diamonds, making a sustaining chain for ten huge emeralds, were offered at auction in Chicago. They came from the collection of the late Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick, daughter of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who many years ago set out to achieve an ambition to own the world's finest collection of emeralds. Each of those two necklaces at the time it was made up was valued at £200,000. At auction the two brought only £120,000. A matter of lack of cash among the millionaires.

The fact that the bulk of the world's finest gems are in strong hands, or are part of royal regalias, museum collections, or the hoards of Indian princes, alone kept prices from slumping farther than they did. If India were looted, for instance, the value of gems would fall like the price of Mr. Bishirgian's white pepper when his celebrated "corner" broke. Buying power could not absorb the tidal wave of huge pigeon's-blood rubies, mighty cabochon sapphires as big as a thumbnail, enormous pearls from the Sea of Oman, and strung into yard-long ropes, gigantic emeralds held to barbaric settings by pieces of hand-made gold wire, diamonds from the old Indian mines (*Continued on page* 124)



A rescue brigade in training in a model mine. The captain has located a tub of coal and is marking the position on his mine plan

In Training with the Rescue Men

SINCE the twelfth century coal has been mined in Britain and yet, with all the modern advances of science, it must still be paid for in blood. Apart from the daily toll of life and limb the newspapers only too frequently record the more serious disasters in the pits. It needs little effort to remember 57 miners hurled to death in a flash at the Wharncliffe Woodmoor Colliery in August 1936, and 265 men killed at Gresford Colliery in September 1934.

Pit tragedies may vary in nature—the dull rumble of underground explosion with its sheet of flame racing through the galleries or the sinister gas creeping through every cranny as silent death—yet one feature stands out alike in every disaster. The Rescue Men!

The silent multitude massed at the pit head, the drizzling rain saturating the watching and praying mothers who are clutching whimpering children already orphaned. Towards the pit head passes a thin line of purposeful men, goggled eyes, masked faces, strong shoulders bearing the complicated paraphernalia of their respirators. The mouth of the pit swallows yet another team of heroes fearlessly facing unknown perils for their fellow men. The Rescue Men!

Many people imagine that pit rescue work is reckless, desperate heroism by casual volunteers who happen to be first on the scene of the disaster.

On the contrary it is highly skilled work carried out by experts who have been picked and examined. By constant rehearsal they are as highly trained as a platoon of guards and as prompt in answering a call as the London Fire Brigade. "Courage *without* caution is dangerous" is their motto and far from dashing recklessly into their ordeal their whole training is directed to teaching them to keep cool and always confine their exertions to within the definite limitations imposed by their respiratory apparatus.

In every mining district in Britain is a Rescue Station maintained by the Coal Owners and linked by telephone with all pits in the area. In some stations they maintain a permanent staff of trained rescue men ready night and day to answer an emergency call to any local mine. The more popular method, however, is to use the Rescue Station as a training ground and train picked men from the volunteers at each mine so that in any disaster there are trained brigades on the spot waiting only for the Rescue Station motor van to come tearing along with its load of rescue equipment and first-aid appliances.

One of the most efficient of the Stations maintained on the latter principle is the Hednesford Rescue Station, Staffordshire, and by special permission of The Cannock Chase Coal Owners' Association I was privileged to spend a day here with a brigade in training for surely the most noble task for which man can volunteer.

At the Hednesford Station Mr. Joshua Payton, the Superintendent, has trained nearly a thousand rescue men and he has nearly three hundred fully trained registered men working in the adjacent mines.

Every member of a rescue brigade must be between 21 and 45 years of age, has to pass a stiff medical examination and has to be a bit of an engineer, toxicologist and doctor. When he has completed his rescue training, mine map reading and first-aid course he has to take six refresher courses a year and pass an annual medical examination.

For training purposes I found that they had an extensive model mine constructed most realistically in one of the buildings. Here in the pitch dark is a make-believe disaster, the galleries are low and the rough floor black with coal dust, a fire is blazing at one point (electric light behind red paper), "victims" are represented by stuffed dummy

The Story of a School for Heroes

IN the lecture room of the Hednesford Rescue Station

By Ronald F. Tiltman

model pit ponies lying "dead." The brigade in training paraded before the Superintendent, six strong—a Captain, Lieutenant and four others. They lined up smartly, numbered off, and then the Captain handed in the names and addresses of his brigade.

"What is the state of the mine?" asked the Captain.

He was given a rapid report on a theoretical "disaster." An explosion at such and such a point, gas in the mine, all men withdrawn from the pit, six had failed to answer the roll call. In answer to their questions they were told that the electricity had been cut off, the telephone and mine ventilation plant was still working, and other details respecting the state of the pit.

The Captain took one pace forward and the others took their time from him as they all donned the awe-inspiring paraphernalia of their equipment.

The "Proto" self-contained breathing apparatus they use weighs about 36 lbs. and is strapped on back and chest. It consists of oxygen cylinder, breathing bag, copper cooling device, mouthpiece and nose-clip, control valves and gauge and a motor-horn for signalling.

Other equipment for the brigade was a spare breathing apparatus, a folding stretcher, ropes, safety lamps, pieces of chalk and a canary in a cage. Knee-pads were strapped on, goggles adjusted and light but strong metal hats put on.

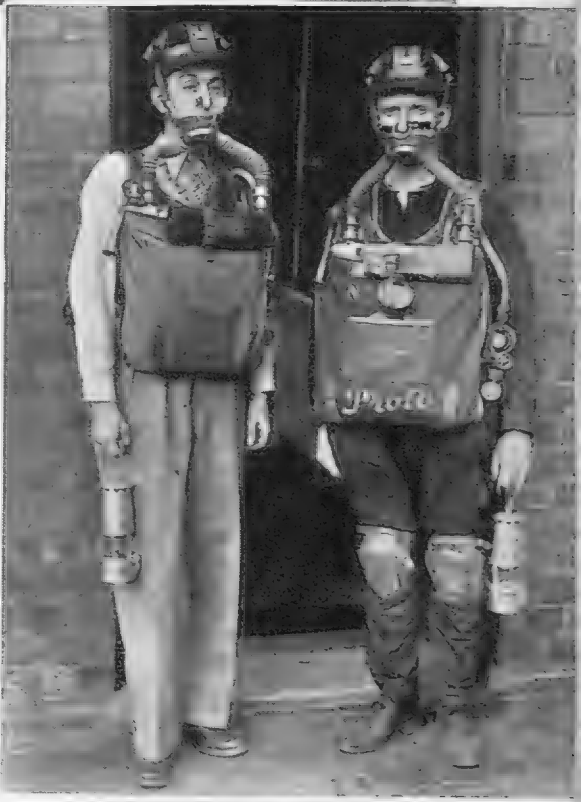
When they strapped a "Proto" outfit on my shoulders I found it pretty heavy and cumbersome, and I should not like to have to perform feats of strength in confined spaces in the apparatus as they do. But it is good for two hours in the choking, blinding fumes and the deadly gases they have to face.

The Captain checked each man's breathing apparatus and took a reading of each gauge; the oxygen was then turned off and the mouthpiece removed. He took a map of the mine, announced the route they would take and the maximum time they would be away.

In single file we crossed the cobbled yard to the building containing the "mine." The Captain led the way, carrying a stout stick and the canary cage; the Lieutenant brought up the rear. I followed as an unofficial member of the party privileged to be an eye-witness of the grim, serious rehearsal that was to ensure them being ready for the call of stark reality that might come any minute.

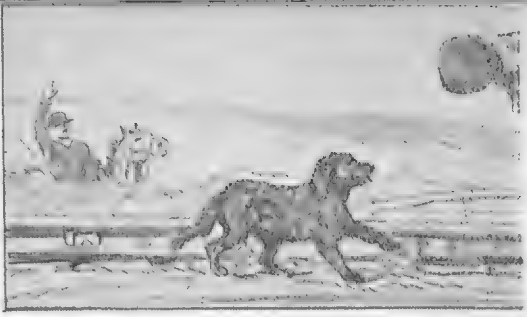
From the moment we entered the building and closed the door behind us every action of the rescue brigade was deadly serious. Cautious progress was made down the

(*Continued on page* 97)



THE author (left) with a member of the Hednesford Rescue Brigade. They are both wearing the "Proto" self-contained breathing apparatus used in rescue work. It weighs 36 lbs.

He wasn't quite a thoroughbred Cocker Spaniel—you could tell that from his ears—but he "got there" just the same



"Back! Back!"

SIMON

By Helen Hull Jacobs

(*The Wimbledon Tennis Champion*)

Illustrated by S. Tresilian

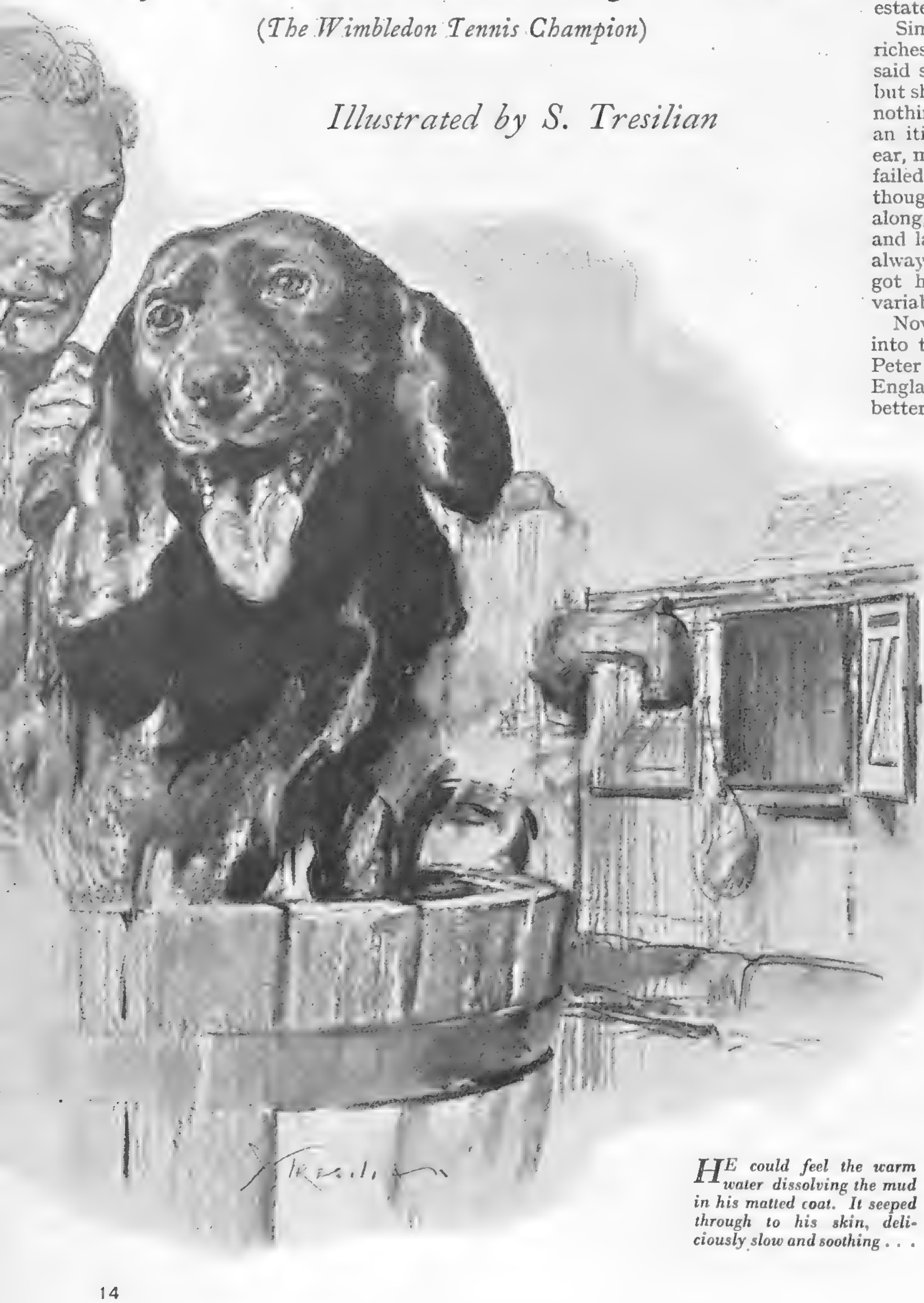
WEARY from his wanderings, Simon approached Long Marlow in a deplorable state. He sniffed the cool October air, washed clean by recent rain, and sat down contemplating the lodge and the massive wrought-iron gate half-opened on the driveway. His coat, dull and matted by mud and rain, and a trifle too smooth for a thoroughbred cocker spaniel; his head, slightly too large; the lop-sided black ear, the right one, all proclaimed an undeniable indiscretion in his parentage, and caused him an agony of shame and shyness as he considered entrance to Peter Norton's sporting estate.

Simon felt that he was moving from rags to riches. He remembered his mother. True, they said she could have won a spaniel championship, but she had belonged to Farmer Dudwell, who cares nothing for blue ribbons and took no pains to see that an itinerant black Labrador, with lop-sided right ear, minded his own business. This thought never failed to depress Simon. Unworthy and ungrateful thought! For if the black Labrador had not come along, neither would he. But his too-smooth coat and large head, inescapable tags of impure breed, always stuck out like a sore thumb whenever he got himself into this dishevelled state, and invariably he was led to curse his father for them.

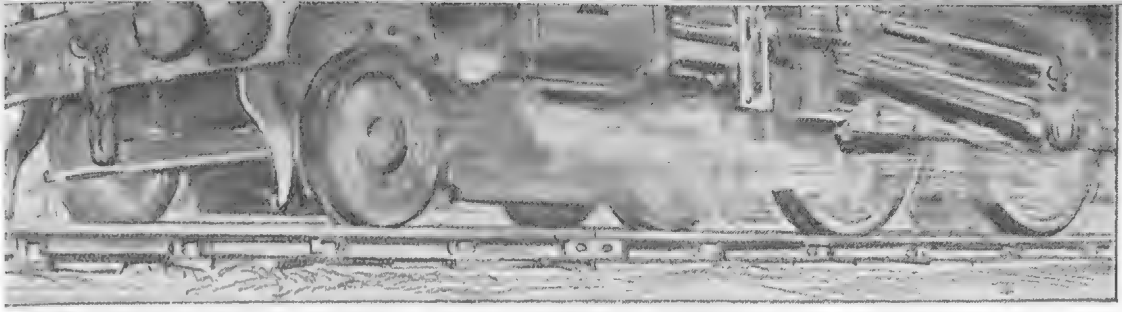
Now that he was stepping out of the old life into the new, these things might not be noticed. Peter Norton owned one of the best retrievers in England, but Simon was certain that no nose was better than his own, no paw nor jaws more delicate, no instinct surer. He could do no more than offer himself to his newly selected master and set about endearing himself to his heart.

This reflection gave him the courage to rise, shake himself, take one last sniff at the October air and trot through the open gateway. He broke into a gentle lope up the long, winding drive, bordered by turning beeches. This was certainly the life. He would never startle the sheep grazing in a far field: Farmer Dudwell had beaten that desire out of him. He would never trample the herbaceous borders nor dig holes in the lawn. When he had been washed and brushed and was first led into his new home he would never jump up on the chairs or sofas, but would lie at the feet of his devoted master. But would that stable smell never be washed out of his thick coat?

Simon's reverie was interrupted by a gruff, imperative call from his right. He turned his head without slackening his pace, and saw that the owner of the voice was running toward him, closely followed by a Labrador with a game leg and, of all things, a lop-sided ear. Simon stopped as if he had been shot in his tracks, and offered, as a peace gesture, a cautious wag of the tail. The man seemed scarcely to notice the gesture. Bearing down on Simon, he put a large, rough hand around his shabby collar and held him firmly. Simon sank to his haunches, continuing to wag his tail as the Labrador sniffed haughtily at his dirty coat. This treatment did not fit into Simon's



HE could feel the warm water dissolving the mud in his matted coat. It seeped through to his skin, deliciously slow and soothing . . .



The warning sent him scuttling to the ditch from which he had emerged

scheme of things. He felt an inferiority complex creeping over him, a sense of self-imposed misfortune somewhat comparable to the time he put his foot in a rabbit-trap.

The man, Cecil, was examining him. His mood seemed to soften as he picked a bur out of Simon's coat and pulled his crooked ear. The Labrador, incredible turncoat, was warming up to him in proportion to Cecil's change of heart, and ran his warm tongue over Simon's quivering nose. Could it be that the Labrador . . . ? The man was speaking to him.

" What's your name, my lad ? "

Simon stretched his legs and set up a furious tail-wagging. " Simon, your willing slave," he wanted to say, but the man couldn't understand. The Labrador would know.

" Hungry ? " Cecil asked.

Simon ran in a circle around man and Labrador and barked three times. There would be good food here—bones not quite so cleanly scraped as Farmer Dudwell's. He gave a great leap and left two muddy paw-prints on Cecil's brown shirt. The man didn't cuff him. Instead he gave his haunches a rough pat and called him to follow.

There occurred the most sumptuous experience in Simon's life. He was permitted to accompany Cecil to the white kennels with their special kitchen. Peter Norton knew how to treat his dogs, Simon thought, as he waited, at Cecil's command, outside the kitchen door with the Labrador. The instinct of which he was so sure told him that raw meat was being cut up for him. He sat very still, oblivious of the Labrador, afraid to break the spell of good fortune that was enveloping him.

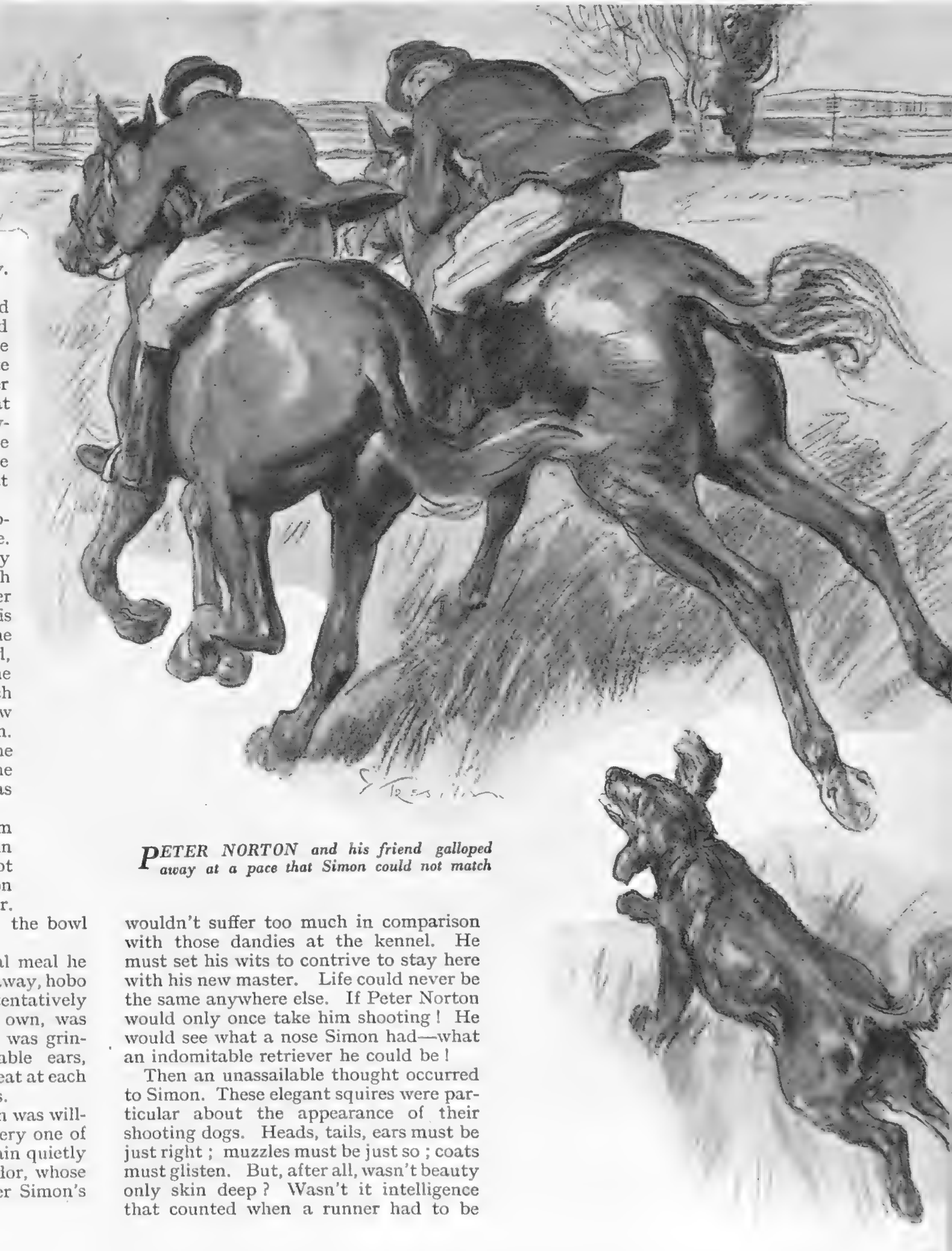
Presently Cecil emerged from the kitchen door, a tin bowl in his hand. The light that crept into Simon's eyes was a confusion of joy, anticipation and wonder. His nostrils quivered and, lo ! the bowl descended before him.

Simon devoured the first real meal he had had in his three days of runaway, hobo life. The Labrador's nose, tentatively thrust into the bowl with his own, was hastily removed by Cecil, who was grinning at Simon's uncontrollable ears, shaking up and down in the meat at each of the spaniel's voracious gulps.

Cecil had many duties. Simon was willing to follow him around to every one of them, but he was asked to remain quietly at the stables, while the Labrador, whose prerogative it was, limped after Simon's new friend.

The situation bore some reflection. Simon sat down, gave his chops a quick, comfortable lick, and gazed up at a larch where a thrush was pouring out an excited song to the evening star. If he were only clean, Simon thought, all would be right with the world ; if Cecil could only understand that he must be made presentable before Peter Norton saw him, so that he wouldn't suffer too much in comparison with those dandies at the kennel. He must set his wits to contrive to stay here with his new master. Life could never be the same anywhere else. If Peter Norton would only once take him shooting ! He would see what a nose Simon had—what an indomitable retriever he could be !

Then an unassailable thought occurred to Simon. These elegant squires were particular about the appearance of their shooting dogs. Heads, tails, ears must be just right ; muzzles must be just so ; coats must glisten. But, after all, wasn't beauty only skin deep ? Wasn't it intelligence that counted when a runner had to be fetched ? And Farmer Dudwell had trained him in a relentless school, and had taken him along when he shot partridge and pheasant because Simon had learned an unfailing lesson.

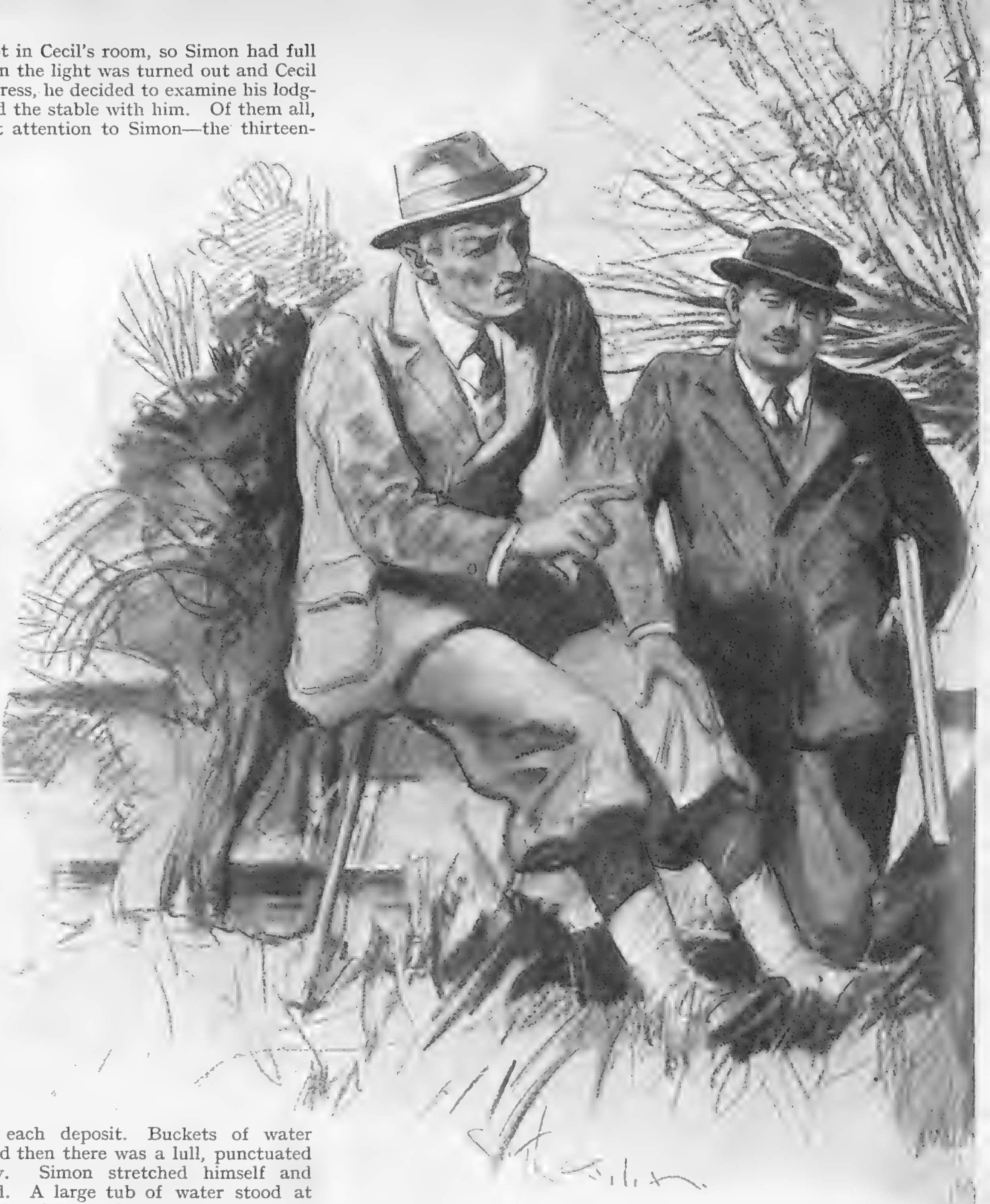


PETER NORTON and his friend galloped away at a pace that Simon could not match

WHEN Cecil returned from his rounds, Simon was sitting where he had left him. He had only obeyed orders, but his behaviour seemed to make a strong impression on Cecil, who took his head between his hands and said in a tender, understanding voice, " Wouldn't you like to stay here to-night, old chap ? "

Simon's jaws fell open ; his tongue hung between his teeth. " To-night ? " his eyes asked. " Until I die," they added, but Cecil didn't quite catch the words.

That night a bed of warm, sun-bleached hay was made for Simon in a corner of the stable. The Labrador slept in Cecil's room, so Simon had full charge of the stable. When the light was turned out and Cecil had given him a farewell caress, he decided to examine his lodgings. Three hunters shared the stable with him. Of them all, only one paid the slightest attention to Simon—the thirteen-year-old mare whose figure was so well preserved. After a tentative glance over the door of her box at the end of the stable, she stretched out her neck and blew at the straw of Simon's bed. Simon was well acquainted with horses, but usually they were cobs and plough-horses at whose heels he ran unnoticed when they worked. He was pleasantly flattered by the mare's attentions, to which he responded with a shy and questioning whimper. She quickly withdrew her head, but several times during the night she stole furtive glances at him.



Simon awaited the day with beating heart. Cecil had startled him by his implication that he would be expected to leave after the night—sent back into a homeless world after a taste of Elysian life. When the slanting morning rays of the sun threw a yellow ribbon across the stable floor, Simon lifted his head and waited for the footsteps that would proclaim the beginning of activity at Long Marlow. He heard the mare rise with an effort, shake herself, and saw the chestnut head appear over the box door. In the morning light he saw that her eyes were liquid brown and welcoming.

CECIL pulled open the stable door, threw a greeting to him and deposited armfuls of hay in the horses' bins. Five eager whinnies preceded each deposit. Buckets of water concluded the ceremony, and then there was a lull, punctuated by the crunching of hay. Simon stretched himself and walked into the courtyard. A large tub of water stood at the pump. He rubbed against it and discovered that the tub was warm.

" It's for you, all right, my boy ! " Cecil's throaty voice pricked his ears. Simon was happy and acquiescent as his friend put down the large cake of disinfectant-smelling soap and lifted him into the tub. He could feel the warm water dissolving the mud in his matted coat. It seeped through to his skin, deliciously slow and soothing, and tickled his ears. Now Cecil began to rub vigorously, and the water became chocolate-coloured. Simon shivered as the water cooled off, but when Cecil lifted him from the tub and rubbed him strenuously with a rough towel a sudden, comfortable glow crept over him and he began to utter short, happy barks. He was clean again.

Simon was hardly dry before a tall, heavy figure in stiff, broad-brimmed hat and riding clothes appeared in the courtyard.

" Cecil ! " The voice of the figure, staccato and higher-pitched than most men's voices, brought Simon's friend running.

" Yes, sir."

" It will be Sally and Folly to-day."

" Yes, sir."

Cecil returned to the tack room and Simon waited, breathless, for the master's eyes to fall on him. But Peter Norton stood there oblivious of him, flicking his boot with his crop, his full lips set impatiently beneath a small moustache. Not until Peter Norton was astride the mare, and another man, taller than he and thin as a reed, had joined him, did he notice Simon, who sat gazing at him.

" Where did he come from ? " Peter Norton pointed his crop in Simon's direction.

" He wandered in yesterday, sir. He's a nice little dog."

" Looks like there was a bit of a mix-up in him somewhere," Norton observed. " Will he follow the horses, do you think ? "

Cecil flicked back the stirrup-leather and stood up. " Will you follow, my lad ? "

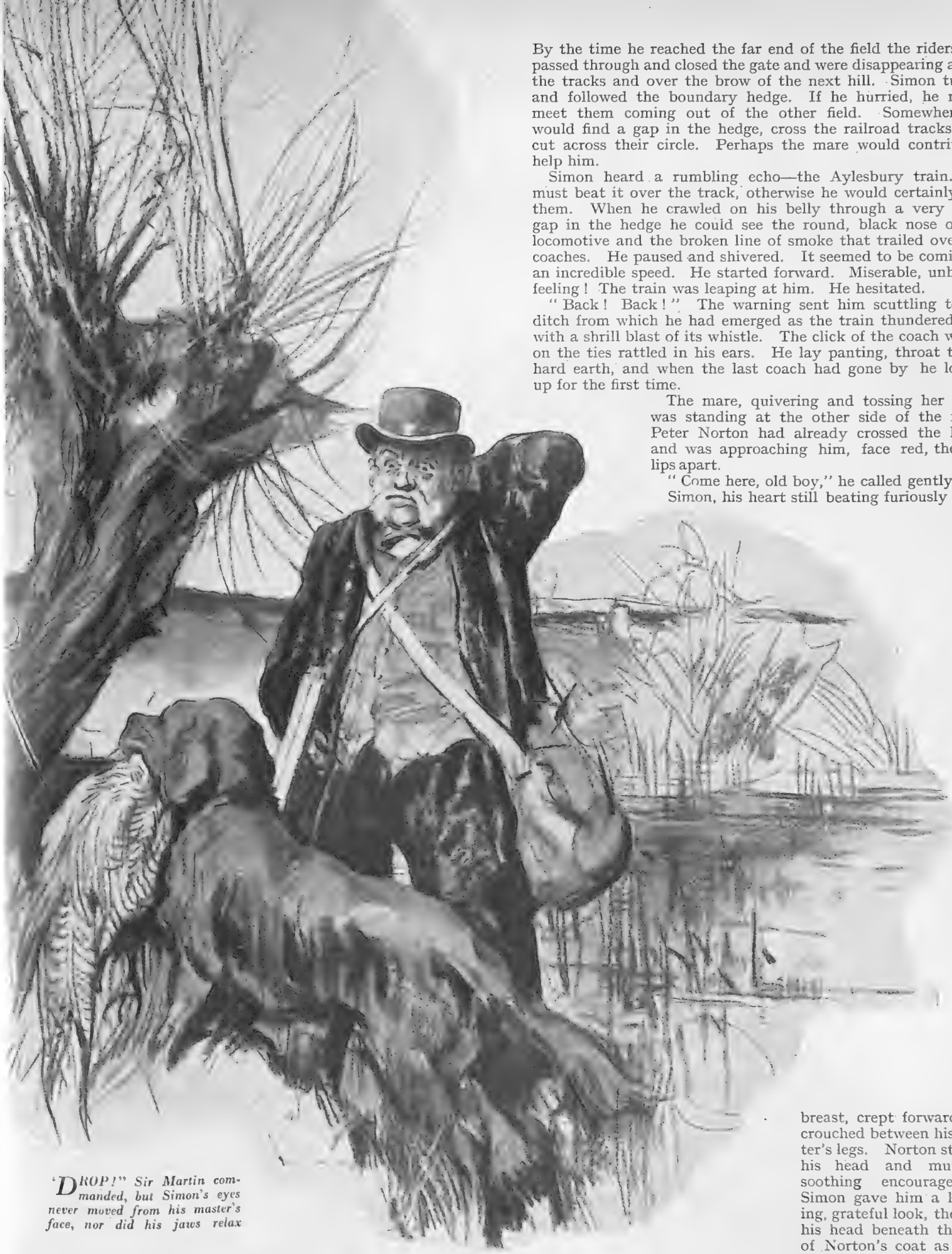
Simon stood up, very straight on his legs, as if at attention. " I won't let you down," he was saying, but Norton cut into his vow.

" I'll see if I can lose him. We'll take a turn over by the railroad."

Simon's whine died in his throat when he caught the expression in the eyes of Norton's companion. The expression said " Trash." The man said, " Why not run that famous ' Bluebell ' of yours ? I'd like to see her move."

" I'm using her to-morrow. You'll see her, and I'll lay you a fiver she's a better retriever than anything you've got. Here, come on," he called to Simon. His companion grunted.

Simon followed disconsolately. They wanted to lose him. It didn't occur to them that he might be of any use. Scorning him and laying a wager on " Bluebell " ! She must be Peter Norton's champion golden Labrador. For all that, Simon hoped " Bluebell " could out-perform the other man's dog.



"DROP!" *Sir Martin commanded, but Simon's eyes never moved from his master's face, nor did his jaws relax*

He was the sort of man who would never like a dog for itself. It must be expensive, well-preened, the most admired, best of its breed. Strict, mechanical obedience, not loyalty and friendship, was the standard he set. Simon knew.

He followed the mare's heels as she turned out of the back entrance of Long Marlow and headed towards the railroad fields. The pounding and rising of the rear hoof he followed were the signal of his exit.

Once in the field bordering the railroad, Peter Norton and his friend galloped away at a pace that Simon could not match. Straining every muscle in his legs, he found his stride too short. By the time he reached the far end of the field the riders had passed through and closed the gate and were disappearing across the tracks and over the brow of the next hill. Simon turned and followed the boundary hedge. If he hurried, he might meet them coming out of the other field. Somewhere he would find a gap in the hedge, cross the railroad tracks, and cut across their circle. Perhaps the mare would contrive to help him.

Simon heard a rumbling echo—the Aylesbury train. He must beat it over the track, otherwise he would certainly lose them. When he crawled on his belly through a very small gap in the hedge he could see the round, black nose of the locomotive and the broken line of smoke that trailed over the coaches. He paused and shivered. It seemed to be coming at an incredible speed. He started forward. Miserable, unhappy feeling! The train was leaping at him. He hesitated.

"Back! Back!" The warning sent him scuttling to the ditch from which he had emerged as the train thundered past with a shrill blast of its whistle. The click of the coach wheels on the ties rattled in his ears. He lay panting, throat to the hard earth, and when the last coach had gone by he looked up for the first time.

The mare, quivering and tossing her head, was standing at the other side of the fence. Peter Norton had already crossed the hedge and was approaching him, face red, the full lips apart.

"Come here, old boy," he called gently.

Simon, his heart still beating furiously in his breast, crept forward and crouched between his master's legs. Norton stroked his head and muttered soothing encouragement. Simon gave him a lingering, grateful look, then hid his head beneath the flap of Norton's coat as if to shut out the memory of flying destruction.

His master picked him up and climbed with him through the hedge. Norton's companion had arrived and was holding the mare—unnecessary gesture, Simon thought, because Sally, for all her quivering, had not moved.

'Queerest performance for a horse I ever saw," the companion was saying, breathing hard. But Simon caught a touch of wonder in his voice.

"I heard the train," Norton insisted, "but Sally certainly knew trouble was brewing. I never saw her stand before when a train was anywhere within hearing (*Continued on page 76*)

Did Destiny Shape

WAS it a mere chance that Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin and Mustapha Kemal became dictators? Why not Mr. Smith, Brown, Jones or Robinson? Was it fate? Predestination? Are the dictators chosen spirits? Are they geniuses? Or are they adventurers who have profited by a favourable opportunity to seize power for themselves?

Or are there perhaps deeper causes which have made them and not other men dictators?

The future will provide the answer to this question.

To-day we are still groping in the dark where the psychology of the dictator is concerned. But certain interesting parallels are already discernible. The origins of the dictators, their education, the environment in which they grew up, reveal peculiar similarities. Were they the causes which produced these remarkable characters?

THESE resemblances begin with the origins of their fathers. Mussolini's father was a peasant of the Romagna, Hitler's father came of unlanded peasant stock, Stalin's father was a village cobbler whose father and great-grandfather had likewise been village cobblers; and Kemal's father came from the mountains of Albania, where his father tilled the soil.

These sons of peasants from Italy, Austria, Albania and Georgia were uneducated, simple men. None of them went to school.

They grew up wild, compelled to work at an early age, for they had to earn their own living before they were scarcely out of childhood. They had something else in common. They were all dissatisfied with their lives. They wanted to achieve something. They wanted to become something more than peasants. They wanted to shape their destinies towards some end.

Mussolini says of his father:

"My father's name was Alessandro. He never went to school. When he was barely ten he was sent to the neighbouring village of Dovadola to be apprenticed to a blacksmith. From Dovadola he came to Meldola, where in the years 1875–1880 he found an opportunity to become acquainted with the theories of the internationalists. When he had learnt his trade he opened his own shop in Doria. This village did not enjoy a good reputation. The folk there had a name for being quarrelsome. My father started work and began at the same time to propagate the ideas of the internationalists. He founded a local group which had many members and was later raided by the police and broken up." The political friends of Mussolini's father used to meet of an evening in the smithy after work, where they argued interminably, while the boy Benito was allowed to listen from a corner. These were the earliest impressions of his life.

His father was a Socialist of the purest water. He displayed his convictions wherever he was able. He baptised his first-born with the name Benito, after the Mexican revolutionary Benito Juarez, who led the insurrection against the Emperor Maximilian. His other son he christened Arnaldo, after Arnaldo Brescia.

He brought up his sons with a firm hand. Woe to Benito, who helped him in the forge, if he covered his eyes to protect them from the sparks from the glowing iron.

"You will never learn anything that way," growled his father, quickly unfastening his belt, and the leather strap whistled through the air and did fearful execution. Benito howled and fled from the house, only returning under the cover of darkness to creep stealthily to bed.

This story is no fiction. It is recorded in the official biography of Mussolini.

An episode from his seventh year is still more elucidatory for the formation of the Duce's character.

He had been given a present of a little cart. "Hi! Bring me your new cart," commanded one of his playmates.

When Benito brought the cart the other hit him in the face and ran off with his toy. The child Mussolini arrived home in tears.

"What?" stormed his father. "You allowed another boy

KEMAL ATATURK

JOSEF STALIN

Their Ends Alike?

Study the Psychology of Hitler, Mussolini, Atatürk and Stalin—Is it a Coincidence that made them all Dictators?

By
Stefan
Lorant

ADOLF
HITLER
BENITO
MUSSOLINI

to hit you? Bigger was he? And you let him get away? Learn to defend yourself like a man instead of blubbering like a girl!" And he boxed his ears to emphasise the lesson.

Benito spent the next day sharpening a stone and before supper time he sought out the bigger boy.

"You hit me on the head. There! Now we are quits!" With these words he hammered his adversary two or three times on the head with the sharp stone until the blood began to flow.

So much about the character and methods of education of Mussolini's father.

AND Hitler's father?

He was the illegitimate son of a poor peasant serving-girl. He was baptised in the name of Alois Schicklgruber, which he changed for that of Hitler when he was forty, ostensibly because of a legacy.

When he was thirteen he packed his traps and left his home in the Austrian forests to seek his fortune in the world. He went to Vienna. He became a bootmaker's apprentice. He had learnt his trade when he was seventeen.

But he found no satisfaction in the practice of his handicraft. "During the long period of prevailing misery and unvarying hardship he made up his mind to give up his trade in order to become something better," writes Hitler of his father. "After almost twenty-three years he at last achieved his object. He became a customs official."

Not a very successful career.

Considering his circumstances, the insignificant customs official had an extremely animated life. He married three times. His first wife was fourteen years older, his third twenty-three years younger than himself. A month after the death of his first wife he had already married a second time, and within two months of the wedding his wife bore him a daughter.

This was Angela, Adolf Hitler's stepsister, who until recently kept house for the Führer in his home at Berchtesgaden.

The second wife died a year after the marriage. Six months later he led his third wife—the mother of the present dictator of Germany—to the altar.

He was fifty-two when his son Adolf was born. Four years later he retired with a pension.

He bought himself a little house in the provinces and lived there with his family.

He had nothing to do. He had no friends. The local peasants found him far too arrogant. He expected them to address him as "Sir." The peasants

(*Continued on page* 112)

A Bachelor's Pearl

JOSEPHINE FIRTH was an actress, a gay, captivating creature as capricious as the life she led, and as irrational. Only a few weeks before her death, an event warned by her physician as immediate and inevitable, she invested her entire capital in a string of exquisitely matched pearls and presented them to her son, Maurice.

Maurice was nineteen and had finished his junior year at Dartmouth. He was six feet tall, an athlete, and, what is even more surprising in college equations, a brilliant student and scholar. As a gift the pearls were utterly absurd. But the pearls were not a gift.

"My insurance policy," she had said, in giving them to him. "I'll not be here when you decide to marry, and I want to insure your happiness . . . as far as that sort of thing is ever possible," she amended.

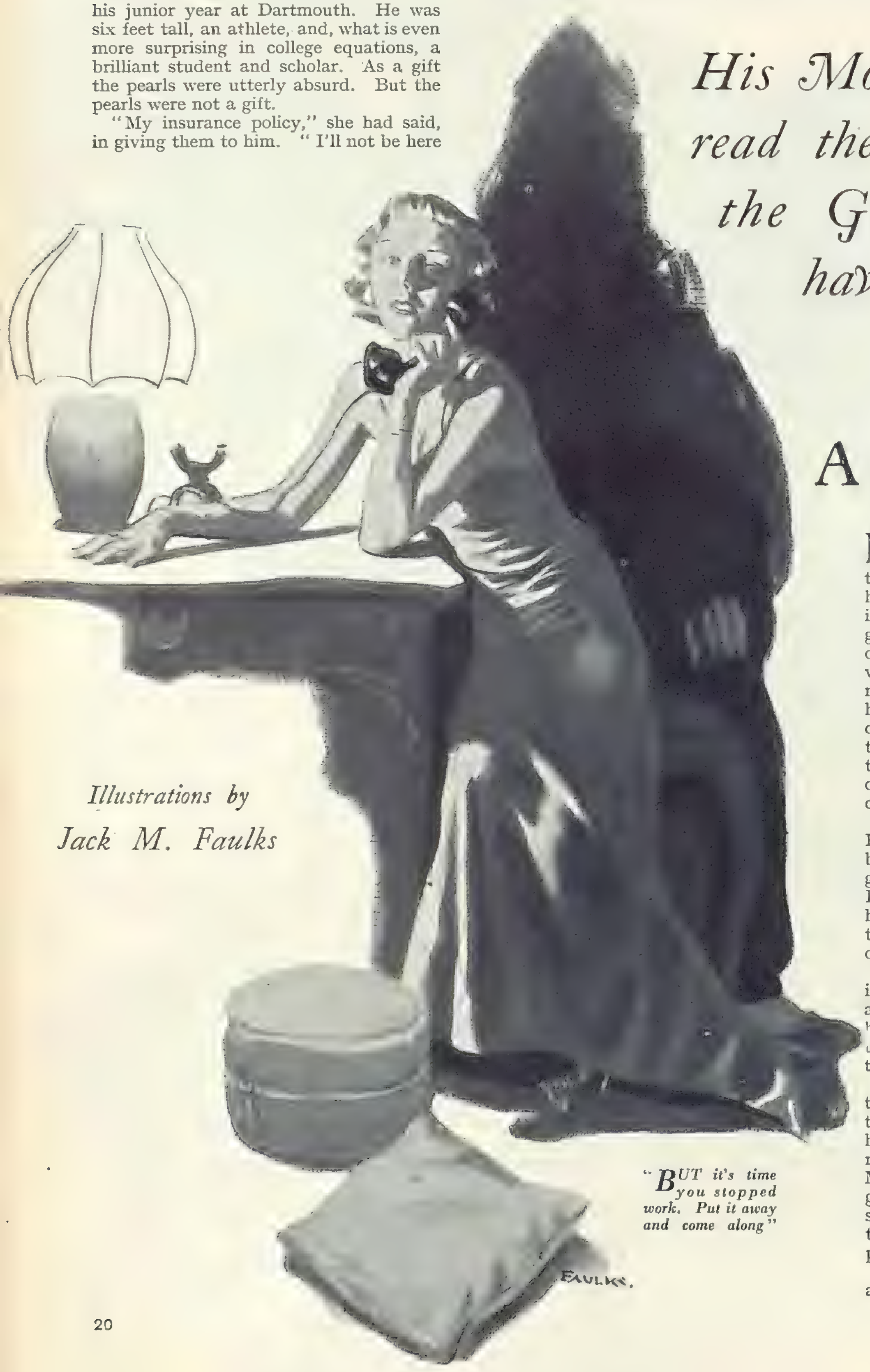
Maurice had not understood at once and Josephine had explained. Even then he was not sure he understood. He knew he did not agree. It seemed cynical. Love should be warm and tender, like his mother's devotion to him, not cautious and unbelieving. But there had been no time for argument.

The string of pearls was his sole inheritance. He put them in a safety deposit box in the bank and never went near them. Then the war. It diverted the life of Maurice as it diverted millions of others. It took him out of the world of college and theatre and flung him into a world of cruel reality.

His Mother's Necklace read the hearts of all the Girls he might have made his wife

By Olga A. Rosmanith

Illustrations by Jack M. Faulks



"BUT it's time you stopped work. Put it away and come along"

MAKING altitude, he often looked down on houses, dwindled now to the size of toys, and wondered how the hopes and fears of creatures who lived in such tiny excrescences on the earth's green face could possibly matter to anyone, let alone a God. People were lucky who mattered to each other. He didn't matter to anyone. But that didn't alter his fierce antagonism to death, his quivering desire to live. It sometimes turned his bones to water and his veins to ice. He fought the feeling in an agony of fear that some day he would turn coward in the air.

Constance stabilised his nerves for him. First love is usually an unnerving process, but to Maurice it was an anchor to solid ground. Constance attended him in a Red Cross clearing station, and he carried her image in his heart for six weary weeks till she came to see him at base hospital on her way home on leave.

He didn't remember the pearls lying in a London safe deposit till months after he was engaged to her. And then he told her he had something far lovelier than an engagement ring to give her when the war was over, his mother's pearls.

The grave-eyed Constance was more than a little puzzled by the amused smile that moved his lips a moment after he had promised her the necklace. He was remembering Josephine saying, "Now, Maurice, remember, I shall laugh in my grave if you turn sentimental and say to some baby-faced siren, 'You must wear these because they were my mother's pearls.'"

His eyes clouded with pain immediately afterwards and Constance comforted him.

She took no interest in the promised gift, and she never saw it. She was killed in an air raid, and Maurice emerged from the war as lonely as he went into it, with a memory of a love as fragmentary and unreal and lovely as a half-forgotten dream.

Maurice remembered his mother again when Claire had him guessing . . . Claire who professed herself in love with him, but in a cool, aloof way that made him wonder. She was a young war widow, and Maurice was regaining the use of his legs in her officers' hospital in Berkeley Square. She wanted to marry him, but why? Maurice pondered deep and long, but could not solve the problem. He was young, but without position and without prospects, and he was quite unfit for a career in post-war aviation.

Claire, too, had youth, but she had more. She was rich and lovely, and socially successful. He could not believe his ears when she said to him, " We might as well get married." If Nelson on his column had saluted the passing of his bath-chair through Trafalgar Square he could not have been more surprised.

In his amazement he said, " Why? "

Without looking at him, she said, " I have money. I can help you to get on. I love you." But she said it in such a cool, even voice that it carried no conviction to her startled listener.

" That is amazingly generous of you. I appreciate it. But, Claire, it isn't possible. I have nothing and you are wealthy. You have a position in London society. . . . I'm not worthy——"

A faint colour crept into the cheeks Claire kept alabaster white. " Don't say any more," she said. " When a man says he isn't worthy—— "

He knew what she meant. " I'm sorry, Claire, but I wouldn't dare. Not with such a future—such prospects."

AFTER he left the hospital and found lodgings near by, Jack Wellman called to say good-bye before sailing for Africa. Maurice was a little surprised. They had not been such close friends as they might have been in the Berkeley Square hospital. Claire had monopolised so much of his time. But over a whisky and soda Jack reached the real reason for his visit.

" Don't fall for Mrs. Congreve," he said. " She'll make you unhappy."

" I wasn't going to," lied Maurice to the older man. " But why? "

Jack looked troubled. " If you were in the same position I wouldn't say a word. But you're at such a disadvantage. Is it really true that you're not falling? "

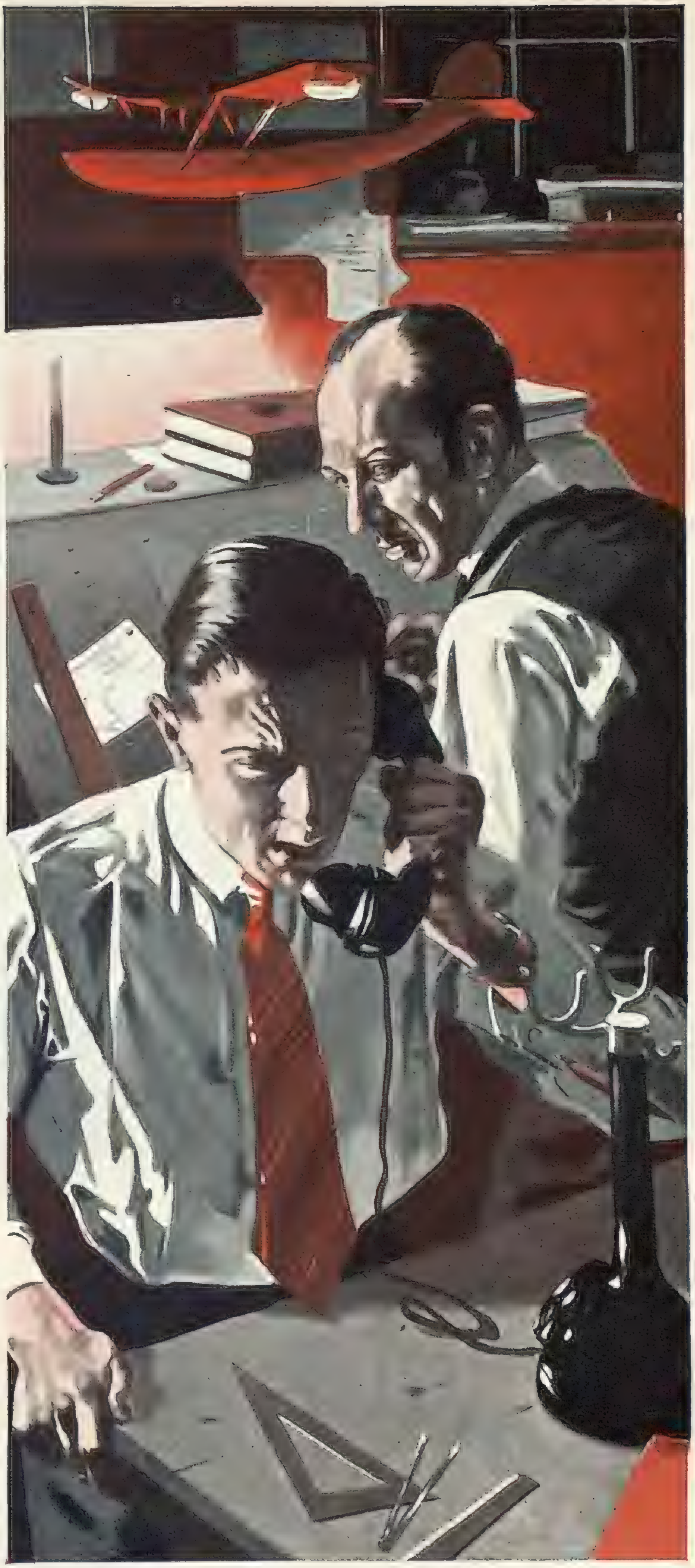
Maurice wanted to hear more, so he admitted: " Perhaps I am."

" I thought so. You're too good to be closed in like that on the threshold of life. Claire doesn't want a husband, only a puppet with a dash of background," he added. " She's utterly selfish."

The younger man's face showed the depth of his bewilderment. " I can't understand you. She need not marry anyone. It would be sheer generosity if she married me."

" Generosity! " Jack was on safer ground now. " She has never had a generous impulse in her life. She is ruthless—dominating." He saw the protest on the young man's face. " I ought to know," he said earnestly. " Her husband, Lewis, was one of my best friends."

Maurice thanked him, not because he believed him, but because he knew Jack meant well. When his visitor had gone he called his landlady to light a fire.



" REALLY, it's impossible," he said. To-morrow, perhaps, if I may? "

The spring evening was suddenly chill. In the end he could not resist taking the pearls to Claire. He saw her cool eyes become ardent for the first time when she opened the slender green case and lifted the necklace between her fingers. But she affected little interest in them or in the supposed owner.

"A Russian refugee, you say? Poor thing! Well, I'll let you know in a few days." She closed the subject with the case and said, "Now, tell me what you have been doing. It's days since you've been here."

The comfort of the firelit room and the gracious feminine companionship emphasised the bitterness of lonely days. Had not the seed of caution been planted, he would have ended his loneliness there and then, sure of her consent.

The return of the pearls was achieved with difficulty. Claire offered the friendless Russian lady three hundred pounds. When Maurice called she was wearing the necklace, and told him she had decided to buy it.

"But, Claire," he stammered, so genuinely taken aback that the sufferings of all penniless women suddenly became real to him. "I couldn't. I dare not offer her that."

"Don't be silly, Maurice," she coaxed. "Three hundred pounds is a lot of money to a friendless woman in London. It will keep her till she gets work."

"But that isn't the point, Claire. The point is that it is less than a fifth of the value of the pearls, and she's absolutely down and out." There was actually a little frail, frightened woman in his mind now, whose interests he must defend.

"Down and out!" Claire laughed gaily. "What a babe you are! That's just the time to make a bargain with her, when she can't wait. Besides, she'll never expect to get the value of the necklace. So many people want help just now—so few people can spare money."

Maurice's voice had an edge to it. "All the same, Claire, I'd rather not accept it. I'll try somewhere else first to make sure. I couldn't, I really couldn't——"

Claire was reluctant to take the gleaming necklace from her throat. "If it had really been a bargain," she said, "I would have been glad to help your friend out. However——"

She shrugged her shoulders and handed the pearls to him with a little smile. There was a new brilliance about the clasp, a new sheen on the graded gems.

"Tiffany's cleaned them," she explained.

"And appraised them?" he ventured.

"They told me they were worth about twelve hundred pounds."

"You certainly did expect a bargain when you offered three hundred pounds," he said.

"Why not?" she asked. "The woman needed money."

"But it isn't very sporting to take advantage, do you think?"

She looked at him coldly. "Don't be absurd," she said. "This is a matter of business."

After he left her his thoughts went again to his mother and her bequest to him. "It will give you an insight into any girl's character," his mother had said, and at the time he had thought she was talking nonsense—utter nonsense!

MAURICE was working on airplane designs in Paris when he met Felice. Her mother had known his mother, and she brought him back into contact with the bright warm world of the theatre. He wondered now how he had ever disliked it . . . it was so bright and friendly. He loved the social Sunday afternoons at Felice's flat, the gay, high-pitched laughter, the perfume, the chic, lovely frocks, and he adored Felice herself.

Felice had dark eyes with long curling lashes and dazzling fair hair. Maurice lost necessary sleep through his habit of seeing her home after the theatre and taking supper with her at her flat, and after that he lost even more sleep lying awake at night to think about her.

Lamonte, the engineer with whom he was working, thought the meeting had been most inopportune. It was seriously interfering with Maurice's work. Fate had sent him the assistant of his dreams, a man so imaginative, so responsive to suggestion, so entirely at one with his own ideas and yet so quick to enlarge on them, to supplement them, that the two men working together were like matched pearls—more than double the value of each other. And now Felice was going to spoil it. Not that Lamonte objected to marriage. He was married himself. But his wife took care of him and created the oasis of peace that was his home. She was not running a dazzling career of her own and keeping him up to some impossible mark of worship by a long string of competitors.

Maurice did not suspect Lamonte's attitude in the matter, but he realised that he was not taking full advantage of the opportunities Lamonte offered. A few months ago he had been overwhelmed with joy when the sequence of events had given him the opportunity to work as personal assistant to Lamonte, not a name which meant anything to the public, but a name to conjure with in aeronautics. Here he was actually with the man who was going to make history in aviation—it was a dream come true—yet his thoughts were all of Felice and the torture of his love for her.

One night he asked her to marry him, but Felice preferred to remain the tantalising enigma she knew herself to be to him.

"Don't be silly," she laughed. "I couldn't possibly let you know in a minute about a thing like that."

Maurice was not subtle enough to see that while she would not dream of tying herself to this earnest young English engineer, she did not intend to let him go—yet. She kept young, vivid and attractive on the heady wine of male worship.

He brought the pearls to her, not with any thought of testing her love, but because they were beautiful and valuable and he wanted to please her. When she came to greet him a great square diamond hung from a slender chain round her neck. Her eyes were bright with delight.

"Look what Jean Paul has just given me for my birthday!" she cried.

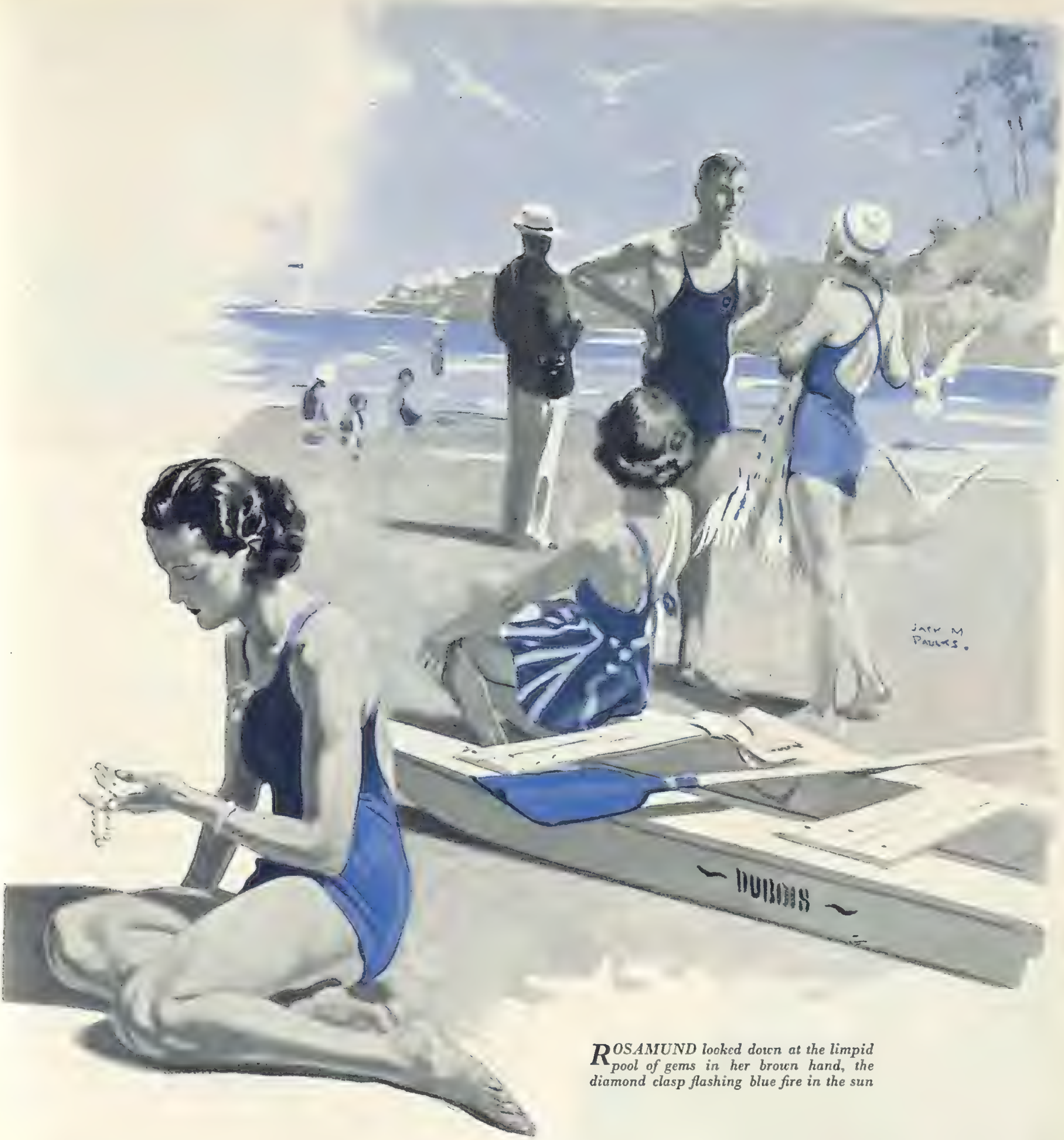
The diamond was a royal gift and Jean Paul was a fat, pathetic admirer who would never earn more than her amused compassion. Perhaps it was that realisation that brought into being the caution he had not believed could exist with love. Whatever it was, Maurice told his mother's story of the necklace for the third time.

The pleasure left her eyes as she listened and her mouth grew hard. She looked at Maurice and realised, perhaps for the first time, how attractive he was and how desirable he must be to that other woman—this woman who owned the pearls. She was probably pale and pathetic, but terribly attractive—Russian women of rank usually were.

"If she really wants to raise money quickly, why doesn't she take her pearls to a shop?" she flared.

"Perhaps they won't give her enough for them," he answered. "They are very valuable and rare," he added. "I thought perhaps you might like me to buy them for you."

Felice shuddered. What, wear next to her skin the jewels of a rival? Never! But she did not say this. Instead she said very gently, "I'd rather have something quite new that nobody has ever worn, and not nearly so expensive."



ROSAMUND looked down at the limpid pool of gems in her brown hand, the diamond clasp flashing blue fire in the sun

He held her in his arms then, and kissed her. " Dearest," he whispered, " you *do* love me . . . you do ! "

Felice slept fitfully during the morning, awoke at noon and reached for the telephone. It was the first time she had ever telephoned Maurice at his work, and it was the first time in weeks Maurice had not been at work in the drawing office of Lamonte's house.

Ten minutes before Felice phoned a young lady was ushered in to see Maurice on urgent business. She was a thin, peaked wisp of a girl in cheap, shabby black with three necklaces of synthetic pearls relieving her funeral costume. She would not state her business to the young mechanic who tried to guard Maurice from unnecessary interruption, but assumed an air of urgency and mystery entirely out of proportion to her errand.

Maurice laughed when he saw her and heard her trouble. She was his landlady's daughter and they wanted the key of his desk. Water had poured into it from a broken pipe up above, and they wanted to open it and save the contents. There was nothing of great importance in the desk, but Maurice decided that he would prefer to open it himself and have lunch on his return. He called to Pierre as he left the workshop.

" I'll be back in an hour or two," he said, and held the door open for the girl to precede him.

It was Pierre who answered the telephone. " I am sorry," he said, " but monsieur has just gone out."

" Alone ? " Felice demanded.

" There was a lady with him," Pierre hastened to reply.

"A slim lady, very pale, dressed in black ? "

" Yes, that was the lady," Pierre agreed. " If you had been just a little sooner I could have caught them for you. Will you leave a message ? "

There was a little pause at the other end of the wire. Then : " No, I think not, thank you. I'll ring later. Tell me, did you notice whether madame was wearing her pearls ? "

" Oh, yes, mademoiselle, a lot of pearls. No message, did you say ? "

" Only that I'll ring later. I'm so sorry I missed them."

Her sweetness vanished as she replaced her instrument and jumped out of bed. She burst from her room in a self-raised storm of temper. Maurice had slipped through her fingers and she was in love with him, crazily in love with him. She was at such a disadvantage, always tied to the theatre,

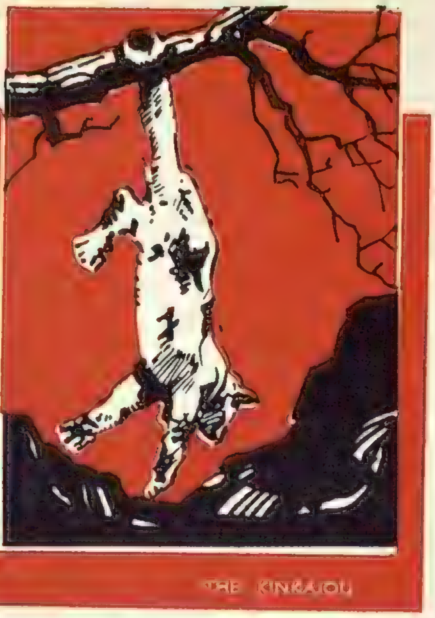
(*Continued on page* 104)

The Zoo's own NIGHT CLUB

by

CRAVEN HILL F·Z·S

DECORATIONS BY
JOHN NICOLSON A·R·E



THE KINKAJOU

DUSK was gathering at the Zoo. Among the crowds surging slowly towards the gates a weary materfamilias was dragging her small boy by the hand.

"Wot we got ter go for?" queried Young Hopeful. It was probably his thousand and first question that afternoon; and so, if his mother's response was a trifle terse, we may sympathise.

"Willie," she ejaculated petulantly, "how many more times have I got to tell you that the animals have to go to bed, same as you do?"

"Wot—all of 'em?"

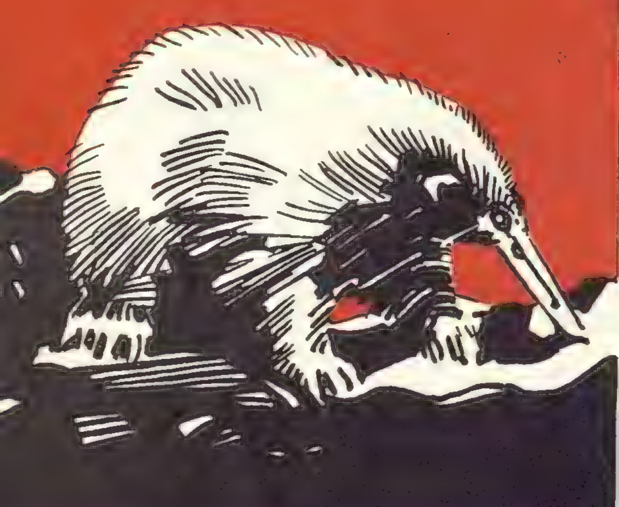
"Yes, of course—all of them. They *must* get some sleep, mustn't they? And," she added with a touch of sarcasm quite lost on her bullet-headed, pop-eyed infant, "I'll bet they can do with it after being stared at all afternoon by noisy little boys like you!"

"They goin' to bed now?" pursued little Willie, stolidly ignoring the sting in the tail of the maternal reply.

"They are—and so will you when I get you home!"

Well, little Willie may or may not have retired to his couch. One thing is certain: the Zoo's inmates did not *all* do so—that night or any other night. The harassed mother would have been more nearly correct had she informed her offspring that the *diurnal* animals were about to retire—but maybe that would have been beyond little Willie's understanding, if not her own!

For the fact is, the Zoo has nowadays quite an impressive "night-club" whose members well understand the gentle art of turning night into day. And, thanks to the indefatigable efforts of several wild-animal collectors, the "club members" seem to be increasing in numbers every year. There is now a whole host of them in the menagerie, and they include such nocturnal animals as the kinkajou, slow loris, echidna, potto, galago, jerboas, fruit-bats, and many another strange and unfamiliar creature.

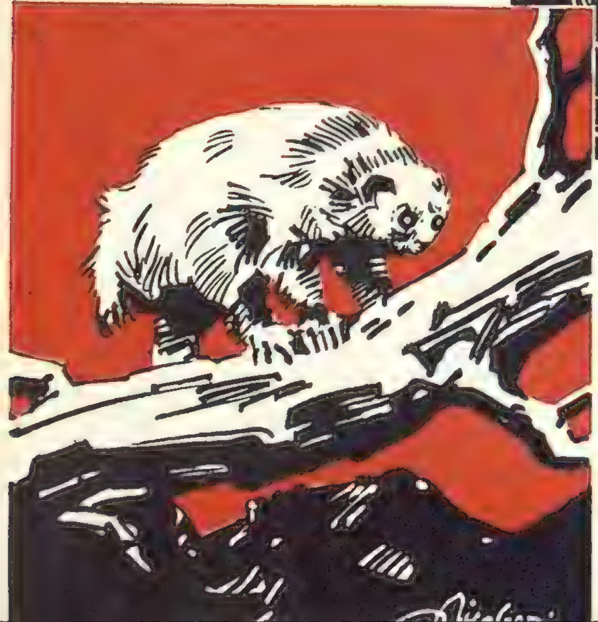


THE ECHIDNA

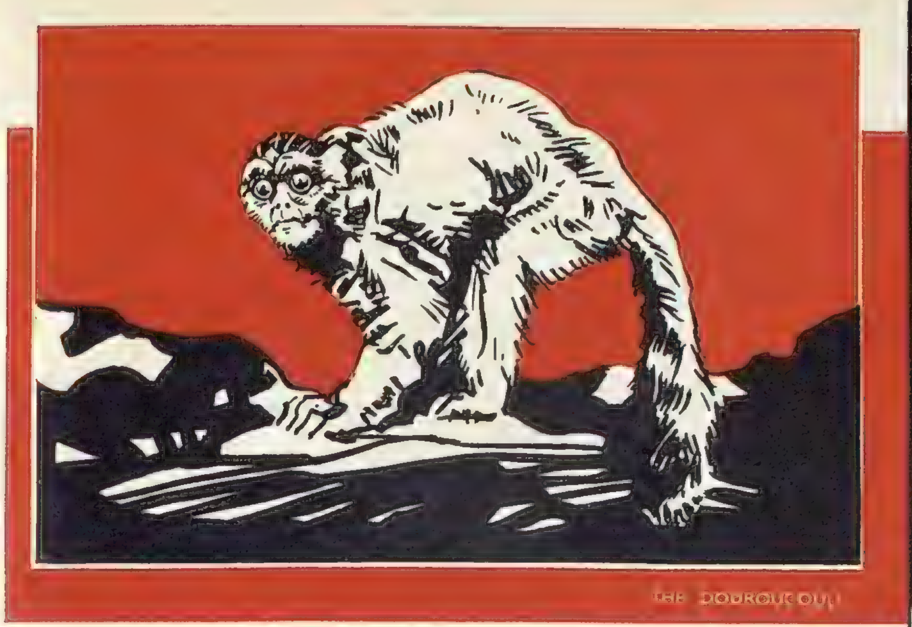
EVERY evening of the year, as the keepers close their houses, the members of the "night club" steal forth to hold high carnival over the plates of food previously set down for them by the men. Strange things happen then. Heaps of straw, which all day have remained motionless, become alive; sleeping-boxes tilt and sway; furtive forms come creeping forth; and soon the cage, which during the hours of daylight seemed tenantless, is seen to be in reality peopled with active exhibits. The Zoo's own night club is open!

Of course, it is possible to see these "children of the darkness" at any time of the day. A keeper will usually produce them on request. But as he can do so only by unfastening the animals' sleeping-boxes and hauling the occupants, sluggish, sleepy-eyed and peevish, from their bedding, such interviews are not encouraged. After all, sleep is as necessary to animals as to ourselves if health is to be maintained.

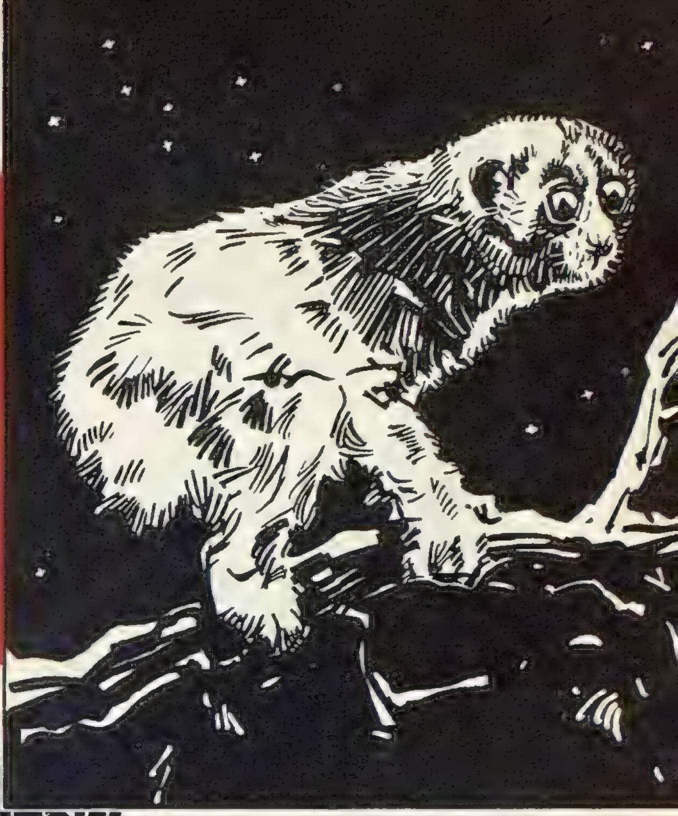
It is therefore not surprising that these creatures—some of them extremely rare and valuable—should be overlooked by the



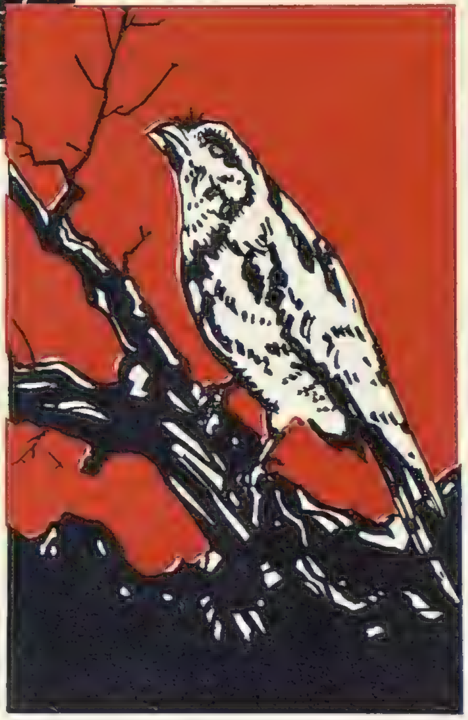
BOSMAN'S POTTO



THE DOUROUCOULI



THE SLOW LORIS



THE PAPUAN FROGMOUTH

average visitor ; and in this article I want to introduce you to a few of the more interesting specimens.

Firstly then, meet Eustace. Eustace is an echidna, or spiny anteater, and is one of the few night-animals to have acquired a popular name—largely, I suspect, because he has been a cherished Zoo inmate for over twenty-five years, and can lay claim to being one of the menagerie's oldest boarders. Anyway, it is not because of his amiability—Eustace has very little brain, and he loves nobody, not even his keepers.

One expects, of course, to come across some odd-looking creatures in the Zoo, and in Eustace one is certainly not disappointed. Once seen, it is not easy to forget this night-loving echidna. Although no larger than a terrier, his body is covered with short, sharp spines ; but it is not so much his body that holds your attention as his head, about which there is something curiously bird-like. The head itself is tiny, but on the fore-end Eustace wears a long, thin snout which—though he keeps it tucked well down into his chest while sleeping—is very much in evidence when, in the evening, the keeper puts a plate of " synthetic ants " into his cage. " Synthetic ants," by the way, are not ants at all, but are the Zoo's very efficient substitute for them, being a mixture of finely-minced raw meat, with a liberal sprinkling of hard-boiled egg and breadcrumbs. This concoction Eustace eats after the fashion of Daydream, the big South American anteater, by dipping his long, tapering tongue into it until he has " licked the platter clean."

Few visitors see Eustace, but a good many scientists have done so, because for them echidnas, which hail from Australia and New Guinea, have a very special interest. They form a living link between the reptiles and the mammals, their strangest point being that they lay eggs, incubate them in a pouch, and then suckle the young just like true mammals, and there is only one other creature who does that—the equally rare duck-billed platypus, of which the Zoo has not yet been able to obtain an example.

To view Eustace as he crawls slowly about his cage at sunset, you wouldn't suppose him very agile at any time. But appearances in his case are deceptive. Eustace needs watching, as the following story will show.

One night, some years ago now, this wily echidna got out of his house by breaking his cage-wires with his claws, which are very strong, and pushing himself through a window. Next morning he was found in a shrubbery close by, where he had burrowed well down into the earth by the time the keepers arrived, and was extraordinarily difficult to locate, because his spines exactly matched the surrounding soil. The keepers in fact succeeded in discovering Eustace only on account of the sharp hissing noise to which he gave vent on hearing them coming ! After this little escapade, Eustace, now rolled up hedgehog-fashion so as to present his spines to all and sundry, was taken back to his cage, and since then his life has been comparatively blameless.

Eustace's Zoo residence is the rodent house, a building which he shares with very many other, but by no means all, of the Zoo's night-animals.

Near him lives a member of the " night club " who, though of very different appearance, is even slower on his feet—a Bosman's potto from West Africa. This animal—one of the short-tailed nocturnal lemurs, or " half-monkeys "—is one of the few " night club " members who are not above showing themselves by day. And, because of this, he is sometimes seen by visitors, and can be interviewed outside his cage by them, without any danger of his being able to run away. His special trick is to climb—slowly almost as a chameleon—up your arm until he reaches your shoulder, where he will, with due precision, seat himself and wait for the keeper to lift him down again.

Closer inspection of this interesting little creature, which seems to have been " born tired," reveals a curious formation of the paws. These are divided into two, like a parrot's claws. It is not until the potto begins climbing along his perch—or your arm—that you observe the reason for this peculiarity. The paws grip the perch with a hold so tenacious that, when the potto is at home in his native jungles, I should imagine he never falls off the tree-boughs, however hard the wind may blow.

For the greater part of the day, however, the potto lies in a corner of his cage, with his furry little head tucked away, squirrel-fashion, between his fore-legs ; but with the fall of darkness he comes to life, and spends the night groping his way methodically up and down the branches fixed in his cage, and occasionally giving vent to a weird shrill whistle. He is said by the natives who live near his natural haunts to be " in league with the devil "—a fable which the Zoo's (*Continued on page* 110)

Love takes a hand in a very modern game of espionage

Norderney

By Edwin Muller

HOTEL STRANDE.
September 10, 1936
Mr. Calvin Tompkins,
Tompkins, Enderby and Dodds,
44 Wall Street, New York.

MY DEAR CAL,—I am writing this to you because you know your way around the State Department. After I've given you the facts you'll know what to do, I suppose, if you read in the papers that I have been arrested by the German authorities as a spy.

That amazes you. It amazes me no less. I'm not the type for this sort of thing, and I know it. I believe in minding my own business—especially when travelling in Europe. If you had told me the day before yesterday that I would be involved in a case of military espionage I wouldn't have thought it funny enough to laugh.

For the moment my surroundings are peaceful. The *Mädchen* has just cleared away the remains of my dinner. (An excellent dinner it was—I wish particularly that I'd had more appetite for the *Brathuhn* and *Knockerl.*) From the terrace I look out over the North Sea. It's a quiet sea this evening, and I can barely hear the whisper of the surf. The few other tourists left here in Norderney are on the promenade enjoying the fine weather. Beyond them I can see the broad, flat ribbon of the beach stretching away between the sea and the dunes.

A lonely spot. When I've finished writing this I think I shall go out and try to find Fräulein Elsa.

Before I proceed any further, Cal, I want to tell you without reserve that there has been no sort of feeling between Fräulein Elsa and me. There was nothing of the sort even before Lieutenant Falken appeared. I bear him no ill will whatever, even though my present predicament is partly due to the fact that he looks as if he might be my younger brother.

I am under no illusion that Fräulein Elsa could have any feeling for a man who has gone grey and grizzled. She is youth incarnate. Juno—before the goddess settled down to Jove and domesticity. Sometimes she wears a wisp of a sea-green bathing suit. . . . If one were a bit younger. . . .

Probably, during these weeks, I have been to Elsa a substitute for the young officers of the garrison when the latter were on duty. Or perhaps she thinks of me as a good subject on which to practise her English. At any rate, she has gone on long walks with me up the beach and across the dunes.

I hope that our talks have been as interesting to her as they have to me. I've racked my brains for such items about New York and other phases of the life of a roving and ageing bachelor as I hoped might entertain her. She has given me in return a glimpse into the life and thought of a girl who has come to the age of twenty-one under the Third Reich.

It's a strange world to look into, that mind of hers. Rather disquieting. There she is—the dreamy-eyed Fräulein of the old school who might have fallen in love with the Student Prince in old Heidelberg—and now she's dressed up, so to speak, in grey khaki and an iron hat, doing the goose-step.

She's a whole-souled young person. If she got religion, you know she'd go the whole way. She's Joan of Arc obeying the Voices—and the Voices come from the Ministry of Propaganda in Berlin.

To hear her talk—well, here's an example:

We were sitting on top of a high dune, looking out over the steel-grey glitter of the North Sea. Just over the curve of the earth were the Dogger Banks, where the Grand Fleets had pounded each other twenty years ago. A little farther would be the coast of England. Back of us a plane was slanting down to a landing on the military field—the big new aviation field that the Germans have established on Norderney.

" Suppose," I said, " you had a lover and that he was the best pilot in his squadron. And suppose that his commander called for a volunteer—one to dive a plane loaded with bombs straight at the deck of an enemy battleship. What would you have him do ? "

" Volunteer." She snapped it out as if she were quoting from the Nazi bible.

I smiled at her—but a little fearfully.

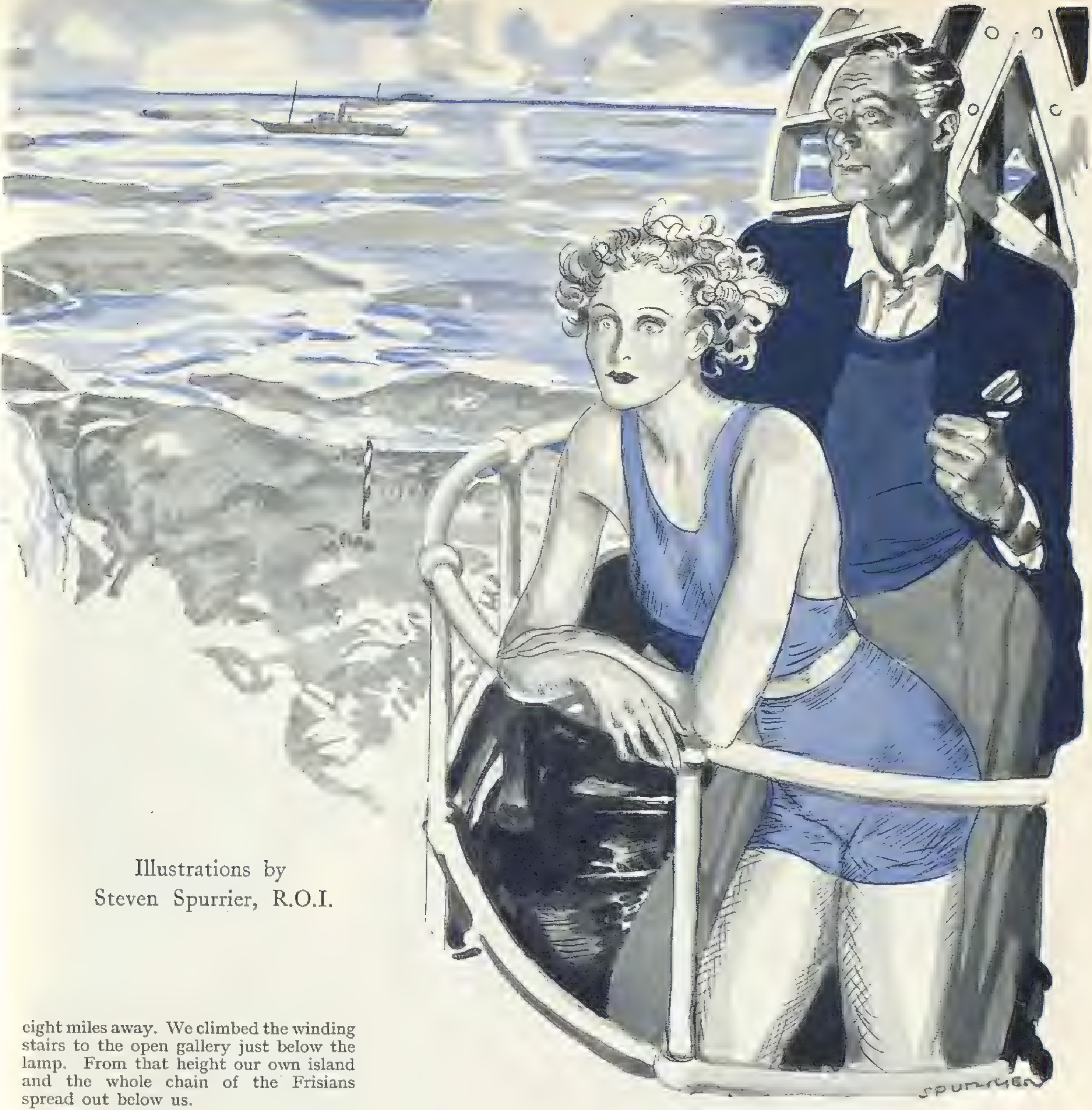
" And if you caught me taking pictures of a German fort, you wouldn't hesitate two seconds about turning me over to the authorities to be clapped into jail ? "

She looked at me a little startled—as if it had never occurred to her to think of real people, people she'd walked and talked with, in connection with her heroics. She shook her head impatiently and didn't answer.

Elsa's patriotic fervour rose to a high pitch during these recent manœuvres of the German Fleet.

I don't know what you have read about them in the papers at home. Not much, I suspect, because extraordinary precautions were taken to keep the foreign correspondents and everybody else away from them. Whatever it was that the Germans were trying in the way of tactics or equipment they wanted to keep strictly to themselves. No ships or planes were allowed anywhere near the cruising grounds in the Bight of Heligoland. There's a public flying field here on Norderney. On the day of the manœuvres not a plane was permitted to take off from it.

That morning Elsa and I walked the length of the island to the lighthouse



WE climbed the winding stairs to the open gallery just below the lamp

Illustrations by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

eight miles away. We climbed the winding stairs to the open gallery just below the lamp. From that height our own island and the whole chain of the Frisians spread out below us.

They are nothing but a row of big sand-bars, desolate stretches of sand and scrub, with the ocean for ever hammering at them. Inland, ten miles away, was the low coast line of the mainland—Germany here, Holland a few miles away. I could see the little steamer that was our only link with the mainland crawling over the flat surface of the bay, carrying a plume of smoke like a black feather in its cap.

All of the other islands were barren of life. And Norderney, too, was a wilderness of dunes and wire grass except at the far end. There you could see the clustering houses of the village and the long lines of the barracks that surrounded the military aviation field.

" Ugly, aren't they ? " I said.

But Elsa wasn't looking in that direction. I don't think she even heard me, she was so absorbed in the northern horizon.

There was nothing to see there. Nothing but a smudge of smoke that hung above the line where the sky touched the North Sea—the German Ocean, as they used to call it. I suppose she saw in her imagination what lay beyond that horizon—the black fortress of Heligoland jutting up out of the sea, the grey forms of the battleships marching in line, the guns lifting up from the fighting turrets.

" Beautiful, isn't it ? " she said.

I told myself that she wasn't old enough to have the slightest memory of war and what it was like.

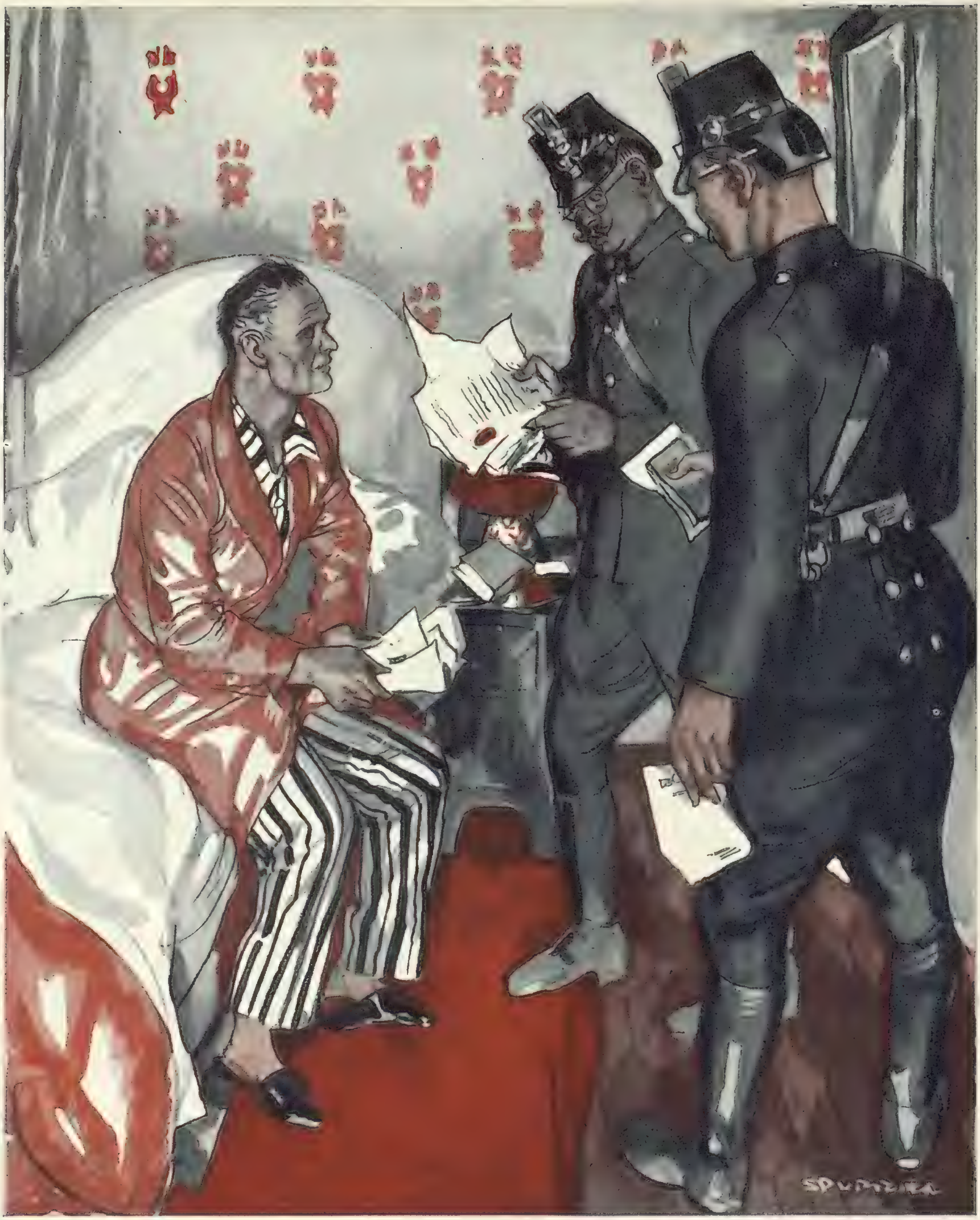
As we walked back along the beach the clear line of the horizon was obscured by a band of dirty brown. The fog bank climbed the sky until, when we were halfway home, first the sun disappeared and then our world contracted to the circle of sand at our feet, surrounded by the grey blanket of mist.

Somewhere behind us I thought I heard the motor of a plane, irregular in its beat.

THAT evening I noticed a certain air of excitement here in the hotel. None of the five or six remaining guests went out after dinner. They gathered in a group in the salon and discussed something in voices too low for me to overhear.

At six o'clock next morning we had a visit from the police. I was awakened by their knocking at the door next to mine along the corridor. An elderly couple had that room. I could hear the man shuffling across the floor—a brief dialogue, the door closed.

My turn was next. The two men in uniform were courteous, but crisp. My passport. I produced it. They looked at the photograph and gave me a quick



THE two men in uniform were courteous, but crisp. My passport. I produced it. They looked at the photograph and gave me a quick scrutiny

scrutiny. One of them shuffled a handful of papers and produced one that I recognised as the form that I had filled on coming to the hotel—the regular one, date and place of birth, occupation, etc. They compared it with the passport and nodded.

"If you go out to-day you will carry your passport." It was a command.

They went on to the next room.

Twice during the morning I was stopped on the street and asked for the passport. And when I went to the dock to watch the little steamer depart for the mainland there were the police again—passports examined, every passenger checked up thoroughly before he was allowed to go on board.

Later in the day, when I met Elsa on the promenade, I asked her what it was all about.

"Orders from the Commandant."

That was all she would say. Probably, I thought, she knew nothing whatever about it—making a military mystery out of what was nothing more than a routine police matter. There were times when Elsa irritated me a little by a certain behind-the-scenes air she adopted about military matters. As if the young fellows of the garrison had any vital secrets to confide to her!

She was occupied with one of them that afternoon, so I had to take my walk alone. At least I tried to take it. I hadn't gone more than a mile up the beach when I was stopped again by those damned police. Two of them posted there on the sand. No one to pass. *Verboten.*

Before I turned back I looked past them up the beach. About a mile farther on was what seemed to be an airplane resting on the sand.

No doubt, Cal, you'll say to yourself that, if I'd minded my own business, I wouldn't be sitting here to-night wondering whether I'll dine to-morrow on this pleasant terrace or in the local jail. But I wanted to know what was up that beach. Next afternoon I tried again.

I didn't intend to ask Elsa to go along. But when I passed her hotel, there she was on the terrace.

" Where do you go, Herr Philip ? "

" Up the beach."

She frowned a little. After a moment's hesitation she jumped up.

" I go also."

As soon as we left the village we had the world to ourselves. It was the clear, cold weather of early September, and we could see for miles up the empty beach. Nothing to break the flat expanse of the sand except the lump that was still too far away to recognise as a plane. Elsa didn't seem to want to talk to-day—we walked on and on without saying a word. We passed the place where the police had stopped me yesterday. Nobody there.

We came close to the plane. No one could mistake now what it was. And now I could see two figures motionless beside it. I had the impulse to wait and let Elsa comment on it first. That it should be there at all, you see, was altogether unusual, an unprecedented break in the orderly routine of Norderney. The military planes never landed on the beach; to private planes it was *verboten.* Elsa said not a word, although I could see that her eyes were fixed on it. The two figures, I could see, were in the uniform of the police. We passed within a hundred feet of the plane.

Half a mile farther on Elsa said: " Will we rest now awhile ? "

We scrambled to the top of one of the dunes. I sat down and lit a pipe. Elsa stood for a moment, her eyes roaming over the sand and tangled scrub that went rolling inland like bigger waves. With her yellow hair tumbled in the breeze and her light blue dress blown tight against the curves of her body she was like the figurehead poised on the prow of a Norseman's galley.

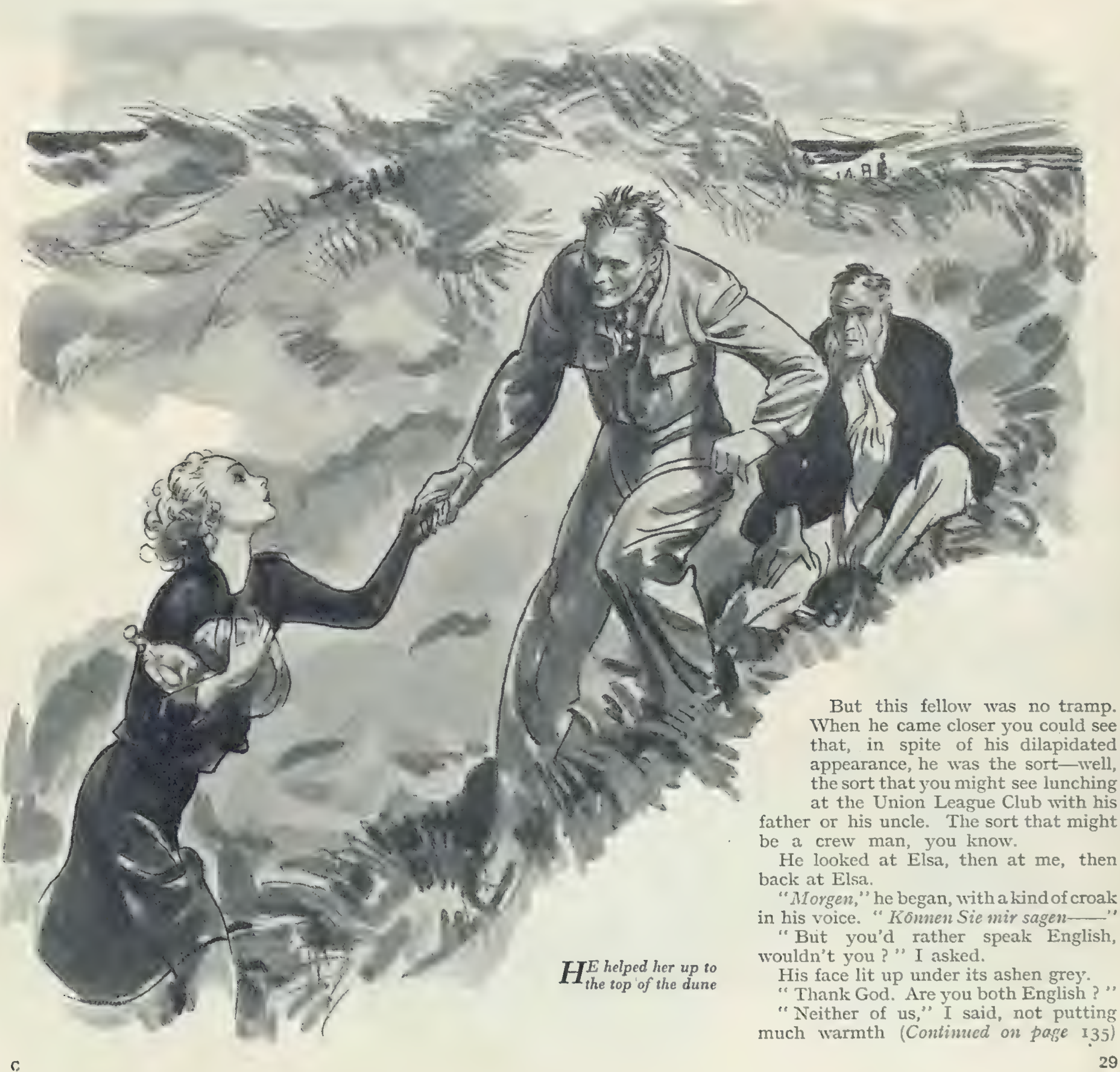
She was the first to see the man.

Her hand clutched my shoulder. He appeared suddenly on top of a dune near ours. Now that I think of it, he must have been lying there in the long grass watching us. Without hesitating he strode directly towards us.

Do they have beachcombers on Norderney? I asked myself. One of his trouser legs was torn from the knee down, and there were jagged tears in his tweed coat. From the dark rings under his eyes and the gaunt appearance of his face, I would have said that he had been sleeping on the beach for a week. He staggered a little as he came through the heavy sand.

" Don't be frightened," I said in an undertone to Elsa. She had gone tense and was staring at him.

" No," she said, and I realised that she wasn't the sort of girl who would be afraid of tramps.



HE helped her up to the top of the dune

But this fellow was no tramp. When he came closer you could see that, in spite of his dilapidated appearance, he was the sort—well, the sort that you might see lunching at the Union League Club with his father or his uncle. The sort that might be a crew man, you know.

He looked at Elsa, then at me, then back at Elsa.

"*Morgen,*" he began, with a kind of croak in his voice. " *Können Sie mir sagen——*"

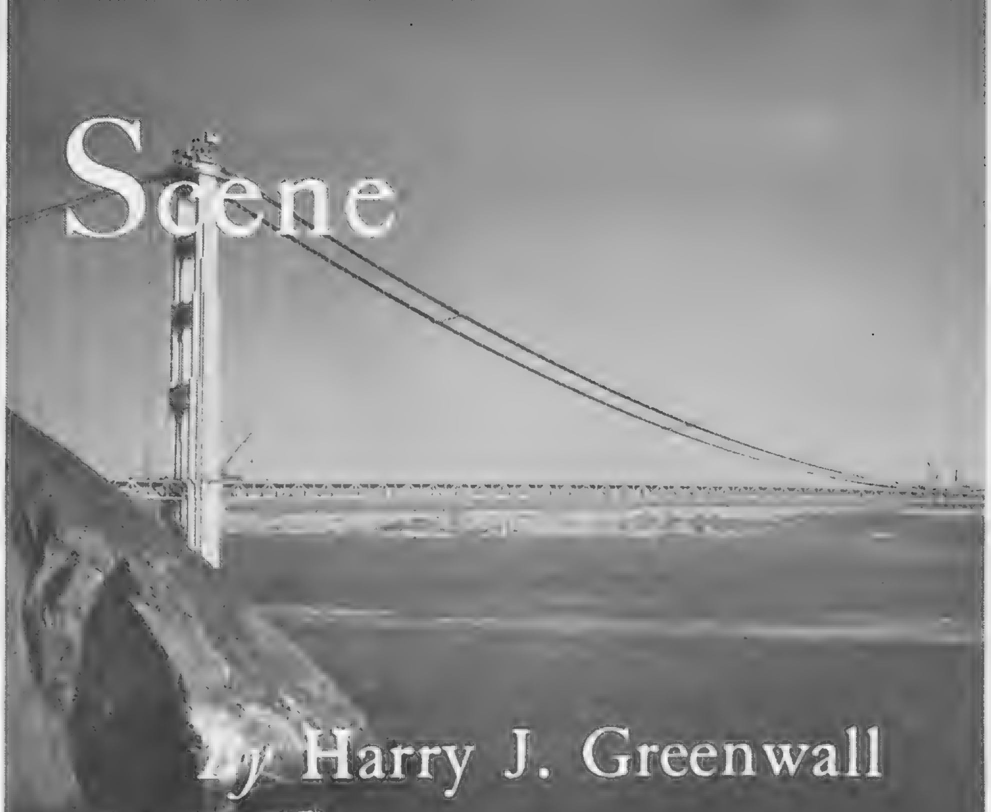
" But you'd rather speak English, wouldn't you ? " I asked.

His face lit up under its ashen grey.

" Thank God. Are you both English ? "

" Neither of us," I said, not putting much warmth (*Continued on page* 135)

Pacific Scene



By Harry J. Greenwall

THE main span of the world's largest suspension bridge, which crosses the Golden Gate of San Francisco

WE sailed through the Golden Gate out of San Francisco into the Pacific. What had I learned in Frisco? Mostly that the great old city is still a newspaperman's city, just as it was in the days of O. Henry and Will Irwin.

I had come from Hollywood; on my bed in my hotel room were scattered a number of photographs taken of myself and film people: Will Rogers, a few weeks before he died; Pat Patterson; glamorous Ketti Gallien. I phoned for a bell boy; he came. An elderly bell hop; fortyish. He took a quick look at the pictures on the bed.

" Films ? " he enquired.

" Newspapers," said I.

" I was a newspaperman once," said he.

" Whisky ? " I enquired politely.

" Whisky it was," said he, nodding sorrowfully.

" I wonder," he mused, as he strapped my trunk, " I wonder what became of old Charlie Blank; him and me used to cover fires back in New York; he was a Limey, same as you."

The man about whom the bell hop was wondering had just retired from the managing editorship of the *New York Times*.

A TRIO of Hawaiian beauties, each wearing a lei, a garland of heavily scented flowers

A TYPICAL Hawaiian girl greeting visitors

FORT STREET, Honolulu: a city that is as sophisticated as New York

We sailed through the Golden Gate into the Pacific in the wake of the first massed flight of seaplanes ever attempted. The end of the Washington Treaty was not far away, and Great Britain, Japan, Russia, China, Holland, France, and the United States, just to list a few, were beginning to turn the Pacific into a gigantic chessboard. I followed the U.S.A. gambit.

It was not so much a gentleman's game of chess as a game of grab. Rocky islands, just specks of black where sea birds laid their eggs, were now being annexed by maritime nations anxious to seize a platform from which death-dealing machines could take off and alight on. The birds were scared away by roaring Douglas-engined planes, creeping ever near to the mainland of Asia.

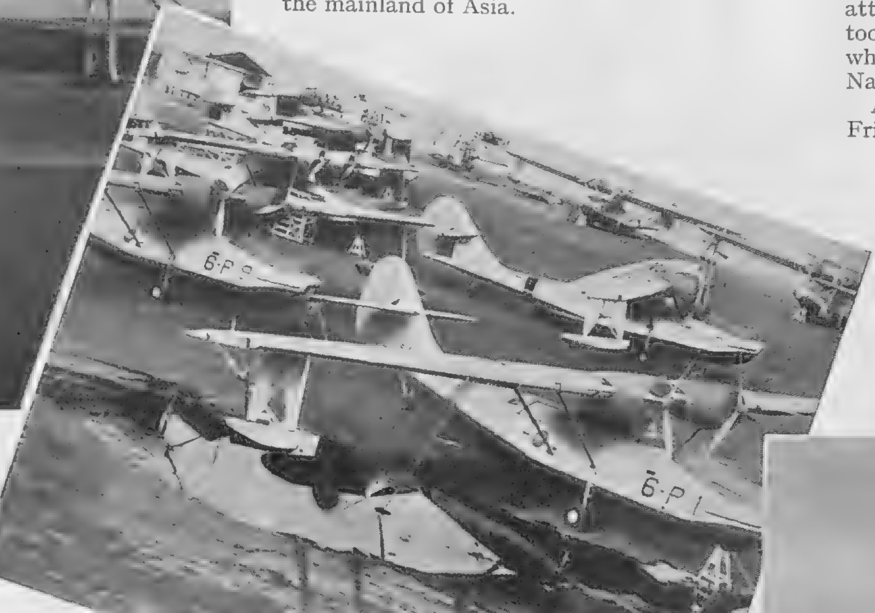
Overhead they were putting the finishing touches to the longest suspension bridge in the world ; spidery steel links up in the air and spanning the Golden Gate. Away to the south we could see black and brown seals flapping their fins on Seal Island.

In Frisco we had shipped a new orchestra—college boys out to see the world. We sailed in the evening, and the college boys played during dinner. Then we met the Pacific, and it was terrific, and the college boys retired to their bunks and were musicless until we touched Honolulu.

It was a little drama without any musical accompaniment, and drama there was. Naturally, this first flight of an American naval formation attracted world-wide attention. Naturally enough, the authorities took precautions that nobody came too near when the machines were being tuned up. Naturally enough.

A small Japanese oil tanker put into Frisco a few days before the flight was scheduled to start. Just a little Japanese tanker. But she had cameras with telescopic lenses.

In the course of time we arrived in Pearl Harbour, Hawaii. The flight had been most successful. Naturally (*Continued on page 141*)



PART of a squadron of U.S.A. bombers which were flown across the Pacific Ocean. They took off from San Diego for Honolulu, a distance of 2,552 miles

THE famous Fuji-Yama, the snow-covered volcano, now extinct

A JAPANESE lady of the old school entertaining her guests

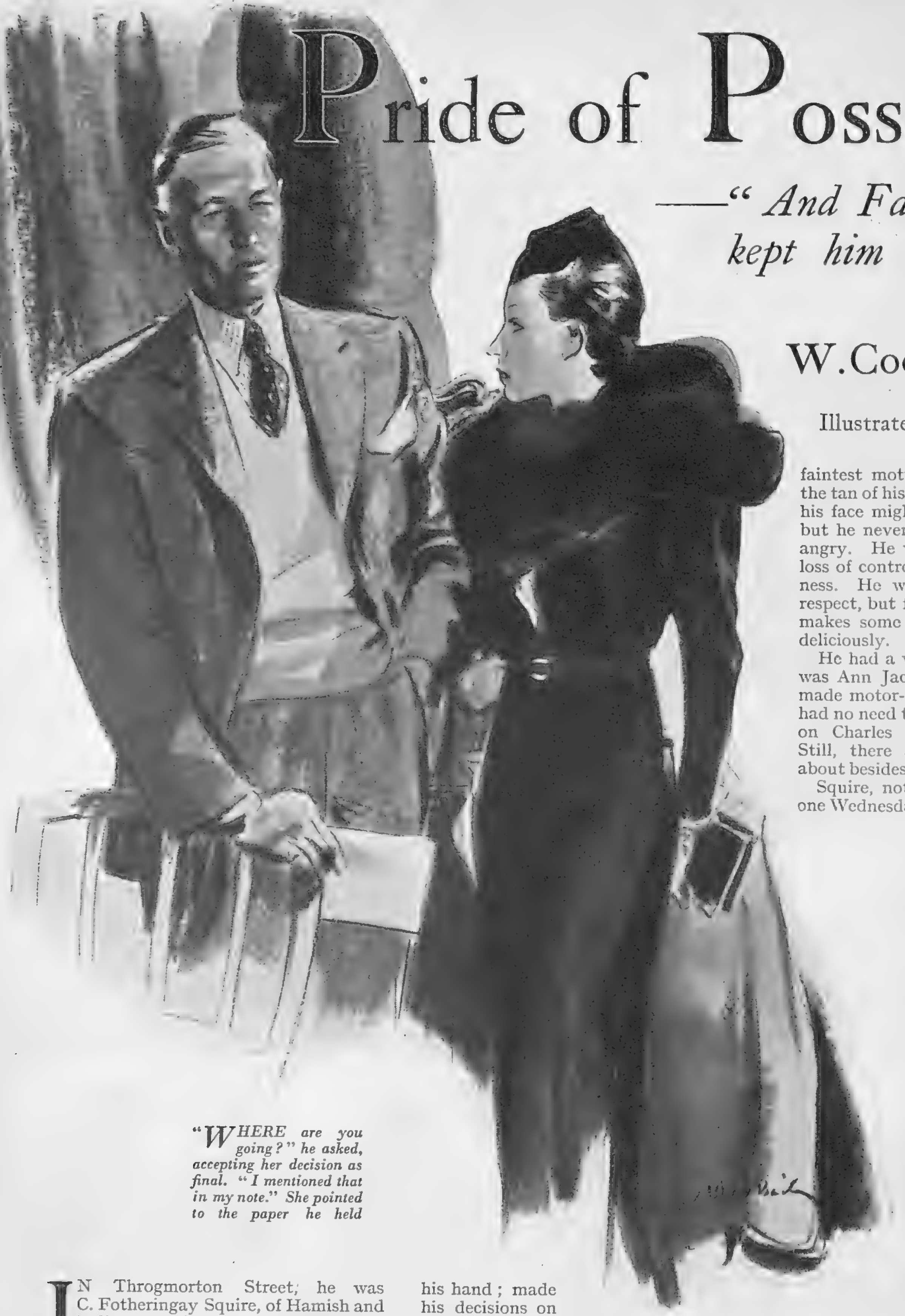
Pride of Possession

—"*And Faith unfaithful kept him falsely true*"

By

W. Cooper-Willson

Illustrated by Albert Bailey



"*WHERE are you going?" he asked, accepting her decision as final. "I mentioned that in my note." She pointed to the paper he held*

IN Throgmorton Street, he was C. Fotheringay Squire, of Hamish and Bell, and Hamish and Bell was no bucket shop. When he had changed into plus-fours in his private room, and was on his way to Walton Heath in the Bentley, he was Charlie Squire with a handicap of two and a habit of fixing up matches with men who did not even bother to grumble at the super tax. Possibly he did as much business at Walton Heath as he did in the office, but that did not prevent his driving straight down the fairway or holing a two-yard putt.

Squire's friends said that he was a man you could not "rattle." He marshalled facts in his mind as a bridge player sorts his hand; made his decisions on the facts, and never varied those decisions unless new facts came to light. His golf was good, his business technique perfect, for he gave more time to it. In one sense he was a money-making automaton: superficially, as the world saw him, this was true. Actually, of course, he remained a human being, and human beings are whimsies which do not always react to a penny in the slot.

He was a powerfully built man of forty-five, with close-cropped, greying hair and pale-blue eyes. He had a straight nose and a heavy jowl, and there was just the faintest mottling of dilated veins under the tan of his skin. Had he become angry his face might well have become purple, but he never allowed anyone to see him angry. He would have regarded such a loss of control as an unpardonable weakness. He was of the type which men respect, but fear a little; the type which makes some women shiver slightly, but deliciously.

He had a very lovely wife. Her name was Ann Jacqueline, and her father had made motor-cars in America, so that she had no need to worry about the premiums on Charles F. Squire's life insurance. Still, there are other things to worry about besides money.

Squire, not being quite perfect, found one Wednesday morning that his favourite niblick was not in his golf-bag. He always played golf on Wednesday afternoons, and this meant that he would have to leave the office twenty minutes early, in order to go home and get it. He remembered that it was in his dressing-room, which, rather curiously, was the place where he liked to clean his clubs. He lived at Purley, in one of those houses on the hillside that you can only see from an aeroplane, because of the trees which keep out the vulgar. It had seven bedrooms, a hard tennis court, a double garage, and a patent preparation on the gravel drive to make the pebbles stick together.

His match was timed for three o'clock. He had an early lunch, cleared up at the office, and reached home at two-thirty. He left the car outside the flagstoned, oak-beamed porch and bustled into the house, whistling a few bars of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." He liked Beethoven because there was nothing pretty-pretty about him.

Marley, the butler, came into the hall to see if his master wanted anything. Squire nodded to him, and waved a hand in dismissal. He took the stairs two at a time, still whistling, removed a hand at the last moment from a trouser pocket, opened the door of his dressing-room and strode inside.

His niblick was there, propped in a corner by the window. As he picked it up, something else in the room caught his eye: an outsize white envelope propped on the black and chromium apology for a mantelpiece. His name was written on it, in full—Charles Fotheringay Squire. There was no " Mr." or " Esq.," and the handwriting was Ann's. Very puzzled, Squire dropped the niblick on a chair, picked up the envelope and slit it up with his finger.

There was a large sheet of notepaper, heavy white stuff, square, embossed with his address in solid black. As he read, his jaw twisted sideways; then his left hand went up to the lobe of his ear and pulled it. Then, suddenly, he looked up from the writing and cocked his head, as if he recognised some familiar noise. With the paper still in his hand, he pushed his way out of the door, along the corridor to Ann's room, where he tapped perfunctorily on the panel and walked in.

She was standing there, dressed for the street—an amusing little hat, a great silver-fox tie, framing her petite face, a little furrowed above the brows, and the least bit wrinkled at the corners of eyes and mouth, but still remarkably charming at forty.

She had been about to pick up her bag from the dressing-table, but her hand fell to her side.

" I thought I heard your door close," said Squire.

" Hullo, Charles!" she said. Then her glance travelled down to his hand and rested on the paper it held. She smiled, with a little twitching of the nostrils. " I seem to have timed things rather badly," she added.

Squire held the paper in front of him.

" You don't mean this?" he asked; then added: " Sorry, that's a silly question. You obviously mean it or you wouldn't have written it. You were really going to walk out on me—like this?"

She nodded.

" Just like this," she agreed. She stood facing him, her back to the light of the windows, the single bed with its orange coverlet separating them. Her lips pursed, as if she were choosing her words. " I'm sorry, Charles," she said, " but the rôle of complacent wife doesn't appeal to me."

" I think," said Squire, " you might have given me the opportunity to put my side of the case."

She shrugged.

" Have you a case, Charles?" she asked. " You do realise, don't you, that I'm not an hysterical female, running away in horror because I've put two and two together and made five of it. You're not disputing that there was Mrs. Wesley and Jane Hoyland, and now this—what's her name—Patricia something? You're not contending that I've imagined them, or anything?"

" No," said Squire. He put his hands in his pockets. " Won't you sit down?" he suggested.

" No, thanks." She picked up her bag. " I think I'll be going, if you'll excuse me. I meant to be gone before you read that note. What did bring you home so early, by the way?"

" I left my niblick," he said slowly. Then he looked at her straight in the eyes. " Look here, Ann. I know I'm not the conventionally moral husband, but that's no new story, is it? I half hoped you understood. Beastly position for you, I know, but—well, we did have it out before, didn't we?"

" We did," she agreed. Her face hardened, and her voice changed a little when she went on: " I'm not hysterical, Charles. You broke my heart once, and you can't do it again. Once I loved you so much—so much: it seems in another life. You chose to go your own way. I've survived. I'm not made of glass, but I have a little pride left. When you start to bring your women to my house, I've finished."

" Oh!" said Charles. " So that's it! Oh, damnation, Ann!" He bit his lower lip. " Yes, I suppose it did seem pretty hellish; but what could I do? 'Tisn't as if we were alone. Tom Balkey and his sister were with us. I just asked them all in for a drink. It was a bit cold last night, and they still had some way to go. Pat—Patricia was going on with them. As a matter of fact, I had an idea you were dining out."

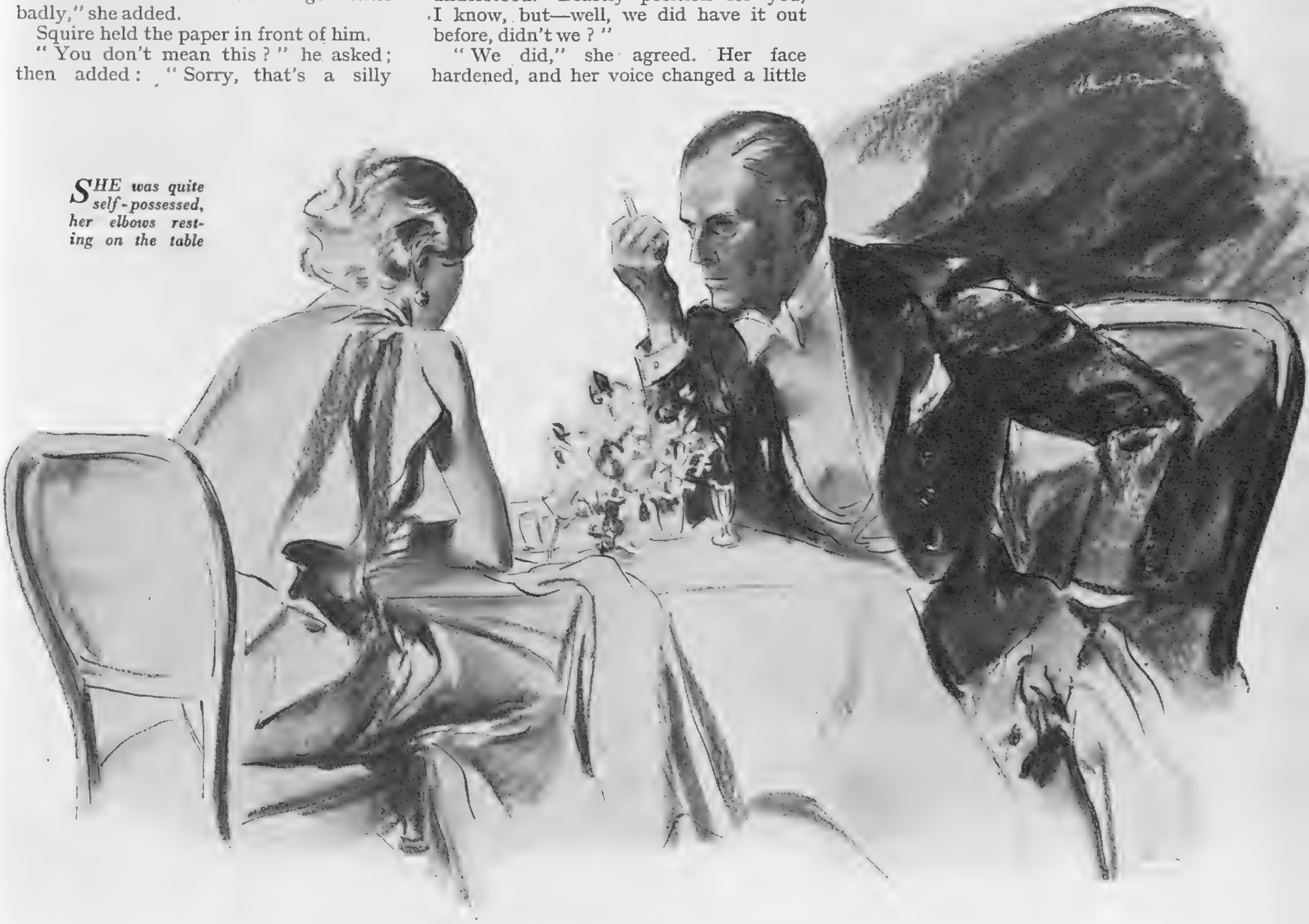
" Instead of which I walked into my own dining-room to find you drinking your mistress's health. I'm sorry, Charles, but it's not good enough."

" Where are you going?" he asked, accepting her decision as final.

" I mentioned that in my note." She pointed to the paper he held.

" Oh, so you did—I'd forgotten." He stared at the paper, rather stupidly, then crushed it into a ball and thrust it into his pocket. " Going to stay with Vera Summers. All right. I suppose I can't say anything. There is one thing, Ann: are you going to sue for divorce?"

She gripped her bag tightly in both hands, and looked down at it, as if seeking inspiration from it. Then she looked up at him again.



SHE was quite self-possessed, her elbows resting on the table

"I don't know, Charles. I don't think so. D'you want me to?"

"You've a perfect right to," he said. "I can give no reason why you shouldn't, except that I love you like hell."

"You've a rather curious way of showing it, don't you think?"

"Conventionally, I'm a blackguard," he said, "but we've never been quite conventional, Ann. Damn it! we did have all this out before, and you did say you understood. I'm not making excuses, but when a man's physical need of the other sex is above the average, and when his wife's is a good deal less, what's he to do? Let her sacrifice herself for him, or get his satisfaction elsewhere? I chose the latter; it didn't stop my loving you."

"I know. I didn't understand at first, and it did break my heart; but then I did, and the break got mended. Or I thought I understood, until last night. I tried awfully hard, Charles, and I managed to carry on because I did persuade myself that you loved me, in spite of the Wesley woman and the Hoyland woman. But, if you loved me, would you have shamed me to my face in my own dining-room?"

"Honestly, I thought you were out."

"Would you have risked it? You couldn't have. You don't love me, Charles. I know you think you do, but you don't really. It's a kind of pride of possession, like the pride you have in your business, your golf, your car. I'm just something rather nice that you've got used to having about the house. You'll miss me frightfully, of course, at first—till you find something better to replace me with."

"Never!" he cried. "Ann, don't do it!"

"I shall do it, and I'm going now. I never meant to have this conversation at all. If you hadn't come back for your club, and if I hadn't come back for my bag—good-bye, Charles."

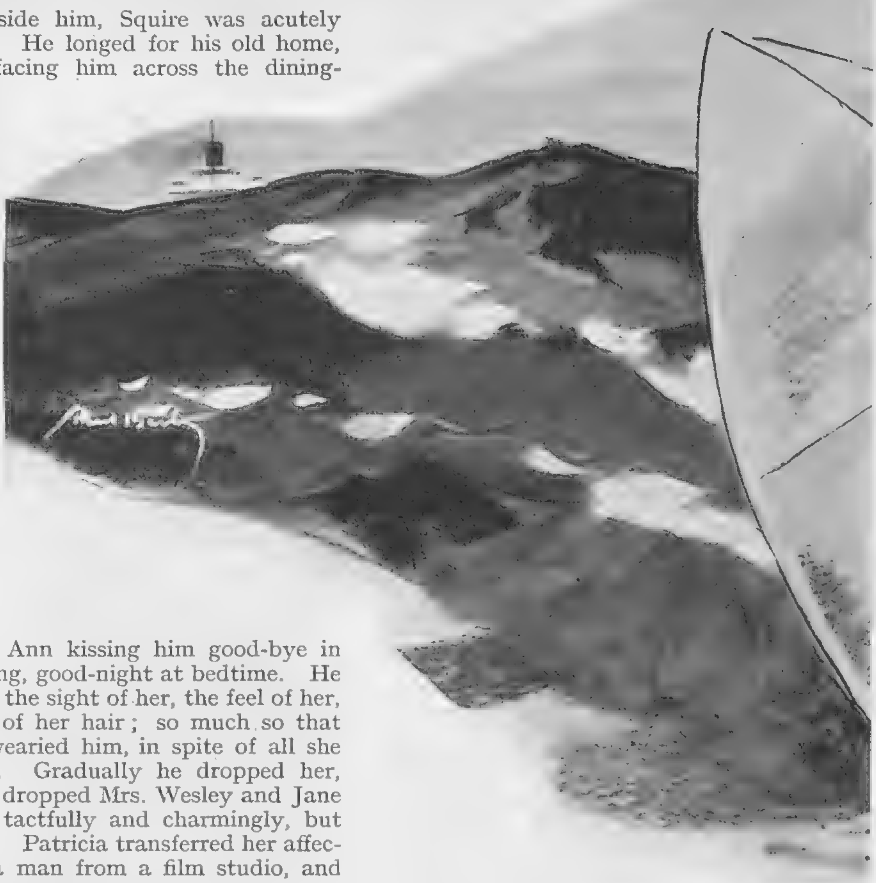
She passed by him and, automatically, he stepped aside. She did not offer her hand. He held the door open for her.

"Good-bye, Ann," he said, and she was gone.

AT Walton Heath a millionaire fumed for a quarter of an hour in the club-house and then went for a round with the professional. He did have the idea of ringing up Squire's office, but dismissed it, because he hated telephoning. Squire, who had completely forgotten him, sat on his wife's bed, heard her Lanchester purr away down the drive, and thought. While he thought, he gnawed at his right thumbnail. After quite a long time he got up, found Marley and told him to pack a bag, and drove back to town, to the Savoy.

He never entered the Purley house again. He sent the furniture into storage, dismissed the servants with a month's wages, and put the house up for sale. He could not face living there alone. It was a home for two people, not for one, and, now Ann was gone, his self-respect would not allow him to import another woman into what had been her home. He put a good face on it, because he, too, had his pride. He still went about with Patricia; still visited her in St. John's Wood in the little flat he had furnished for her. He still went to the office every morning and to Walton Heath three times a week. He had never made any secret of his amours, and his friends took the situation for granted, wondering rather that Ann had stuck it as long as she had.

But, inside him, Squire was acutely miserable. He longed for his old home, for Ann facing him across the dining-table, for Ann kissing him good-bye in the morning, good-night at bedtime. He longed for the sight of her, the feel of her, the smell of her hair; so much so that Patricia wearied him, in spite of all she gave him. Gradually he dropped her, as he had dropped Mrs. Wesley and Jane Hoyland, tactfully and charmingly, but definitely. Patricia transferred her affections to a man from a film studio, and Squire, for the first time for many years, found himself quite free from women.



He still longed for Ann, but into his longing there crept a little resentment, a self-pitying feeling that he had not been quite understood, that all allowances had not been made. She had, he admitted to himself, been badly treated and had acted well within her rights, but—if she had loved him as he loved her—she would not have stood on her rights. Complete love implies complete forgiveness, so Charles Fotheringay Squire sometimes told himself.

Then he met Stella Fardoe. She, like Ann, was petite: Squire had a weakness for small women. She was blonde, where Ann had been brunette; she was twenty-five, with all the freshness of youth, all the bubbling gaiety which he had felt to be slipping out of his own life. She was no heiress; her father was a Colonel in a Line Regiment, and she herself had a job in Fleet Street, where they do not tolerate fools. She dined one night with some friends at the Savoy, and the friends knew Squire. Seeing him sitting alone, they pressed him to join the party. Afterwards he danced with Stella, and, being a good tactician, made opportunities for further meetings.

Stella thrilled him as he had not been thrilled for years. There was something in her spontaneity which, while they were together, made him forget Ann. There was something in her freshness, her unspoilt outlook on life, which made him look back with distaste on the Wesley, the Hoyland, and Patricia. He had no wish to seduce the girl, but after a few weeks he began to want, very much, to marry her. Then he brought himself up with a jolt, for he was married already and the only favour he had asked of Ann was that she should not divorce him.

All the time, while he turned this tricky problem over in his mind, he continued to do business and to play golf, and he did both as well as ever; for he had the kind of mind that can be shut off into sections by water-tight compartments.

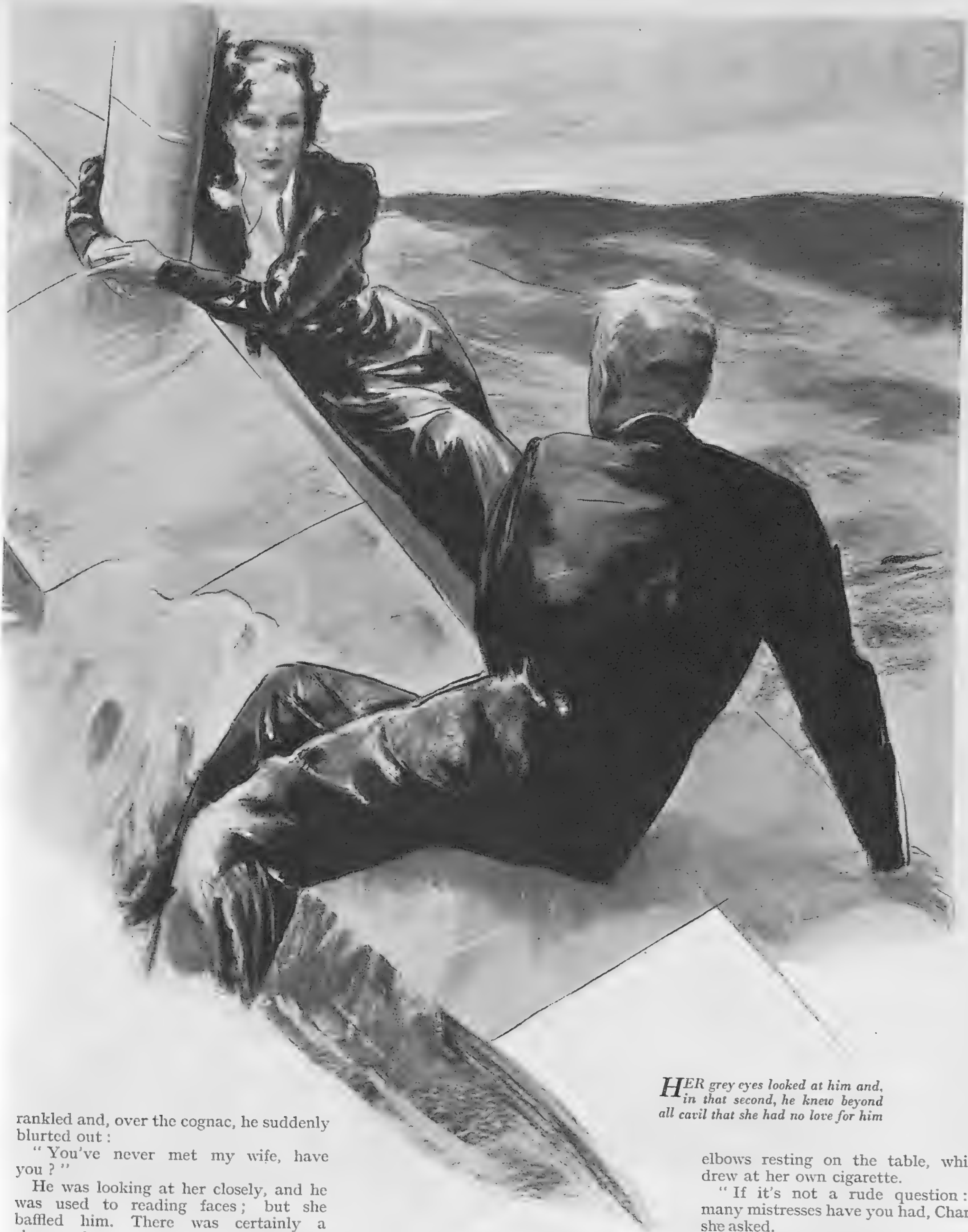
He told himself that he was forty-five, in the prime of life, that anything which had been between Ann and himself was finished, that he wanted to spend the rest of his life with Stella, and therefore he must write to Ann and climb down. So he did write, and posted the letter himself.

He felt a cad. He pictured Ann, smiling with hard eyes, while she read his letter. "So much," she would say, "for his protestations of love. Barely six months since we parted, and he not only takes up a new woman, but wants to marry her!" He felt so upset about it that nothing but Stella's company would ease him. He rang up and arranged a dinner for two and a box at the latest revue. He fetched her in a taxi, and her first words were:

"Why, Charlie, you do look glum! Have you been a Stag when you ought to have been a Bull?"

"I don't know," he said, "but I'm sorry if I'm a Bear." Then he laughed, and they both laughed and found their fingers interlocked, till the taxi dropped them at a very particular place in Soho where the tables were discreetly sheltered by palms and where Squire had already given his order to the head waiter.

She was dressed in powder blue, with a little string of pearls round her neck and a look of such utter frankness in her eyes that Squire again felt something of a cad. She knew, of course, that he was married—or did she? He himself had never mentioned it. He assumed that someone would have told her, but people sometimes forgot to mention what is common knowledge. He talked light-heartedly enough through dinner, but the thing



HER grey eyes looked at him and, in that second, he knew beyond all cavil that she had no love for him

rankled and, over the cognac, he suddenly blurted out :

" You've never met my wife, have you ? "

He was looking at her closely, and he was used to reading faces ; but she baffled him. There was certainly a change of expression, but was it surprise, disappointment or shock ? He could not tell.

" No," she said. " Is she abroad ? "

" No," he answered. " She's living with friends in the country. We didn't hit it off. My fault. I take a hell of a lot of putting up with."

" Nonsense ! " she said, laughing. " You're the easiest man to get on with I've ever met. Tell me what she's like. Very prim and proper, I expect. Did she scold you for dropping cigar-ash on the carpet ? "

" No," he said rather irritably. He was not sure that he liked discussing Ann—certainly not with Stella. It didn't seem cricket. " No ; I wasn't henpecked," he said. " She's rather a dear. You'd like her."

" Well, what on earth did you quarrel with her for, then ? "

He flicked the ash off his cigarette.

" I wasn't faithful to her," he said. Then he looked at her again, to see how she took it.

She was quite self-possessed, her elbows resting on the table, while she drew at her own cigarette.

" If it's not a rude question : how many mistresses have you had, Charlie ? " she asked.

" Three," he answered. Then, grinding out his cigarette stub, he asked : " Would you like to go on to the show ? "

" Yes, let's," she said, and pushed back her chair.

A quarter of an hour later they entered their box. The show had already started ; the auditorium was in darkness except for the occasional glow of a cigar. Tod Bingo, the Cockney comedian, was impersonating a henpecked husband and singing a song which went something like this :

(*Continued on page* 130)

Old Tales Re-told

SEMIRAMIS: *The Foundling who Founded mighty Babylon and, as Assyria's Queen, lorded the Eastern World*

Written and Illustrated by F. MATANIA, R.I.

THE foundling is not always an object of pity even in the West—indeed, in some parts of Spain and Italy being looked upon as a happily starred bringer of good fortune. In times past this attitude was more pronounced, and in the East held particular currency, there the parentless child being regarded not only as a likely recipient of Destiny's favours but as a possible descendant of kings or gods.

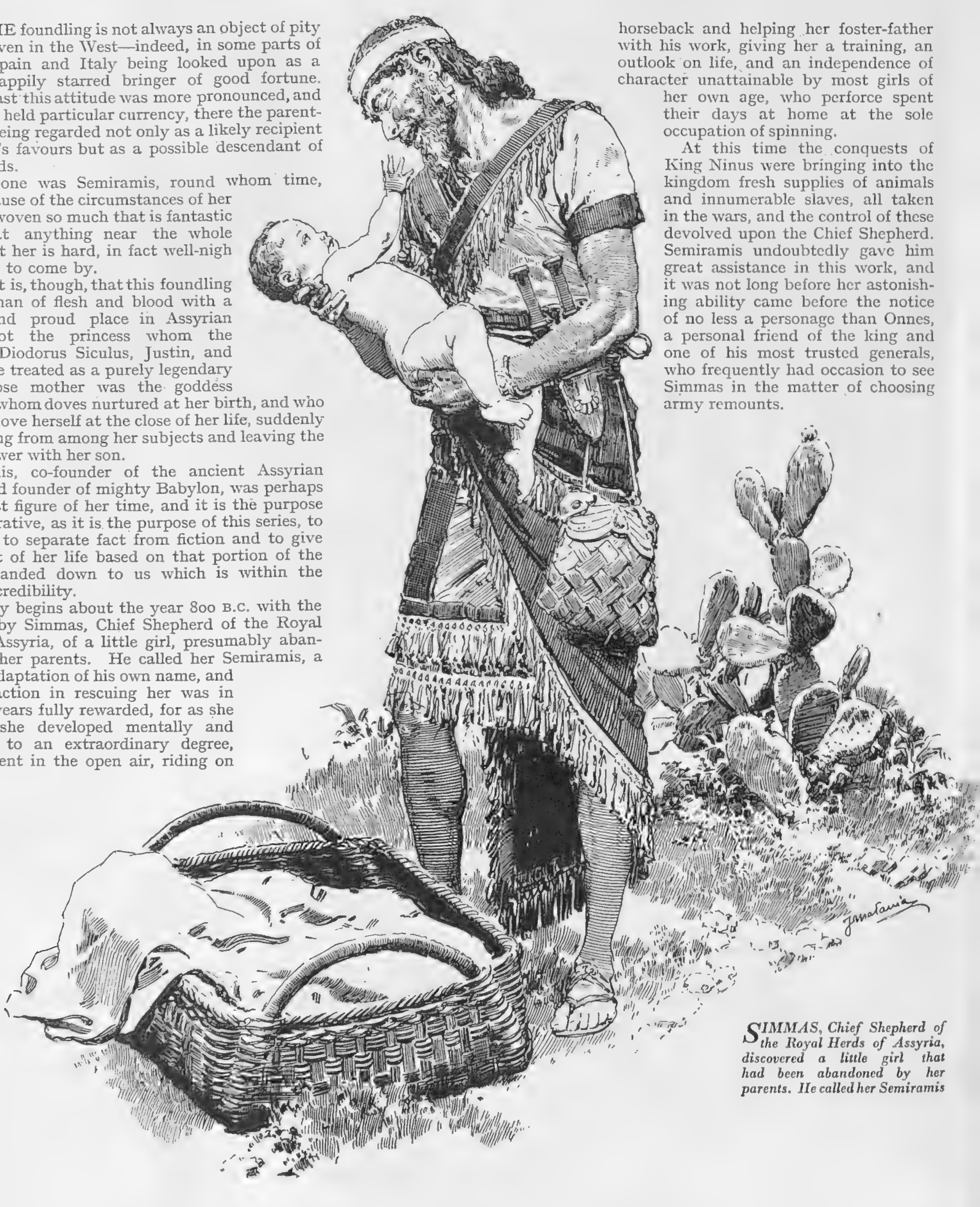
Such a one was Semiramis, round whom time, partly because of the circumstances of her birth, has woven so much that is fantastic legend that anything near the whole truth about her is hard, in fact well-nigh impossible, to come by.

Certain it is, though, that this foundling was a woman of flesh and blood with a rightful and proud place in Assyrian history; not the princess whom the stories of Diodorus Siculus, Justin, and others have treated as a purely legendary figure whose mother was the goddess Atargatis, whom doves nurtured at her birth, and who became a dove herself at the close of her life, suddenly disappearing from among her subjects and leaving the reins of power with her son.

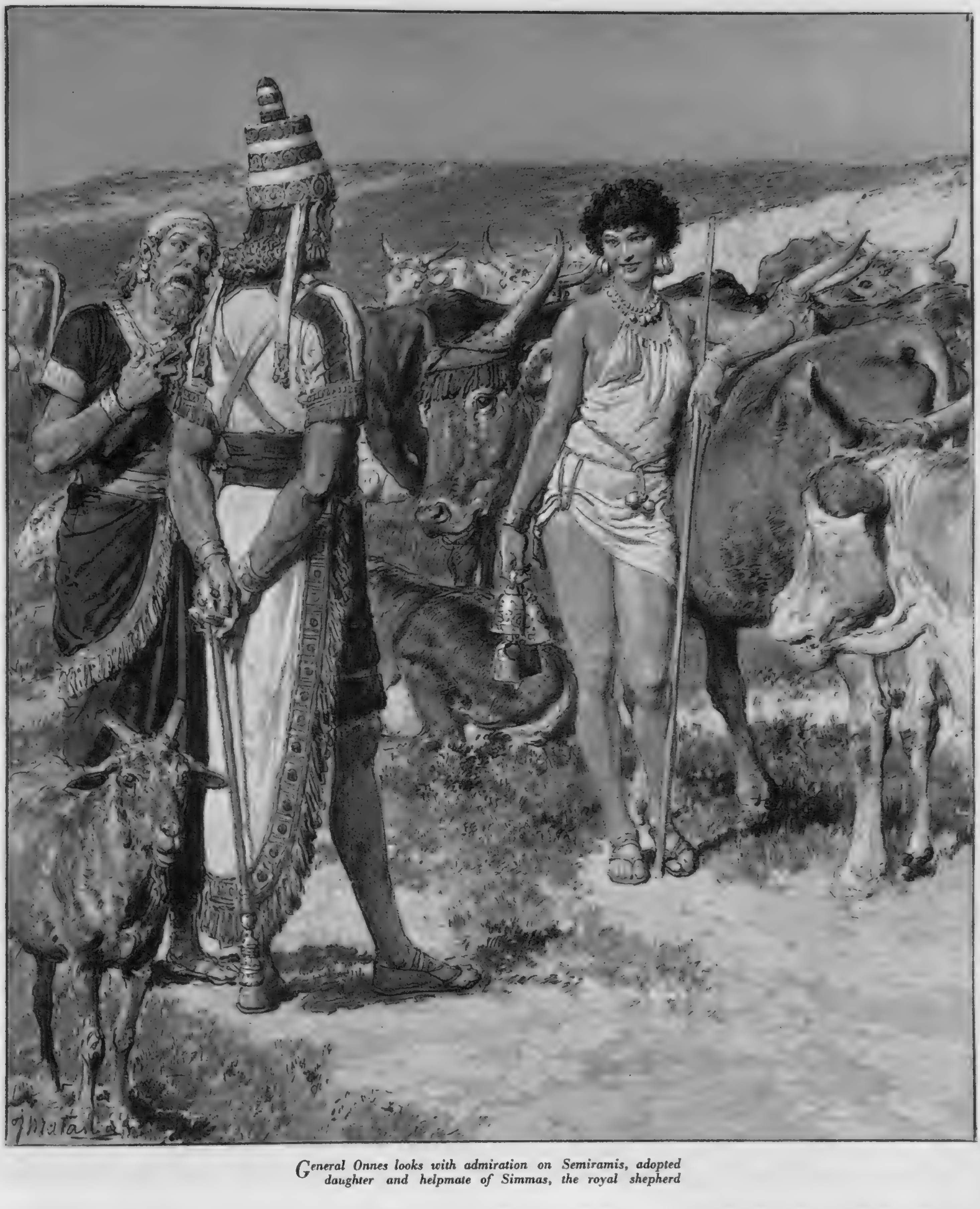
Semiramis, co-founder of the ancient Assyrian Empire and founder of mighty Babylon, was perhaps the greatest figure of her time, and it is the purpose of this narrative, as it is the purpose of this series, to endeavour to separate fact from fiction and to give an account of her life based on that portion of the material handed down to us which is within the bounds of credibility.

The story begins about the year 800 B.C. with the discovery by Simmas, Chief Shepherd of the Royal Herds of Assyria, of a little girl, presumably abandoned by her parents. He called her Semiramis, a feminine adaptation of his own name, and his kind action in rescuing her was in course of years fully rewarded, for as she grew up she developed mentally and physically to an extraordinary degree, her life spent in the open air, riding on horseback and helping her foster-father with his work, giving her a training, an outlook on life, and an independence of character unattainable by most girls of her own age, who perforce spent their days at home at the sole occupation of spinning.

At this time the conquests of King Ninus were bringing into the kingdom fresh supplies of animals and innumerable slaves, all taken in the wars, and the control of these devolved upon the Chief Shepherd. Semiramis undoubtedly gave him great assistance in this work, and it was not long before her astonishing ability came before the notice of no less a personage than Onnes, a personal friend of the king and one of his most trusted generals, who frequently had occasion to see Simmas in the matter of choosing army remounts.



SIMMAS, Chief Shepherd of the Royal Herds of Assyria, discovered a little girl that had been abandoned by her parents. He called her Semiramis



General Onnes looks with admiration on Semiramis, adopted daughter and helpmate of Simmas, the royal shepherd

Onnes was struck not only by her skill, but by her beauty. His calls became more regular, and soon Simmas realised with misgiving that he was destined to lose the help and companionship of his beloved adopted daughter.

His misgiving was not without foundation, as in those days the houses of great personages were nests of intrigue and jealousy, where danger lurked constantly, and concubine pitted her wits against concubine for supremacy in the household and for the preference of the lord and master.

Simmas therefore had good cause to be dismayed, and he was heartbroken when Onnes in due course sent the order for the girl to be handed over.

Later, however, he was compensated by the knowledge that Semiramis had not been chosen to increase the number of concubines in the harem, and so condemned to the company of eunuchs, that class apart, whose power was only equalled by their unpleasantness. On the contrary, she had entered the house of Onnes as the sole wife, the only mistress, subject to none save her master.

This in itself was an unusual state of affairs, and it was even more unusual that Onnes, instead of submitting the young shepherdess to a strict rule of wifely obedience, allowed her a great measure of latitude, and thus made it possible for her personality to develop. It was her fascination and beauty that led him to marry her, but, as time went on, he began to perceive the many-sidedness of her character, and her remarkable qualities of heart and brain. He was, indeed, astounded by her prowess. She could discuss religious matters with the priests on an equal footing, she could rival the most expert of the scribes in impressing the arrow-shaped cuneiform alphabet in clay, and she possessed a quickness of decision that betokened the born leader.

When love is coupled with admiration, it constitutes the highest expression of human attachment, and thus it was that Onnes became more deeply engrossed in his wife than ever. He could not bear to be parted from her.

Naturally, therefore, he was much concerned when King Ninus placed him at the head of an expedition against Bactra, and he was tortured by the thought of the long period of separation from his beloved. But duty came first.

Semiramis, who was by now an expert in the handling of weapons and war machines, helped in all the military preparations, and, riding side by side with her husband, inspected every detail of the equipment of the departing legions.

At length the day of departure came, and after tearful good-byes, Onnes went on his way, and Semiramis, while the horizon was still clouded by the dust of the marching columns, hurried home to set down in writing her first letter of love and affection.

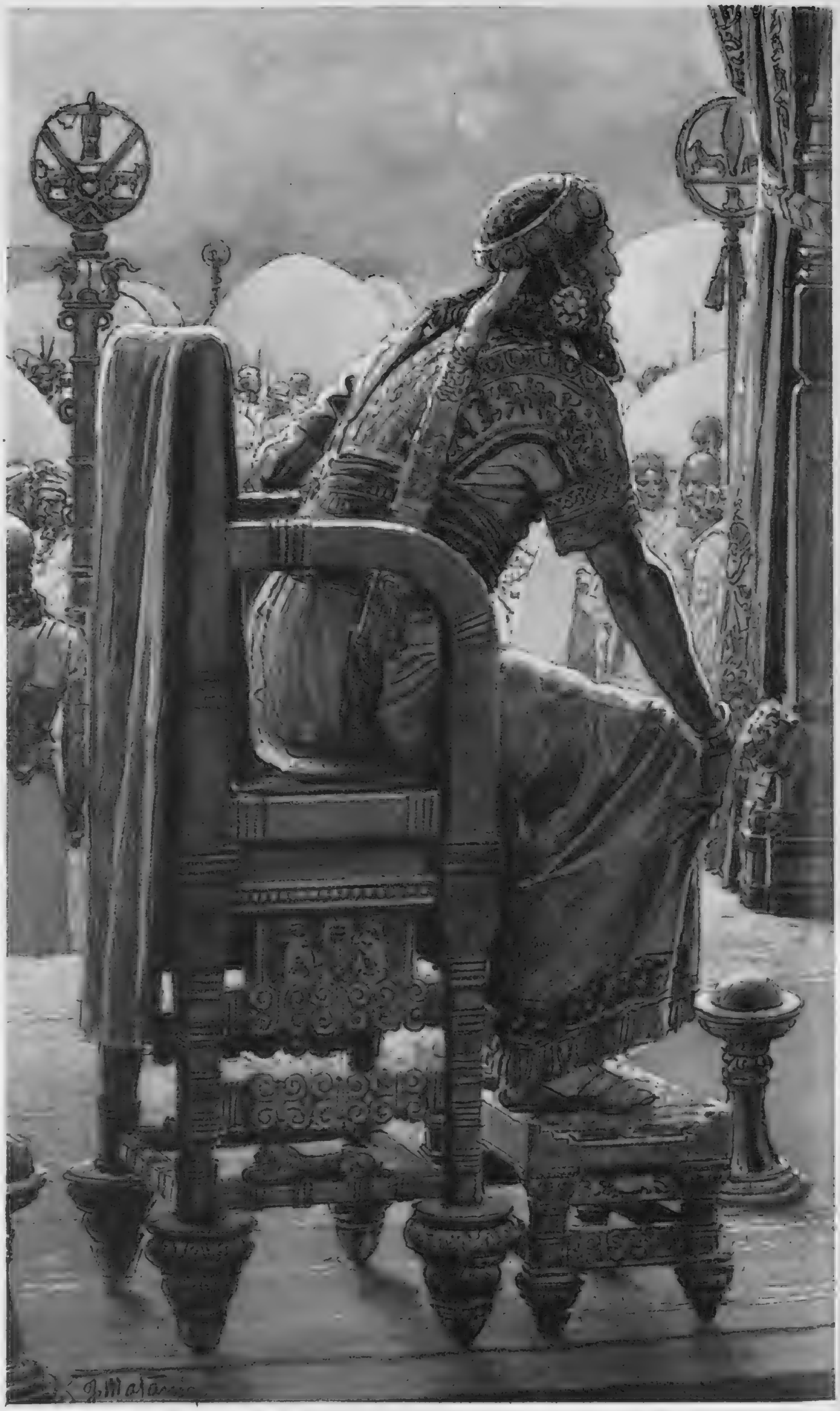
As in most wars, the attackers thought it would take them but a few weeks to attain victory, but they were sadly wrong in their estimate.

Though Bactra was soon surrounded and all supplies were cut off, the garrison repelled every effort to scale the walls, and rested secure in the knowledge that they had food and ammunition enough to last them many a month.

As time passed, with still no decisive result in sight, Onnes was no longer content with the written messages of his wife, frequent as they were, and full as they were of endearments; so, not seeing any opportunity of leaving the scene of operations, he decided to take advantage of his friendship with the King, and ask permission to have his wife with him.

This lack of patience, so intensely human and so natural, was destined to bring only sorrow and disaster, and, in the end, to cost him his life; but Onnes was no seer, and, as may be imagined, was overjoyed when his request was granted.

Immediately she heard the news, Semiramis left the house where she had endured her long days of loneliness and set out to rejoin her husband, thrilled at the prospect of reunion, thrilled, too, at the prospect of enjoying once again the life of open-air activity which was, beyond all doubt, her natural element.

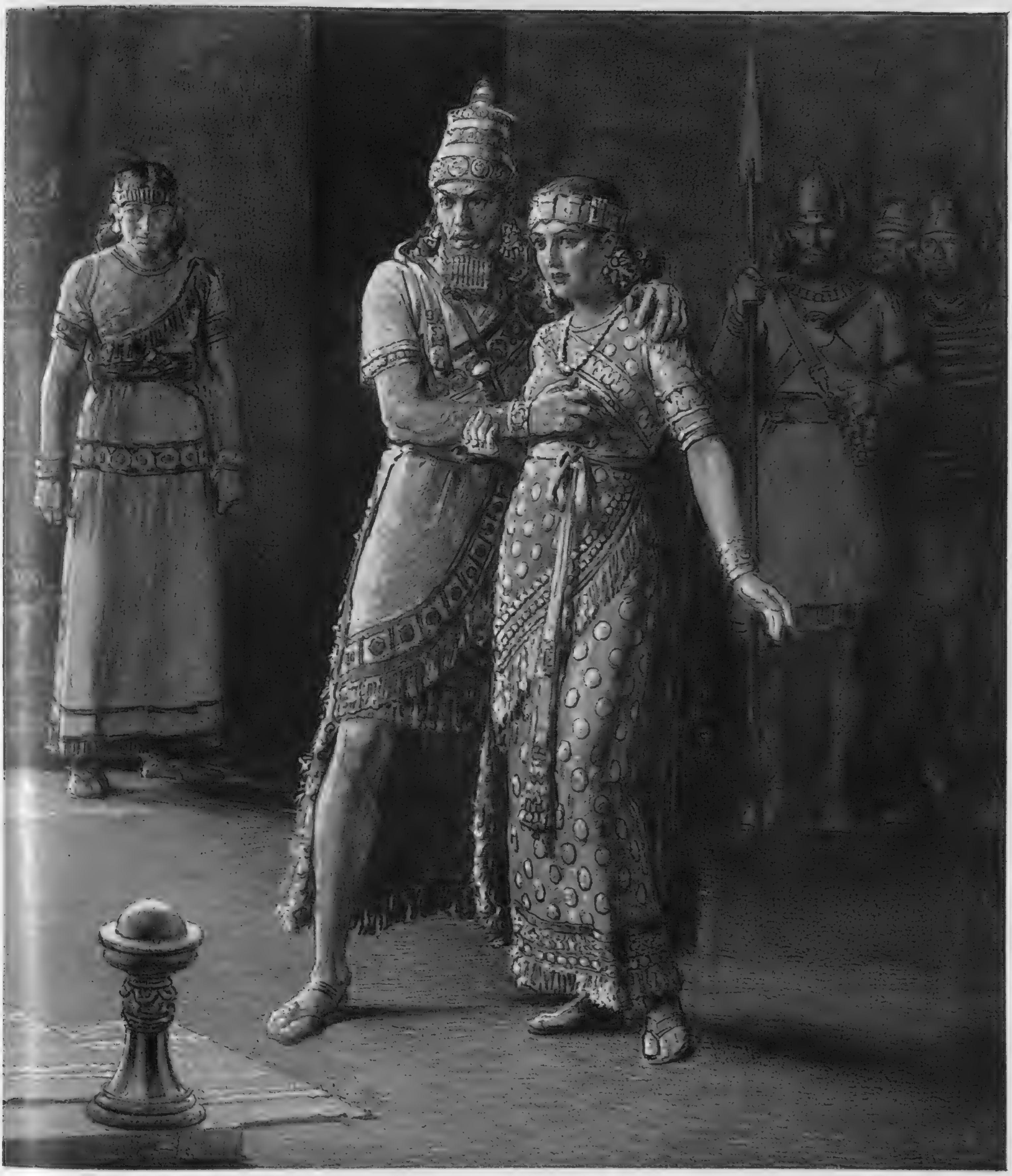


The King thought Semiramis that Onnes give her up

Onnes came out to meet her, escorting her to the camp, and showing her the tent he had had specially equipped on her behalf. Both were in the seventh heaven of happiness, and King Ninus was thoroughly gratified at the light-heartedness of his commander, which was in such marked contrast to his previous low spirits.

As might be expected of such a woman, Semiramis quickly acquainted herself with the military situation, and it was not long before she virtually became her husband's aide-de-camp. Such was the respect she commanded, the soldiers obeyed her orders unhesitatingly, no doubt enjoying immensely the privilege of doing the bidding of such a charming superior. Often, indeed, Semiramis relieved her husband of his duties, in so doing revealing a competence and readiness of thought that, instead of breeding jealousy, won her unstinted admiration.

In company with Onnes, Semiramis discussed every deliberation of the war council, and one day went so far as to suggest a plan of attack which, by reason



worthy to share his throne and demanded so that she might become his Queen

of its strategy, at once met with the approval of the King, who gave leave for it to be put into execution forthwith.

First Semiramis assured herself of the efficiency of every unit, saw to it that the war machines were properly overhauled, and so perfected her plan that it would be equal to any emergency.

Her scheme was founded on a careful study of the besieged city, a study which had induced the conclusion that one small section of the walls was much less strongly defended than the rest. She insisted, however, that nothing should be done to put the enemy on their guard at this point.

Then, with a large number of troops, Semiramis made a terrific frontal attack at one of the more strongly held points, flinging thousands of men into the battle, and giving no hint that this was a mere feint.

The defenders of course crowded to the danger zone, and while they were thus occupied, the commanderess detached herself from the main body of troops, and taking with her a small body of cavalry she galloped towards the opposite side of the town.

At the same time, units of infantry which had been hidden in the vicinity, started converging on the same spot, where an enormous quantity of ladders had been previously concealed.

Semiramis (with her warriors at her heels, men pledged to the double duty of protecting their leader and taking the town) dashed up to the walls, flung herself from the saddle, and in an instant was scaling one of the ladders, her bow hanging from her left arm and her quiver bristling with arrows.

Soon a constant stream of soldiers was pouring into the city, and before the defenders could turn up in force the attackers had succeeded in opening one of the gates and letting more of their number in.

The surprise was complete, and though the battle raged fiercely enough for a while, the issue was never in doubt, before nightfall the defenders being forced to realise the futility of further effort and to surrender the town they had held for so long in the face of a mighty army.

The mere fact that a woman had conquered where a king and his generals had failed, aroused intense enthusiasm throughout the army, and once again it must be said to the credit of the men that they displayed no hint of jealousy, looking upon the peerless Semiramis as one worthy of the highest honours.

The King, indeed, thought her worthy to share his throne, and, having no conscience in such matters, availed himself of the law of the strong, ordering Onnes to give her up, in the same manner as Onnes had once commanded the shepherd Simmas. Ninus knew only too well what a devoted couple he was attempting to part, and what a supreme sacrifice he was asking of the young general; so he offered Onnes his daughter Sosana.

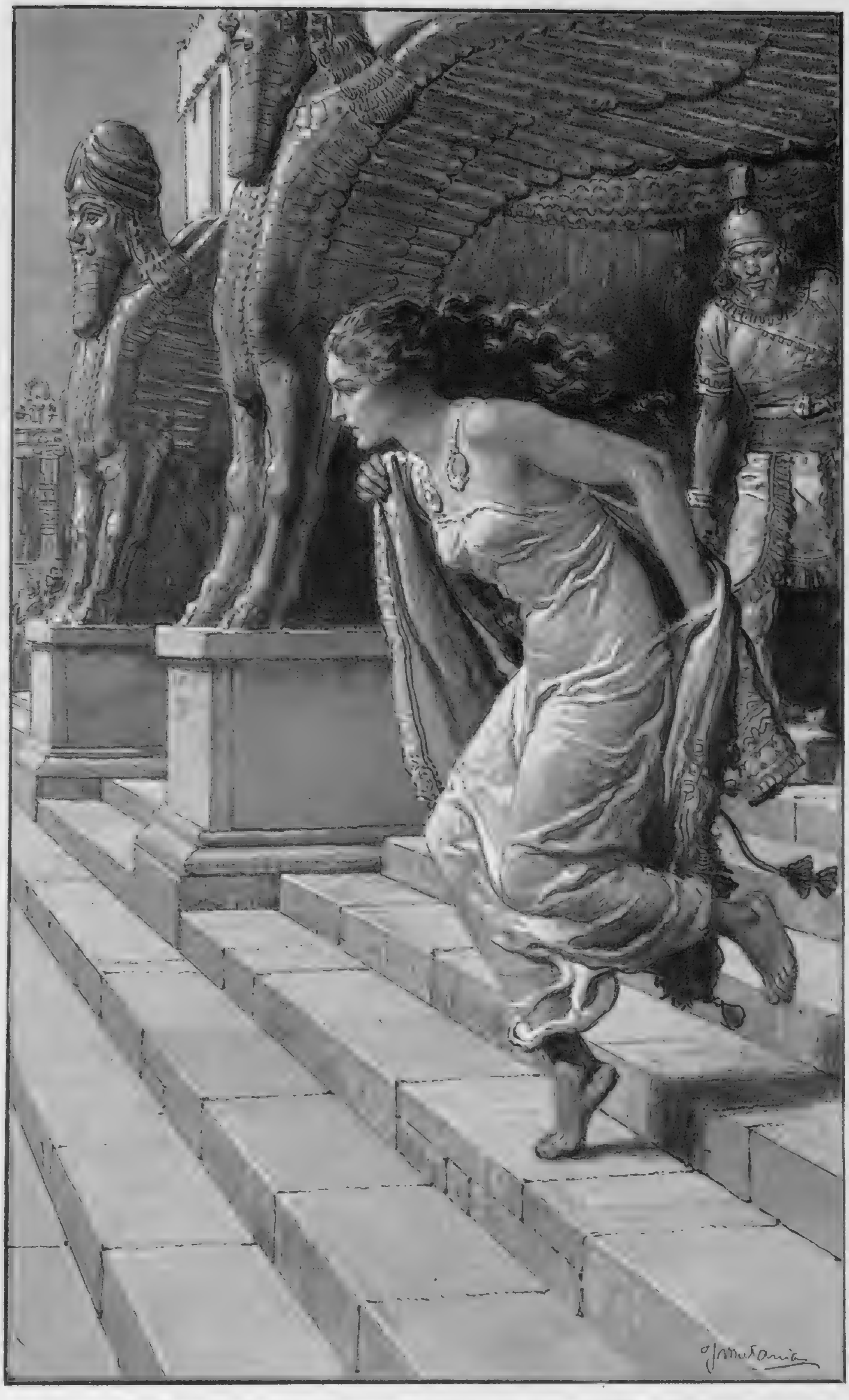
Another man less enamoured of his wife, and more practically minded, would have seen the enormous advantage of such an offer, and would doubtless have welcomed the bargain. But not so Onnes. He was grief-stricken at the thought of separation from the woman he held most dear.

Though he knew that failure to concur would bring disgrace and disaster upon him, he fought, and fought hard, to retain his wife, employing all the means of persuasion that his past friendship with the King afforded him. But Ninus was adamant; he meant to have Semiramis, and in this matter, honesty, justice, and friendship did not weigh with him. All through history this has been so when the object of contention has been a woman. Ninus's obstinacy grew with his growing infatuation, but Onnes was no less obstinate, and flatly declined the honour of marrying Sosana.

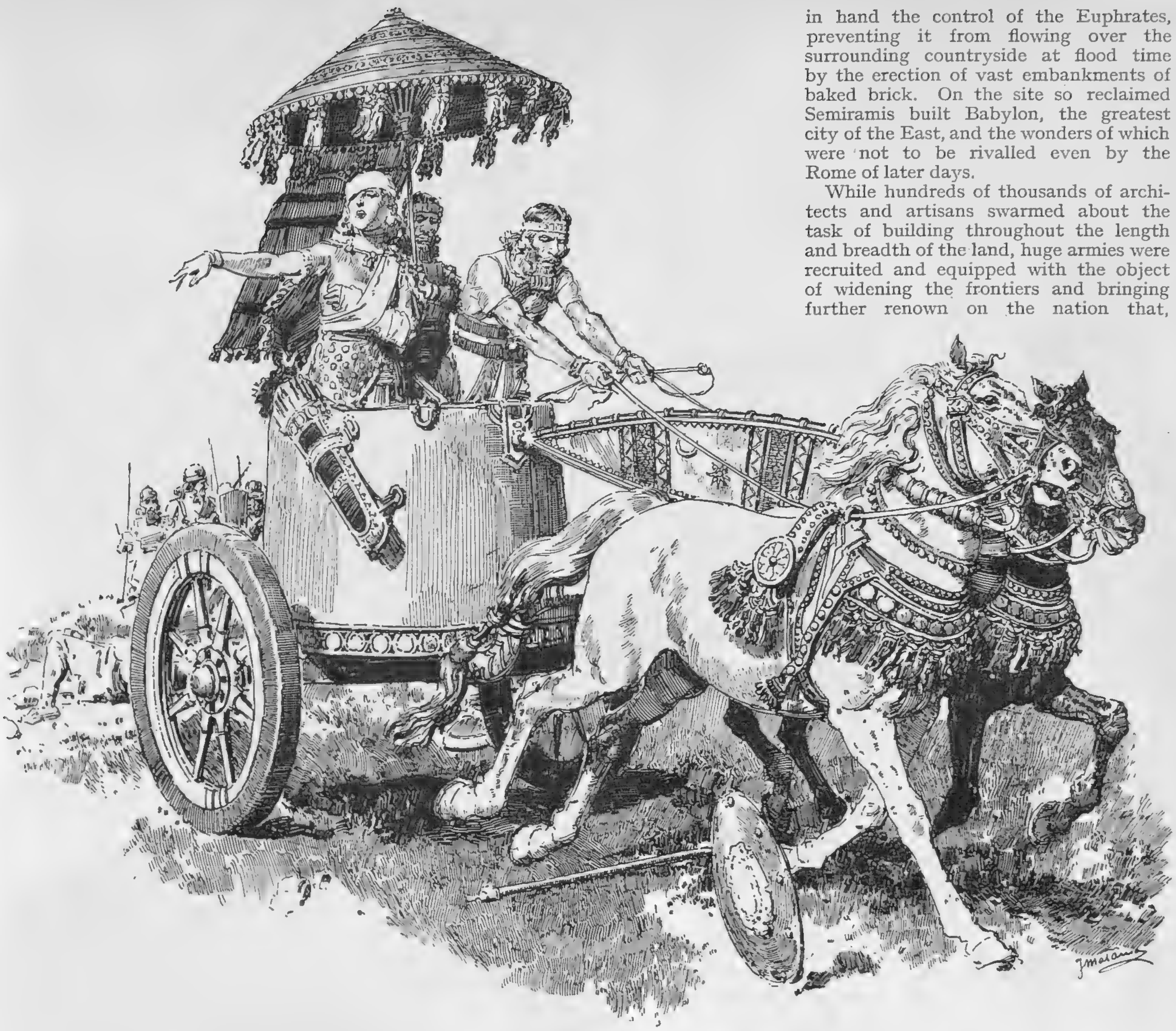
As for Semiramis, her wishes did not count in the struggle between these two men, one possessing the treasure, and the other the power with which to seize it. Suicide only would have rescued her from the will of the tyrant, so, acting on the principle that while there is life there is hope, she resigned herself to the rôle of being the apple of discord.

Needless to say, Onnes' refusal provoked the King's wrath, the thwarted monarch sending the general an ultimatum to the effect that if he continued to refuse to hand over Semiramis he would have his eyes put out.

The mutilation threatened was in itself cruel in the extreme, but psychologically



Semiramis, her hair in disarray, dashed from the palace, down the steps, mounted a horse, and sped to the scene of the disturbance



SEMIRAMIS, ever in the forefront of the battle, fought with boundless courage, running the risks of the common soldier and twice falling wounded in one engagement alone, only to rise and fight on undaunted

it was crueller still, for the penalty of putting out the eyes was in those days imposed only on slaves or on people considered to be on a similar level of social inferiority.

In this ultimatum Onnes saw that hatred was the only feeling left for him in the King's heart; and so, unable to face the issue longer, he took his own life by hanging himself—a brave action indeed, for the Chaldeans believed in a life after death that was unattractive in the extreme, where souls that passed on dragged out a gloomy, joyless existence.

History does not record whether Onnes, before reaching the last stage of his despair, asked Semiramis to avenge him once she had obtained supreme power as the royal consort; but, as the tragedy and drama of it all develops, one is inclined to believe that on the eve of their separation such a pact may have been made.

Ninus, regardless of the fact that there could be no real serenity in a match that was the outcome of brute force, at once prepared for the marriage, and in due course it was celebrated with all the outward pomp and ceremony of the Assyrian Court.

Soon enough the name of Onnes fell into oblivion, while the King, by his extraordinary devotion, showed at least that his desire to possess Semiramis was more than a passing royal whim. He allowed his consort to exercise not a little influence over him, an influence that increased when she presented him with an heir to the throne to whom the name of Ninias was given.

Not long afterwards Ninus died, but the manner of his passing remains a mystery. Some say that Semiramis took full advantage of her power and had him killed, but this is mere theorising.

EVEN before the death of Ninus, Semiramis had led a life of great activity, instituting many public works of great importance, and when she ruled supreme she devoted herself to bringing new greatness to her country, showing that same zeal for leadership as she had displayed in her younger days at the siege of Bactra.

The ambition to leave posterity undying evidence of the glory of her reign led her to conceive plans of astonishing magnitude. Every town in the kingdom was beautified or enlarged; at Nineveh she erected to Ninus a mausoleum of fabulous dimensions; while she took in hand the control of the Euphrates, preventing it from flowing over the surrounding countryside at flood time by the erection of vast embankments of baked brick. On the site so reclaimed Semiramis built Babylon, the greatest city of the East, and the wonders of which were not to be rivalled even by the Rome of later days.

While hundreds of thousands of architects and artisans swarmed about the task of building throughout the length and breadth of the land, huge armies were recruited and equipped with the object of widening the frontiers and bringing further renown on the nation that, colossus-like, was bestriding the Eastern world of those days.

Semiramis was a brilliant soldier largely by reason of her quickness of decision, a quality which time and time again served her in good stead, as the following incident shows.

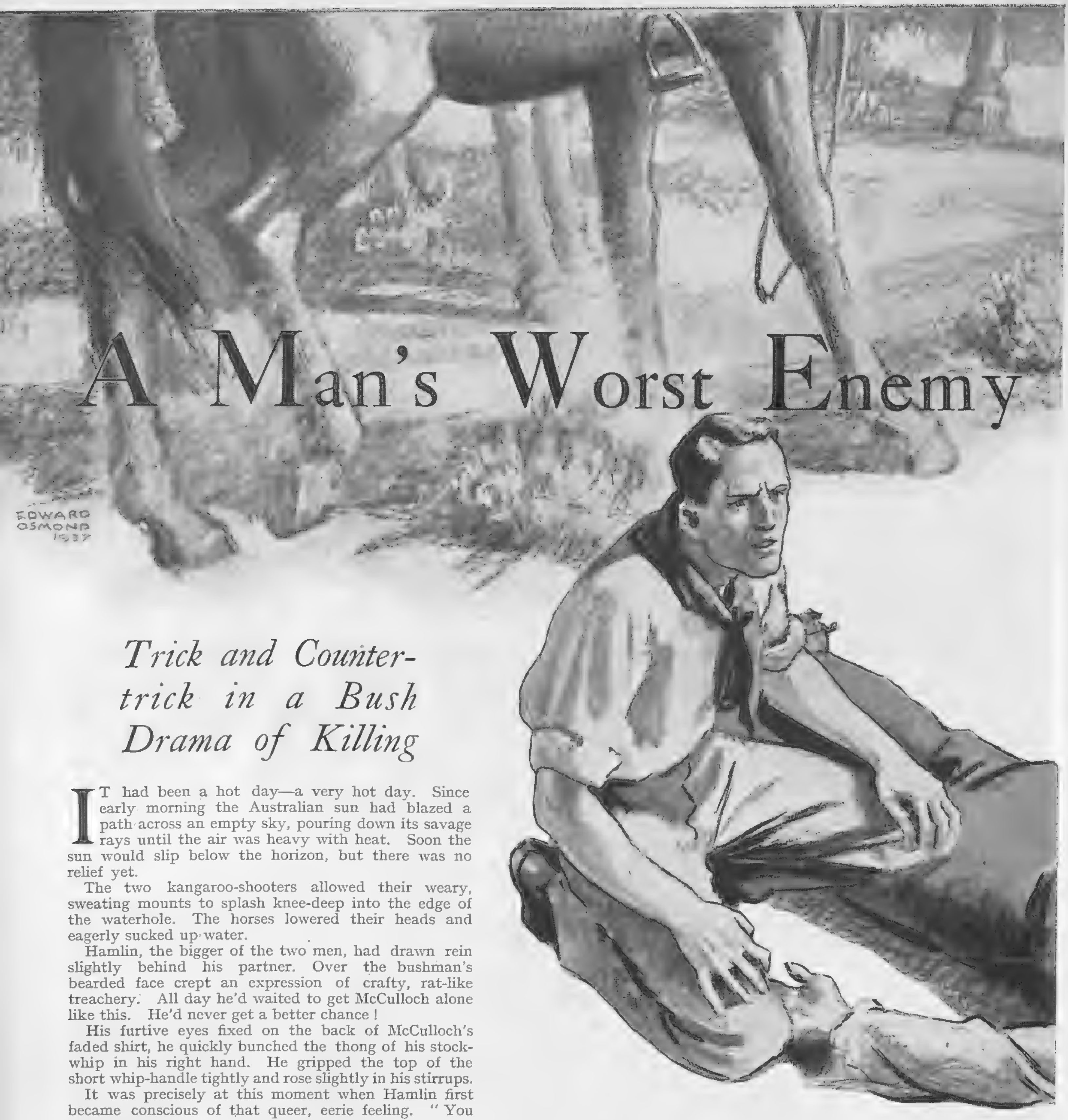
One day while going through the elaborate toilette customary among Assyrian women, she heard that a rising had taken place in Babylon. The messenger had hardly finished relating the tidings when, with her hair in disarray, she dashed from the palace, down the steps, mounted a horse, and sped to the scene of disturbance. She faced the mob with her usual calm courage, and by her persuasive words saved the day. But for her promptitude her reign might have ended there and then.

As time went on conquest succeeded conquest, the army going from triumph to triumph. Even Egypt was invaded, Semiramis—greatly daring—pitting the strength of Assyria against a more highly civilised and equally well-armed people.

An avalanche of chariots descended on the fertile land of the Nile, sweeping everything before it, and in a short while the mighty Pharaoh had capitulated.

(*Continued on page* 102)

A Man's Worst Enemy



Trick and Counter-trick in a Bush Drama of Killing

IT had been a hot day—a very hot day. Since early morning the Australian sun had blazed a path across an empty sky, pouring down its savage rays until the air was heavy with heat. Soon the sun would slip below the horizon, but there was no relief yet.

The two kangaroo-shooters allowed their weary, sweating mounts to splash knee-deep into the edge of the waterhole. The horses lowered their heads and eagerly sucked up water.

Hamlin, the bigger of the two men, had drawn rein slightly behind his partner. Over the bushman's bearded face crept an expression of crafty, rat-like treachery. All day he'd waited to get McCulloch alone like this. He'd never get a better chance!

His furtive eyes fixed on the back of McCulloch's faded shirt, he quickly bunched the thong of his stock-whip in his right hand. He gripped the top of the short whip-handle tightly and rose slightly in his stirrups.

It was precisely at this moment when Hamlin first became conscious of that queer, eerie feeling. "You are being watched!" something inside him kept saying: "Hidden peering eyes are looking at you!" He tried to shake off the weird sensation, cast a quick glance around the waterhole. Then he grew angry with himself. There was no cause to be afraid! The only other white man within fifty miles was Carew—and he was back at the camp, having arrived earlier with the packhorses. The camp was fully two hundred yards away, hidden from sight behind a spinifex-covered ridge.

A murderous gleam came into the bushman's deep-set eyes. He hesitated no longer. Swinging the whip-handle high in the air, he smashed the weighted end down with all his force on to the back of McCulloch's head.

Hamlin expected to see his victim topple from the saddle. But as McCulloch slumped forward, his brown mare jerked her head up. The kangaroo-shooter fell along her neck, an arm hanging limply down on each side.

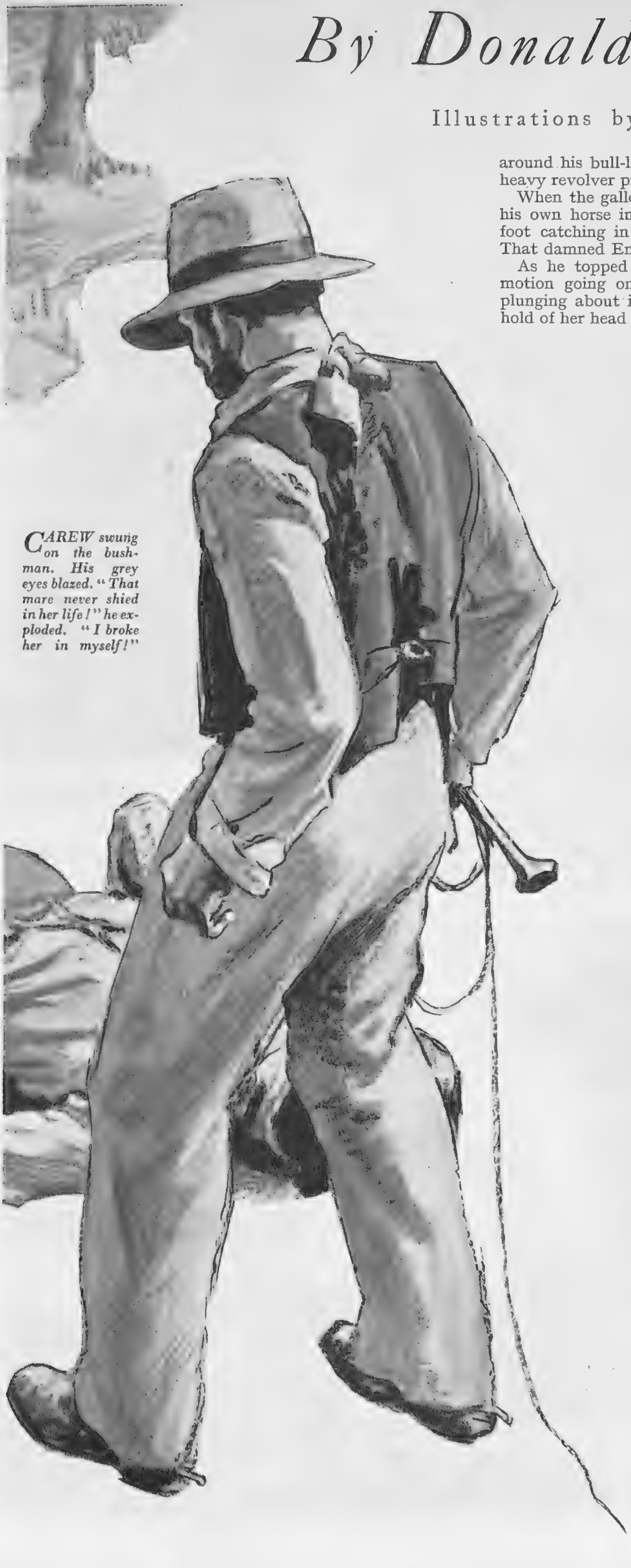
The mare turned her head, looked back to see what was wrong with her rider. Hamlin raised the whip-handle again and cracked it down, this time between the horse's ears. The mare let out a wild snort of fear, and wheeled around on her haunches. McCulloch's body was thrown off on the near side. In falling, his left foot caught in the stirrup and remained fast.

Thoroughly panic-stricken, the plunging mare broke into a gallop from the water's edge and headed over the low ridge in the direction of the camp. McCulloch's body was dragged feet first over the hard ground at her side, his head and shoulders bouncing into the air sickeningly as it struck each tussock of spinifex.

Hamlin, a thick-set, powerful man over six feet in height, watched from his horse. Three months' growth of beard covered the lower part of his face. Little, bleary eyes were close to the long, lean line of his nose. He wore greasy mole-skins, grey flannel shirt, and a wide-brimmed hat. Knotted

By Donald S. Aitken

Illustrations by Edward Osmond



CAREW swung on the bushman. His grey eyes blazed. "That mare never shied in her life!" he exploded. "I broke her in myself!"

around his bull-like neck was a dirty handkerchief. The butt of a heavy revolver protruded from a leather holster on his belt.

When the galloping mare had disappeared from sight, he spurred his own horse into a canter. He was well pleased. McCulloch's foot catching in the stirrup had made things look all the better. That damned Englishman Carew would never suspect now.

As he topped the low ridge he could see something of a commotion going on in front of the camp. McCulloch's mare was plunging about in the midst of a dozen other horses. Carew had hold of her head and was trying to quiet her.

Reaching the spot, Hamlin, jumping to the ground, helped Carew free McCulloch's foot from the stirrup. The man's body fell to the ground in a bloody heap. One look was enough.

"He's done for, poor chap," Carew said between tightly set lips. "His head's smashed in."

The Englishman was a short, bow-legged little man, close on middle age. Clear grey eyes looked out from a sun-blackened face. Much travelled, he had come to Australia from Texas, tending a shipment of pedigree bulls, and had liked the country so much that he stayed on. A keen lover of horses, it was natural that he should have drifted up here to the great, unfenced cattle lands of the Northern Territory. He soon had a string of his own horses and worked wherever he could find use for them, as stockman, boundary rider or drover.

Three months ago he'd fallen in with these two kangaroo-shooters. Together they'd arranged a trip down into Central Australia, west of the McDonald Range, where 'roos were reported plentiful. In return for the use of his horses, equipment and services as horse-tailer, Carew was to receive a third share of the skins.

The long, dry trip had been successful. In ten weeks they had secured as many skins as the packs would hold. They were on their way back now, headed north again for the railhead at Daly Waters.

Hamlin stared down at McCulloch's mangled body. He passed the back of a gnarled hand across his hairy lips.

"He got thrown off when that damned mare of his shied down at the waterhole," he explained. "I wasn't near enough to do anything. Everything happened so damn quick!"

Carew swung on the bushman. His grey eyes blazed.

"That mare never shied in her life!" he exploded. "I broke her in myself!"

Before the blaze in the Englishman's eyes, Hamlin took a step backwards. A lightning fear flashed through his brain. Why was Carew staring at him like this? He shivered and recalled the queer sensation that had come to him just before he struck McCulloch down. Could it have been Carew's eyes that he had felt? Had this damn little Englishman been looking over the top of the ridge?

Carew was speaking again. "Take his feet. We'll carry the poor devil over to the camp."

Hamlin breathed again. His right hand dropped from the butt of his gun. The Englishman knew nothing after all!

As they laid the body down by the packsaddles, Carew sighed. "We'll have to bury him here, I suppose?"

Hamlin nodded. "It's the only thing. It'll take us two days to reach Polly's Lagoon. If we tried to take him in—this cursed heat——" He left the sentence unfinished.

Wiping away sweat that was rolling down his face, the Englishman raised his eyes.

"Polly's Lagoon," he repeated. "Isn't that a police post?"

"Yes," replied the bushman. "A john by the name of Dixon is stationed there. The only policeman for a hundred miles around."

A brief silence fell. Hamlin, having recovered from his scare, realised that an important part of his plan had still to be completed. He glanced out from the camp.

"We better hobble the nags before they scatter too much," he suggested.

Carew was rubbing the side of his lean jaw as though deep in thought. Nodding, he said: "Might as well, I guess." He bent down and picked up a bunch of hobble straps and chains from the ground.

HAMLIN watched the little bow-legged man walk away, then he dropped quickly to one knee beside McCulloch's broken body. His fingers fumbled around inside the dead man's shirt next to the skin until they encountered a money belt.

Eagerly the bushman's fingers ferreted inside and drew out an oblong piece of semi-transparent stone about four inches by two. Avid greed glinted in the man's eyes. He fondled the stone lovingly for a brief moment, watched the rich red and yellow fire blaze up within every time he moved it. Then he thrust it quickly into his pocket. He rose and followed after the Englishman.

Within ten minutes, the two men had caught and hobbled every horse except the brown mare McCulloch had been riding. They could not catch her. Each time they approached she threw up her head and trotted away with the reins dangling.

Finally Carew called out: "Never mind her. She hasn't got over her fright yet. We'll get the saddle off later."

When they returned to the camp, Carew seated himself on an upturned packsaddle. He gazed across at Hamlin.

"When we get to Polly's Lagoon," he said, "I suppose this chap Dixon is going to ask a whole mob of questions?"

"You bet he will!" replied Hamlin, scowling. "Mebbe he'll hold us up for a few days. It's a lotta damned rot the way these Territory police drag in so much red tape over a simple thing like this!"

The Englishman began drawing patterns in the dust with a piece of stick.

"You can't blame 'em for asking questions," he said quietly. "That's their job. They have to find out everything that goes on in their district."

A slight emphasis on the word "everything" caused a sudden tightening around Hamlin's heart. Once again he found himself wondering if this Englishman knew or suspected anything. He shot a searching glance at him.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

Carew raised his head and returned the bushman's fierce stare with level, grey eyes. "Well, he'll want to satisfy himself that we're telling the truth about this—this accident, won't he? He's got to report on it to Darwin, you know."

The scowl on Hamlin's face became darker.

"Dammit!" he exploded. "You're talking as if it wasn't an accident! As though one of us killed McCulloch!"

Carew shrugged. "You can never tell what people'll think!" He got his short, solid legs under him and nodded to where McCulloch lay. "Well, let's get started. We've only got one shovel."

THEY buried McCulloch on a high piece of ground where the digging was easy. Carew did most of the work.

Hamlin's mind was far from easy. He fought down a rising tide of fear.

"That damned Englishman knows!" he kept telling himself. "He was watching from the top of the ridge!" Yet in his heart he could not be quite sure. Why hadn't Carew accused him? True, Carew was a smaller man and carried no gun. But the Englishman was no coward—and there were three rifles in the camp.

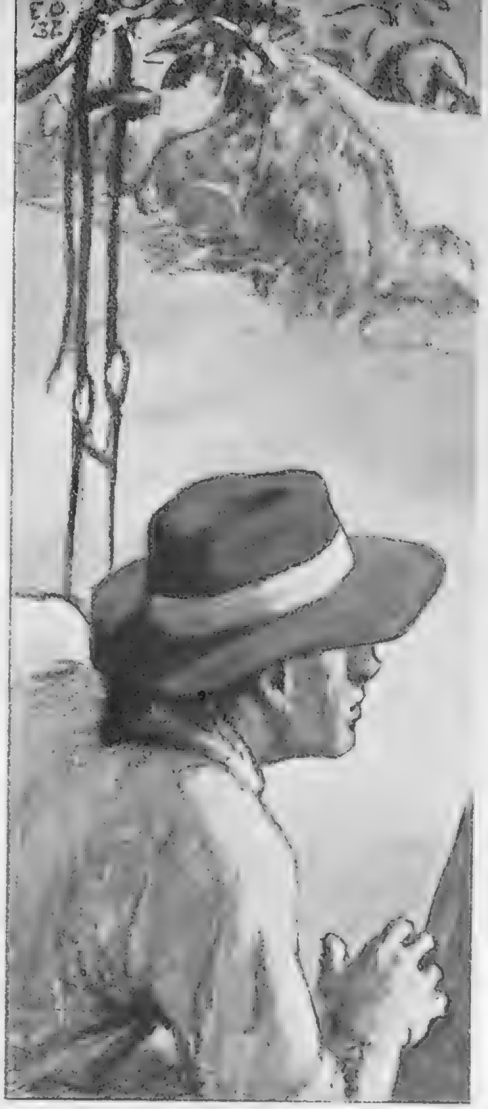
The sun was just going down as they finished building a little mound of stones over the lonely grave. On the way back to the camp, Carew turned to Hamlin.

"Better see if you can catch that brown mare now," he advised. "Get the saddle off her. I'll start a fire and put the billy on for supper."

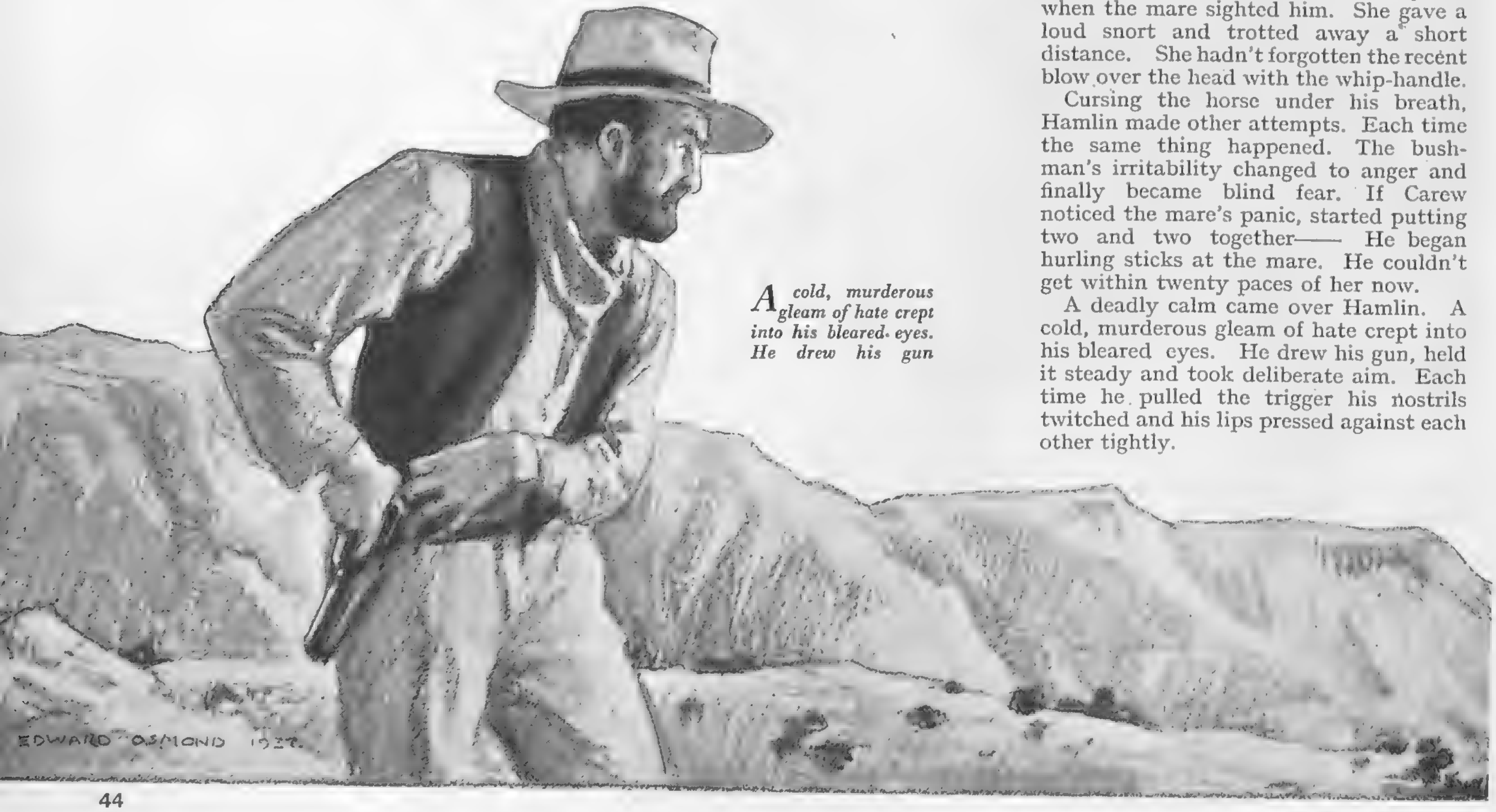
Hamlin found the horse grazing around a small knoll. He was within ten yards when the mare sighted him. She gave a loud snort and trotted away a short distance. She hadn't forgotten the recent blow over the head with the whip-handle.

Cursing the horse under his breath, Hamlin made other attempts. Each time the same thing happened. The bushman's irritability changed to anger and finally became blind fear. If Carew noticed the mare's panic, started putting two and two together—— He began hurling sticks at the mare. He couldn't get within twenty paces of her now.

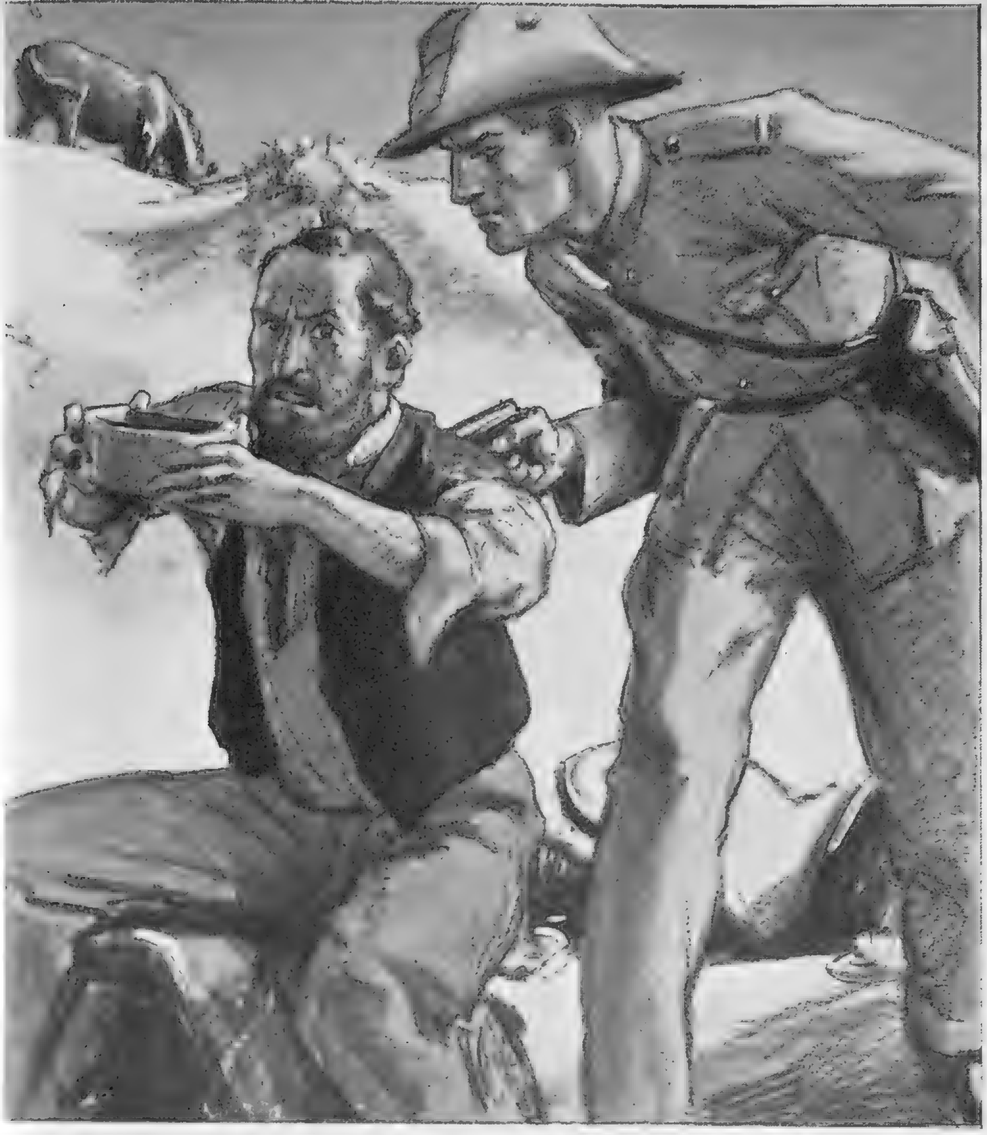
A deadly calm came over Hamlin. A cold, murderous gleam of hate crept into his bleared eyes. He drew his gun, held it steady and took deliberate aim. Each time he pulled the trigger his nostrils twitched and his lips pressed against each other tightly.



WHIPPING out muzzle between



A cold, murderous gleam of hate crept into his bleared eyes. He drew his gun



his automatic, he jammed the the bushman's shoulder-blades

Before the last reverberation had died away, the brown mare lay on the ground, bleeding from head and neck.

Carew came rushing from the nearby camp. He grabbed the bushman by the elbow and spun him around. His grey eyes were flashing dangerously.

"Put that gun up!" he shouted. "Good heavens! Have you gone mad?"

Hamlin replaced his revolver. His cruel eyes were narrow slits. "I gave her what she deserved—that's all! That damned mare killed McCulloch!"

Carew ran to the mare. Life was ebbing away in a crimson stream. The Englishman pressed clenched fists against his temples in an agony of despair. "The best little mare I ever owned! Great Scott, Hamlin! Whatever got into you to do a thing like that?"

THERE was little conversation between the two men at the camp that night. They ate supper in silence.

After the meal was over, the Englishman spread his pack-roll for the night. Smoothing out the blankets, he said, "I've a good mind to push right on and get through to Polly's Lagoon to-morrow."

Hamlin, preparing his own bed near by, looked up startled. Why was Carew in such a damn hurry to reach the police post?

"Our horses couldn't make it in one day," he asserted, scowling. "We'll be damn lucky to get as far as Horseshoe Soak."

Carew grunted. He sat down and began pulling off his elastic-side boots. In a few minutes he was under his blanket.

It was a warm night. No breeze stirred the branches of the stunted coolibahs about the camp. Overhead, a sky of blue-black velvet was heavy with stars. The ceaseless chirping of a million insects sounded an accompaniment to the clanging horse-bells.

Carew was soon asleep. His steady, rhythmic breathing jarred on Hamlin's ears. Sleep was out of the question for the bushman. Over and over he kept asking himself if the Englishman had really seen him kill McCulloch. Was he merely keeping silent until they reached Polly's Lagoon—to accuse him there before the police trooper?

Carew, a few feet away, rolled over on to his back. His sleep seemed to be less easy now. An excited jumble of low words began to spill from his lips.

Hamlin jerked himself upright. He leaned over to listen.

"It was plain murder, I tell you! . . . I was too far away to stop him . . ." Carew's fingers were clawing desperately at his blanket as he tossed about in a troubled sleep. A fierceness came into his voice. It rose in pitch. "The most cold-blooded thing I ever saw!"

Hamlin stiffened. He'd been right then, after all! The little Englishman did know!

Restraining his first impulse to reach for his gun and riddle the sleeping figure with bullets, he sank back on to his pillow to think things over.

Strangely, this confirmation of his worst fears afforded him a certain amount of relief. The uncertainty and suspense was over now. He knew that Carew must never reach the police post.

It took Hamlin an hour to form a definite plan. He would allow the Englishman to live for just one more day. To-morrow night they'd camp at Horseshoe Soak. Near the soak, in the bed of the creek, was a treacherous quicksand; a quivering maw of bottomless, shifting sand. One push and Carew would be silenced for ever. Men had fallen in before. It would be too dangerous, leaving a body out in the open for men to find and examine.

The next day he'd go on into Polly's Lagoon alone. There'd be two accidental deaths to report instead of one.

Dixon, the police trooper, might be suspicious. Let him! He could prove nothing. Recovery of the bodies would reveal no bullet holes; there wouldn't be a scrap of evidence to hint at foul play. He'd be safe.

Noon next day found the two men driving the heavily laden packhorses across a vast, (*Continued on page* 94)

NERVES

All the best work in the world is done by nervous people; because they see more, hear more, and think faster than ordinary people. Consequently, their machinery is apt to be overworked, and the balance between normal exhaustion and natural recuperation is easily upset.

When this happens, a vicious circle is set up, because tired nerves impoverish the blood, and poor blood maintains sick nerves. Then rest becomes essential and sleep impossible to obtain; food is necessary, yet digestion is out of the question. But before we enter that bog, let us consider a few general, quick and effective measures to help right the nerves.

A blood-conditioning tonic of iron and arsenic is imperative: to be taken in not too big doses, twice a day after the most important meals. Back this up by taking a cocktail glass of pure fresh juice squeezed from young carrots, blood-enrichening, or a cocktail of pure fresh juice squeezed from celery. Either of these juices to be taken alternatively at mid-day.

Lime-blossom baths alternated with thyme baths, last thing at night, will act as soporifics. They bring a pleasant drowsiness.

A draught of valerian, skullcap or lady's-slipper, taken as a night-cap, will also have a most soothing effect, without depressing the action of the heart. These herbs are the natural food and medicine for sick nerves, and are easily digested. It is far wiser to treat nerviness with herbs than with drugs.

Sometimes it is a rest that nerves need, sometimes food; sometimes it is a sedative soothing treatment to relax their high tension.

Symptoms that should warn people that their nerves are out of order are a general feeling of lassitude or sudden unusual fatigue; excitability, depression, or unaccountable pains.

Nervous indigestion, for instance, is frequently attended by a sharp pain in the chest or high up in the back between the shoulder-blades. It comes on before meals, when the stomach is empty.

This form of indigestion is the result of a long period of strain, attended by irregular, rushed or poor feeding. Food that may have seemed sufficient in quantity has been deficient in quality.

The cure for nervous indigestion is rest; regular feeding in very small quantities at two-hourly intervals; avoidance of starch, plenty of fresh vegetables steamed; lightly boiled eggs and a pint of milk drunk in half-pint portions daily. Also beef tea, steamed chicken, cream cheese, steamed fish, and small portions of underdone steak.

In fact, a light invalid diet of the most nourishing foods in minute quantities so as to throw no extra strain on the organs and nerves.

Lime tea, instead of ordinary tea, is helpful. So is fresh air, as much as possible, and the iron and arsenic tonic.

Of course, a change and complete holiday will always provide the best cure, but so many people have to be content to patch up and keep going.

In that case, treat your body as a machine. Discipline yourself into breaking off for a certain amount of rest, into taking deep breathers; and even if you do work in an office, you can at least take the milk or a cream cheese every two hours. The cheese can be eaten with an excellent non-starch biscuit, which is just on the market and recommended by doctors. Do, please, avoid strong-brewed office tea and a mid-day lunch of sausages.

Neuralgia is due either to eye-strain or to some sudden, sharp shock. Severe disappointment or a *crise de nerfs* will bring on blinding neuralgia.

Go to bed with a moderate hot-water bottle in the middle of your back and one at your feet. Crush and swallow an aspirin; ten minutes later, swallow a very little brandy. Lie in a darkened room. In about an hour's time take some weak and very hot tea, with a little thin brown bread and butter.

If you are cured by then, get up, if you have to. But the wiser course is to stay where you are and give the nerve system a thorough rest.

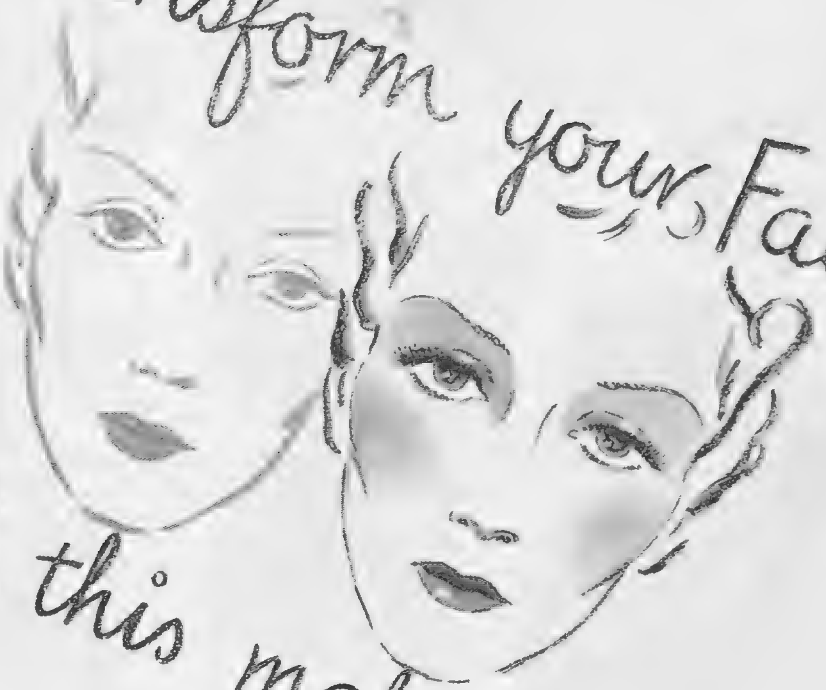
For those who frequently suffer from neuralgia, orange blossom or thyme honey should be kept in the house. It is a fine restorative, and should be spread on thin bread without butter.

Insomnia is usually due to worry or frustration. The quieting herbal draughts mentioned will prove invaluable, and a simple treatment of fresh air, exercise and a light vitamin-charged diet should help to cure.

Balance can only be established by healthy blood and body-building through the usual channels, and removal of the damaging strain or cause. If the cause cannot be removed it must be modified, and the body-building bolstered to meet the strain.

By CHRYSIS

Transform your Face with this make-up



Those of you who have dabbled in the occult—and this is not advising you to do so—will have heard of your astral, or perfect, bodies, waiting just outside your physical bodies, ready for you to step into.

I wouldn't have bothered you with this only that I have just been watching a woman at a London salon transform another woman into what was surely her astral self, by the mere *skilled use of cosmetics.*

Sorry to be so mundane, but this is important. It has made me realise that we would-be-beautiful amateurs, who fig up our faces every day and all day, simply don't know our business. We are bunglers, especially those of us who dab paint straight from the pot on to our faces.

Rouge is your highlight. Are you sure you need it? And do you know where to place it so that you can broaden your face if it is narrow, and lengthen it if it is wide?

Colour should sweep out towards the ears if the face is thin and long, and sweep in towards the nose if the face is round; but there are seventeen variations to these two cardinal rules, as to the exact placing of the high-flush under the cheekbone. It is these placings that make the years fall away, that mould the face becomingly and bring bloom.

Are your eyes cavernous, owing to the way you rub the eye-shadow on the lids, or do they glow and glow, so that no one quite knows from what, or how, they glow?

Does your eye-shadow seep down into your lashes, or is there a nasty crevasse of natural eyelid between your lashes and the banded eye-shadow? I bet there is.

Can you pencil plucked eyebrows and brush them so that no one can tell it is a pencil and not actual eyebrow?

Oh, I can make you wise as to the bare routine of this astral make-up, but seeing is believing. If you go to this woman and learn how to make and unmake your face, you will know so much more than you will ever gather by reading.

Now, as to the mapping of this make-up on the newly-washed landscape of your face.

First, there is a particular powder to be patted in round the nostrils and into the crevice of your chin, and wherever else the pores may be over-filtering. This is not to stop them from filtering, but just to introduce an alkali which neutralises the acid that causes the appearance of those grease-lines, which otherwise transpire so obstinately through any make-up.

As soon as this has been smoothed in, to the rouge.

Dab a wad of cotton-wool into the rouge-box and then press it into the palm of your hand. This is to ensure that only a suspicion of rouge remains on the wad. The flush is then worked steadily up and up, falling away from and building to the centre-point highlight blush.

Remember what I said about placing that highlight blush? Well, make certain that the way you place it enlarges your eyes and makes good any deficiencies.

Next, choose your eye-shadow in one of fourteen shades, and nick it out of the box on the end of a flat match-stick. This is then scraped off on to the back of your hand, whence it is infinitesimally removed and streaked over your eyelid right down on to the eyelashes, and then all but wiped off by a smoothing finger, so that the eyelid is merely tinted and no one but you knows there is any eye-shadow.

Next comes the foundation lotion, most important of all. There are seventeen shades to this lotion, which is prepared in different strengths for greasy or for dry skins. *The basis of both is cucumber juice, which is soothing to the skin and through which the pores can breathe.*

Well, this is applied from the top of the forehead downwards. Right over the rouge and the eye-shadow. And it is applied thinly and gently, so that only a translucent film remains over the skin, a film which can be deepened in the case of blemishes. Let it dry.

The colours of rouge and eye-shadow you put on have now become part of the texture of your face. In fact, you look more natural, more vital, than you have probably ever looked before.

Now the eyebrow pencil. All the art in the world is needed to know where to end the line and where to begin. The ceasing must be imperceptible; length varies with every individual. As you pencil softly, keep brushing.

Take a swansdown puff for powder, and once again, after dipping the puff into the powder, press it well into the palm of the hand, so that only the merest dusting remains to float over the face. Mascara after that, with a non-soapy foundation, and the softest, dewiest lipstick.

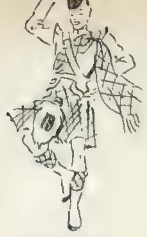
There's a green powder and a green foundation lotion for those who suffer from too high a colour or split veins. There's an adhesive cream to make the powder stick on obdurate noses; there's a milk, instead of the foundation lotion, to go on over rouge—or under it—for supersensitive skins. All the powders, incidentally, are antiseptic.

I can't give it to you in writing, but just carry out these instructions and see yourself—sublimated.

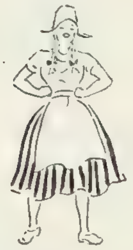
If you require further details or want help for your individual beauty problems, write to me, with stamped envelope, at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

PARIS FASHIONS

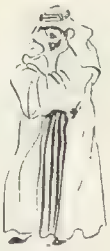
By Jean Burnup



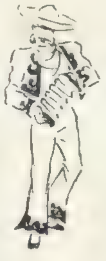
Plaids.
Paisleys.
Glengarrys.



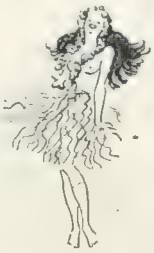
Yellows.
Tulips.
Dutch Prints.



Sun-baked Colours.
Flowing Evening Coats.
Draped Evening Gowns.



Boleros.
Sombreros.
Scroll Trappings.



Flower Garlands.
Multi-colours.
Gauguin Pink.

Above you see the mother ideas from which sprang the various trends which influence clothes this spring.

Scottish . . . a compliment to Queen Elizabeth.

Dutch . . . a gesture to Juliana.

Desert . . . a follow up, probably, of the lovely clothes in the "Garden of Allah" film.

Cuban . . . a link with Spain, unhappy, front-paged country.

South Sea Island . . . expressing colour, gaiety, for an eventful, ceremonial, colourful year.

Colours, this Spring, startle, are brilliant, glorious. Multi-colour is the big thing, every shade under the sun mixing as casually as the try-outs on an artist's palette.

More defined, clearer cut are the striped rainbow colours which make entire dresses, blouses and jumpers, sleeves, trims.

Molyneux makes a rainbow evening gown in shirred net, using the colours lengthwise, putting a bunch of mixed zinnias at the waist. Lelong's rainbow dress, with the colours going round and round, you will see on page 51. Jodelle uses rainbow colours in sections coming to a point in the front of a satin blouse.

Garlands of multi-coloured flowers make belts, trim hats, outline bosoms, form shoulder straps for evening. Coloured flowers make entire bodices of low-cut evening gowns. Bunches of mixed flowers are worn at the throat, centre and side waist of day frocks.

Vivid, intricate embroidery is worked in beautiful motifs on either side a coat yoke, a dress yoke, on collars, revers.

There are startling floral prints, triumphant mingling of purple, rose, blue, yellow. Exotic Paisley prints for jumpers and dresses, to wear beneath long coats.

A brazen pink splashes about the collections. Gauguin loved it. So does Harlem, on dressing up days. Stage costers, too. Call it Sunday pink. Molyneux makes a slipper satin evening coat of it. Schiaparelli uses it for satin evening gowns, and a transparent crinoline evening coat. Lelong makes brilliant plaid scarves with this pink predominating. Be very sure about your own colouring before you dare to wear it.

The same warning applies to all the yellows from palest lemonade to deepest orange which they would be putting us into. Yellow, any shade, is glorified by a true blonde or a clear-skinned brunette. It makes the rest of us look dingy.

Sun-baked desert colours are everywhere, with warm orange-brick and deep apricot in frequent and lovely alliance (see Patou's evening outfit on page 50).

There are hyacinth, cyclamen, petunia, turquoise and a lovely grey-green.

Plaids add their bright note to the colour song. So do the brilliant colours of prints with royal and heraldic emblems aligned neatly into horizontal or vertical stripes.

Paris has never offered us so little black. Where clothes are dark, they are navy. Then you lift them, with coloured pipings, striped trims, vivid printed blouses, plaid collar and cuffs, flowers.

Except for a few evening coats, say farewell to full shoulders. Shoulders now are squared, with little seams and slight padding. Waistlines are highish, except at Lelong and Molyneux, who keep them low, dropping still lower behind. Skirts are short, 13 to 14 inches from ground.

Suits have short, fitting jackets, or boleros. With these you wear a cummerbund sash in the same vivid print as your blouse. Fitting jackets have cut-away or rounded fronts and, often, piped edges in bright contrast colour. There is a strong tendency for the yoke to be accented with pockets or embroidered motifs.

There have never been so many pockets. They run wild, like rabbits, over suits, coats, dresses. Sometimes you see a small pocket on a large one—mother and child.

A lot of jackets are trimmed, on revers or edges, with scrolled trappings in leather or braid.

Skirts are straight or gored or all-round pleated. Molyneux makes quite a few that gently swing. Heim's flare a little from gores. Often a checked coat goes with a plain skirt. And the reverse. Contrast coats and skirts are a rage (see Schiaparelli's suit, page 49).

With flannel, woollen, whipcord, a heavy alpaca, heavy tussore, or men's suitings, you can wear organdie, muslin frou-frou blouses.

Other blouses and jumpers are in bright printed crêpe or satins embroidered taffeta, faille, Paisley, plaid, grained silk.

Long coats have high yokes accented, like the jackets, with widish revers, squared shoulders, and all their fun at the back. There may be two large box pleats coming right from the neck and hanging loose to the hem; or pleats, coming from a high yoke line, caught in at the waist with an ornamented half-belt. This sort of coat is fine now, and goes right through cold summer days over printed frocks.

Afternoon dresses in thin woollens or flat crêpes have tight waists, high throats, with many new ideas in necklines. Bows are back, in self or a contrast colour. Three or more bows march down the front of a dress, or in twos, like aeroplanes in formation, down each side of a bodice. There is a scarf swathe, going around the neck, crossing the front and running down the side of the skirt (Patou's dress, page 52). Patou also drapes a neck across like a high cowl and then down the front. (It is drawn on page 58. So are new Alix and Schiaparelli necklines.)

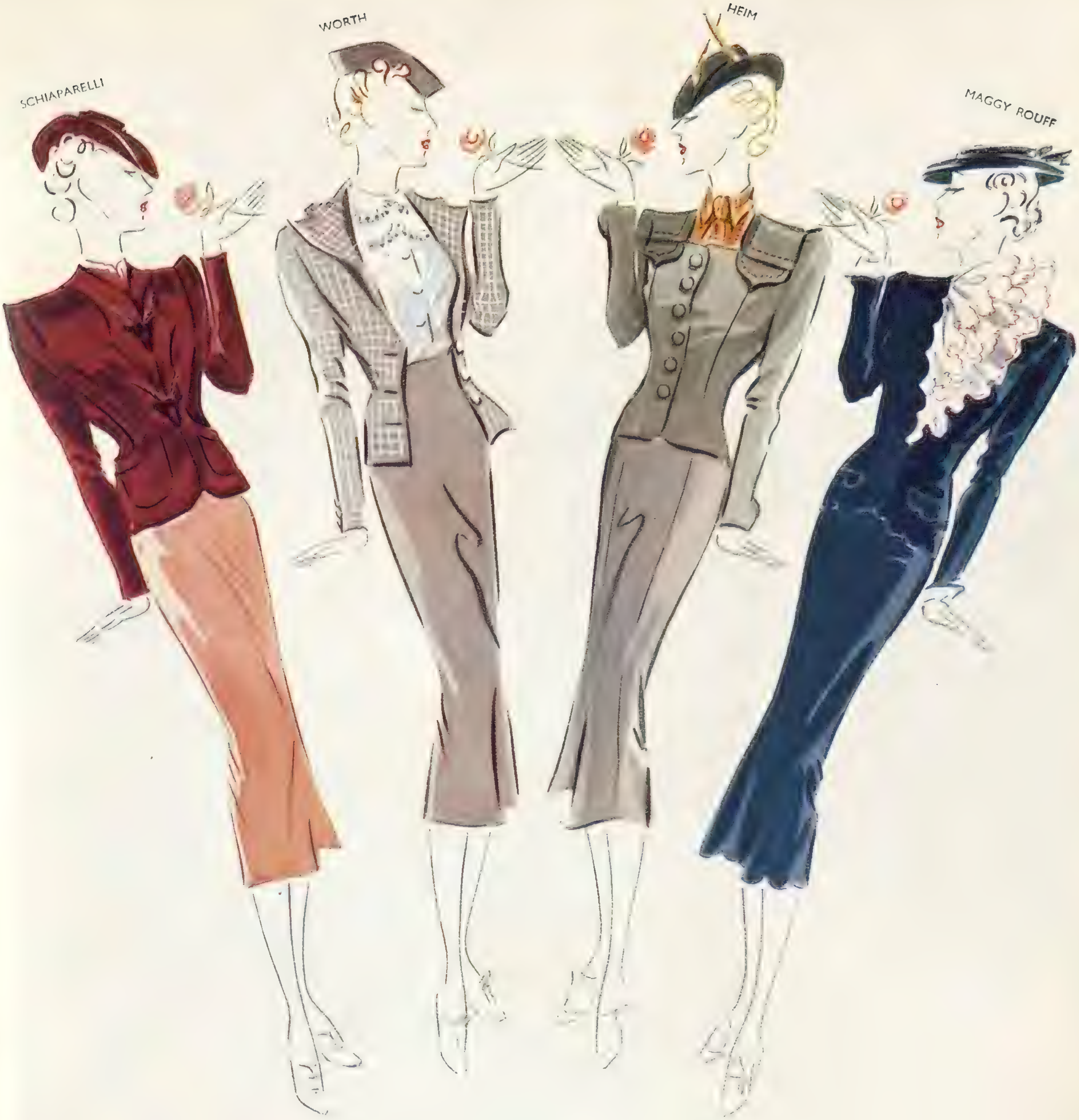
If you have a Mac to your name, wear a plaid crêpe dress beneath a short, dark, fitting jacket.

Evening dresses are back where they should be, with no sleeves, no backs, hardly any fronts. You seldom see an arm covered, except at Piguet, where a new shoulder and arm drapery is introduced with high-waisted dresses.

After that, there is no rule. The bodice can be lightly draped, the skirt slender, with a little train. Nothing startling in that. But watch the bosom. It is always high and clearly outlined, with its curve emphasised by gathers down the centre, by a smooth, tight diaphragm fit. (Yes, I know, I know. But you would be surprised what the right corseting can achieve).

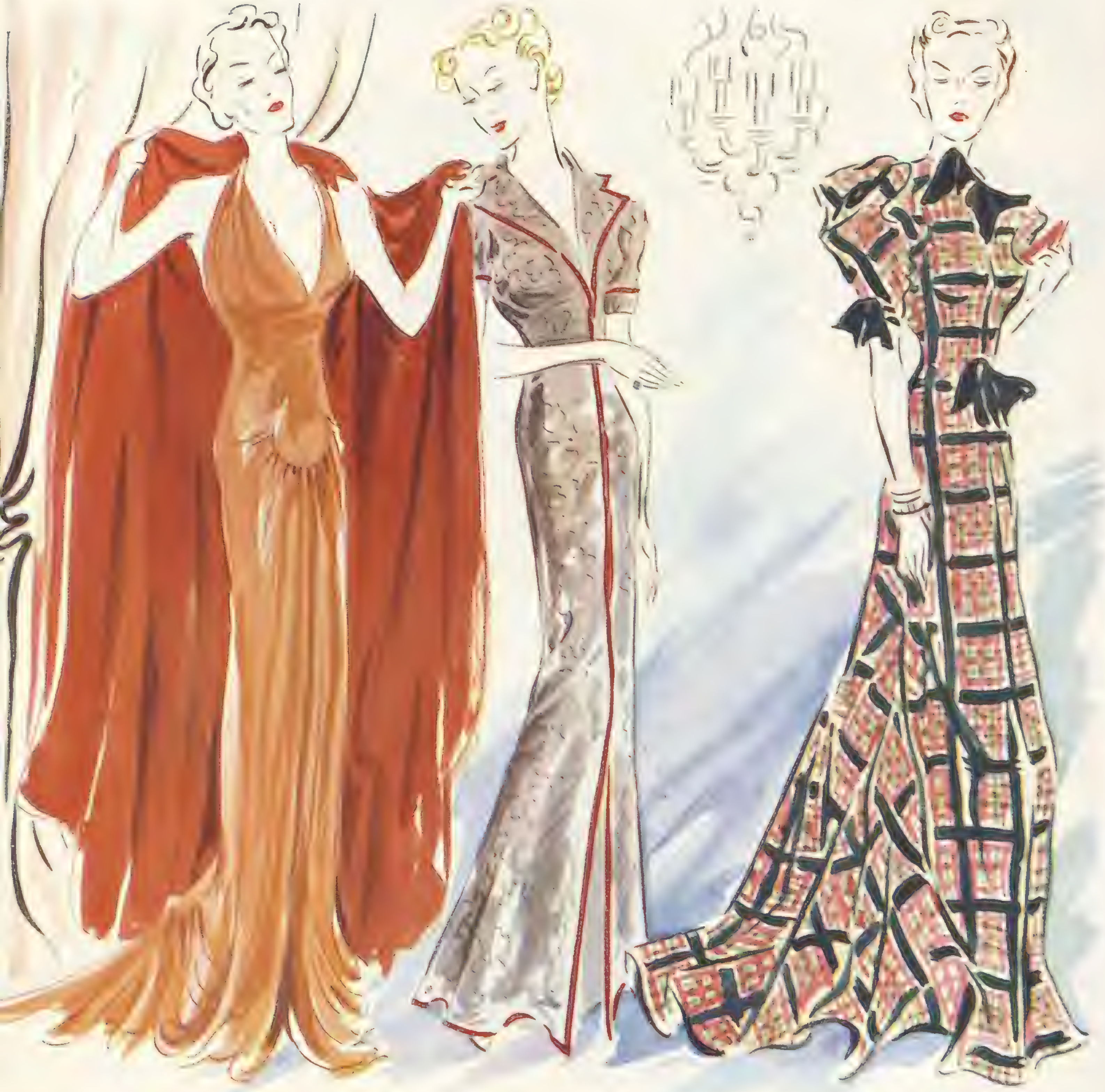
There are lots of Eastern draperies, with the fabric drawn tightly around you and gathered up in front beneath that same smooth diaphragm (Patou and Alix dresses, pages 50 and 51).

Or your skirt can be very full indeed, so that with your tight waist you have an hour-glass silhouette. Or it can be straight to begin with, and then have an afterthought (*Continued on page 108*)



SUITS

(Please read from left to right)
Raspberry and dull apricot woollen suit. The waisted jacket has wide shoulders, two pockets, two large stag's-head buttons. Straight skirt . . . Grey flannel suit, the straight skirt plain, the little fitting jacket duster checked in white. The short-sleeved spot organdie blouse has a goffered frill round collar and yoke . . . Soft, greyish green woollen with a yellow blouse faintly checked in black. Gored skirt, tight little coat. Regard the yoke pockets, much stressed this season. . . . Fine navy woollen coat and skirt with all edges scalloped. The skirt flares a little, the coat has no revers, to admit of the frou-frou scalloped frills, red embroidered, of the sheer white blouse



PATOU

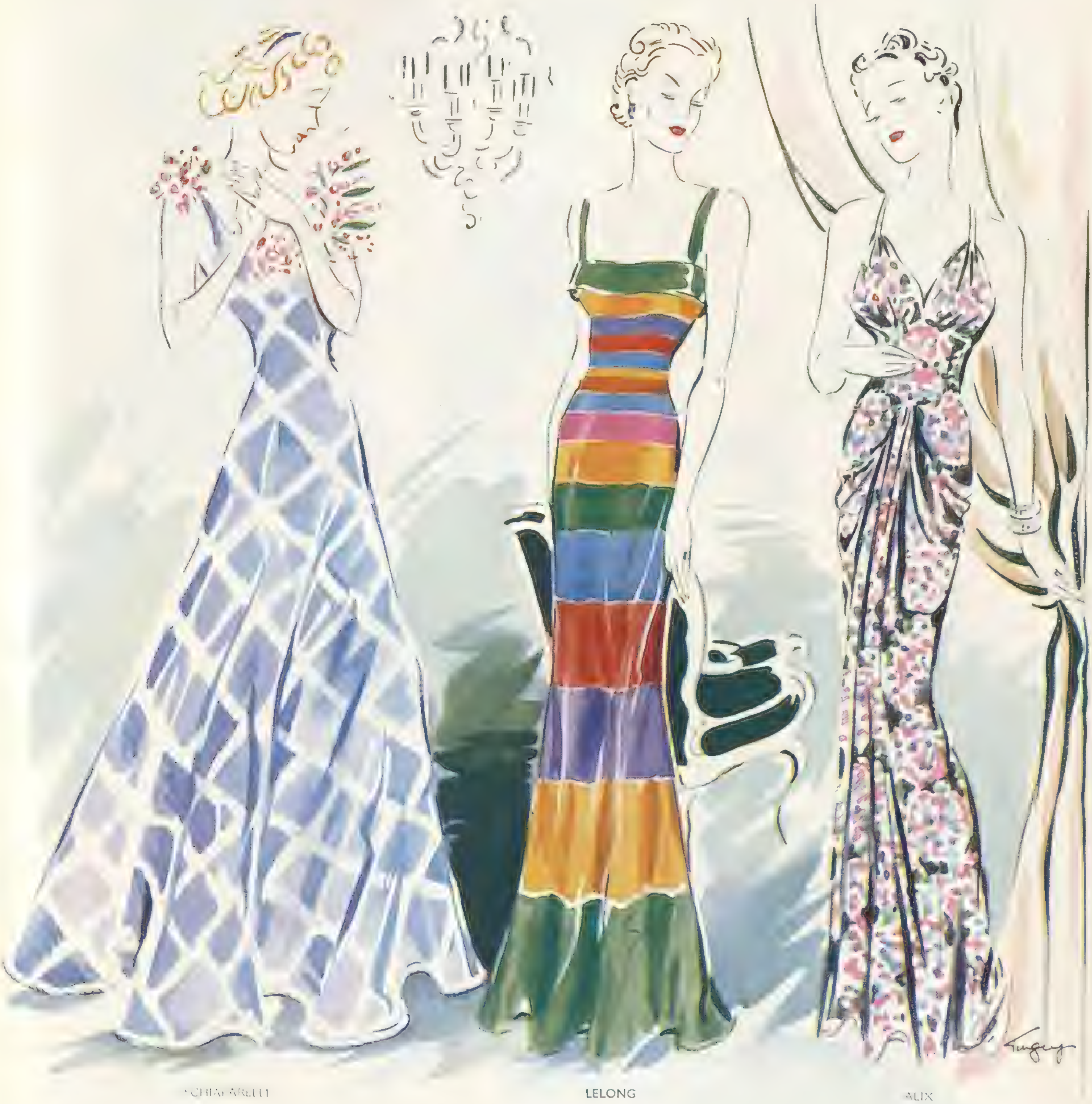
ROCHAS

WORTH

Warm orange-brick cape with flowing Arab-like lines, and apricot dress with moulded bosom and Eastern front drapery

Tailored dinner dress in grey lace, moulding the figure, slit up the front. All the edges are bound in red

Full-skirted evening coat of dark green, pale green and pink plaid taffeta tying at neck, sleeves, and waist with green velvet bows



SCHIAPARELLI

LELONG

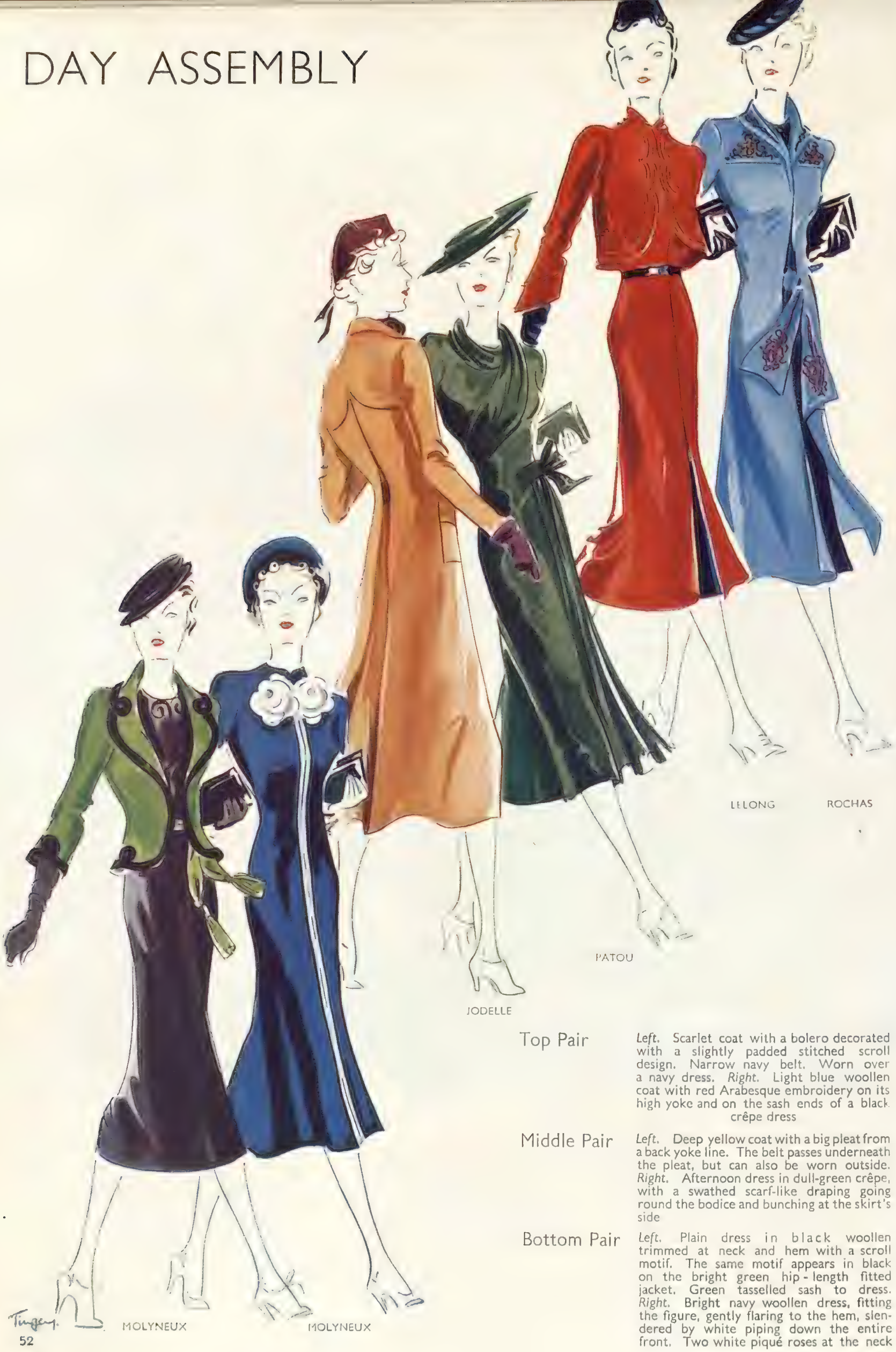
ALIX

The hour-glass silhouette in a silvery checked pervenche blue organza dress. Small pink composition flowers outline shoulders and bosom

Chiffon dress in rainbow colours and their offshoots adroitly graded into horizontal stripes. Slender line, growing to slight fulness at hem

A high moulded bosom, smooth diaphragm for the bodice, Egyptian front drapery for the skirt. The fabric is a hydrangea patterned print

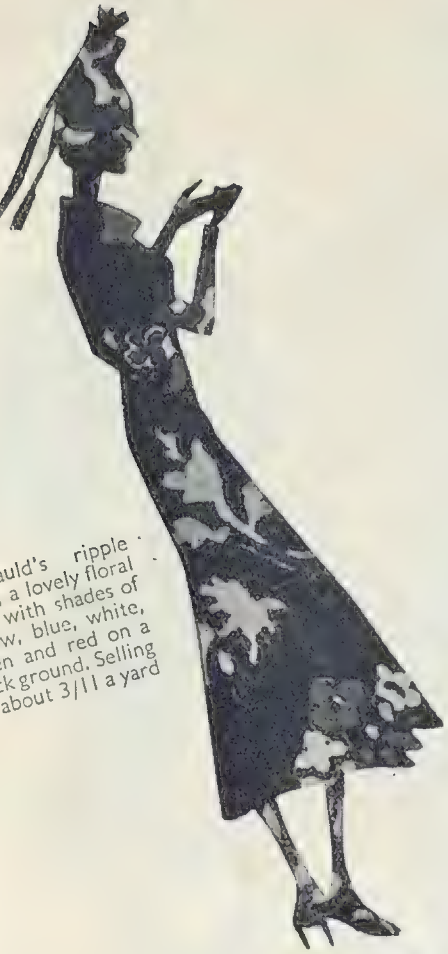
DAY ASSEMBLY



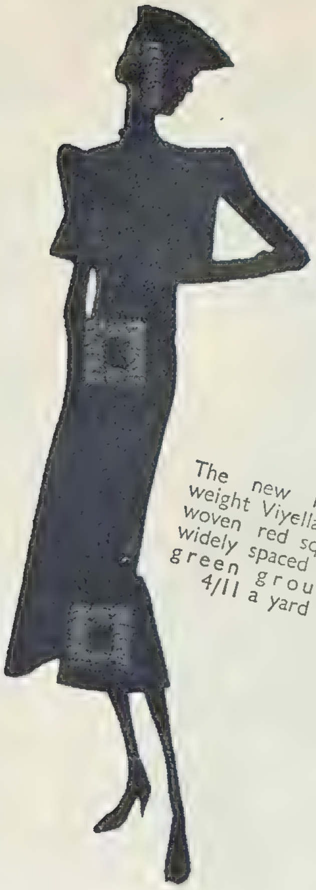
Top Pair *Left.* Scarlet coat with a bolero decorated with a slightly padded stitched scroll design. Narrow navy belt. Worn over a navy dress. *Right.* Light blue woollen coat with red Arabesque embroidery on its high yoke and on the sash ends of a black crêpe dress

Middle Pair *Left.* Deep yellow coat with a big pleat from a back yoke line. The belt passes underneath the pleat, but can also be worn outside. *Right.* Afternoon dress in dull-green crêpe, with a swathed scarf-like draping going round the bodice and bunching at the skirt's side

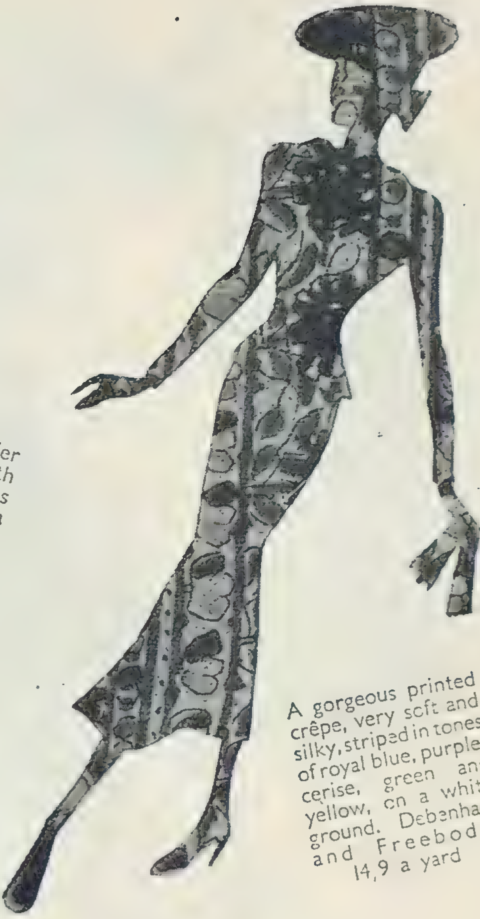
Bottom Pair *Left.* Plain dress in black woollen trimmed at neck and hem with a scroll motif. The same motif appears in black on the bright green hip-length fitted jacket. Green tasselled sash to dress. *Right.* Bright navy woollen dress, fitting the figure, gently flaring to the hem, slendered by white piping down the entire front. Two white piqué roses at the neck



Courtauld's ripple crêpe, a lovely floral print with shades of yellow, blue, white, green and red on a black ground. Selling at about 3/11 a yard

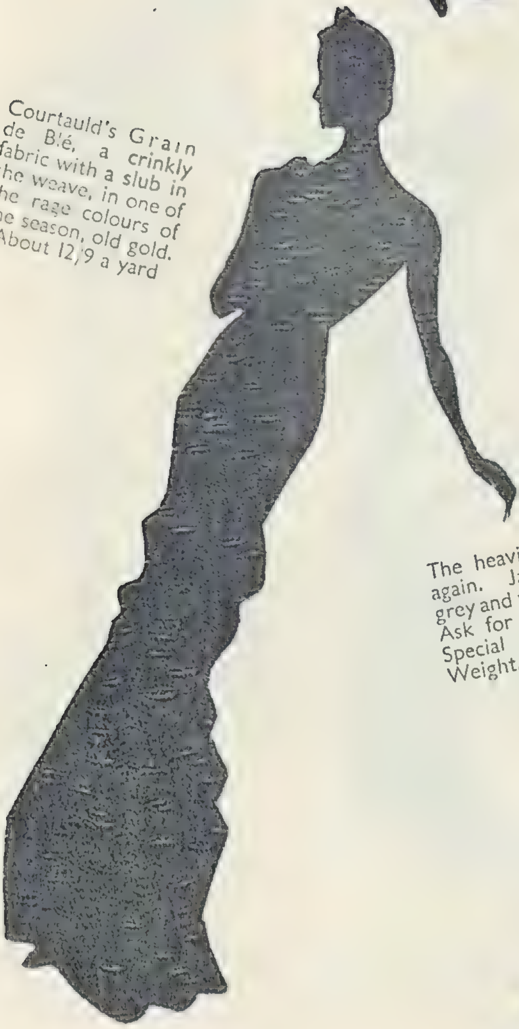


The new heavier weight Viyella with woven red squares widely spaced on a green ground. 4/11 a yard

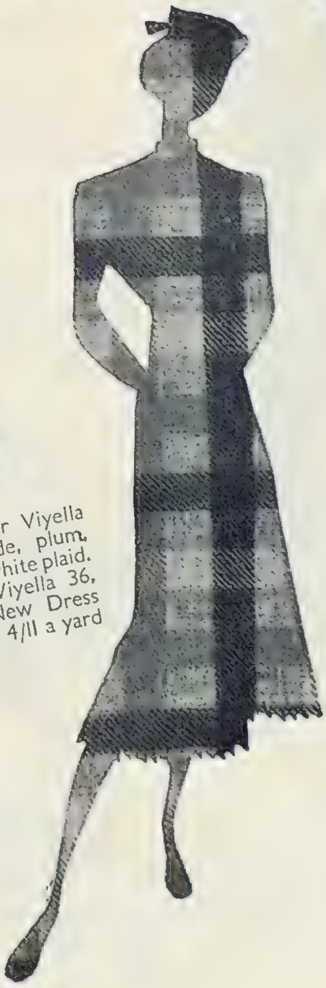


A gorgeous printed crêpe, very soft and silky, striped in tones of royal blue, purple, cerise, green and yellow, on a white ground. Debenham and Freebody. 14,9 a yard

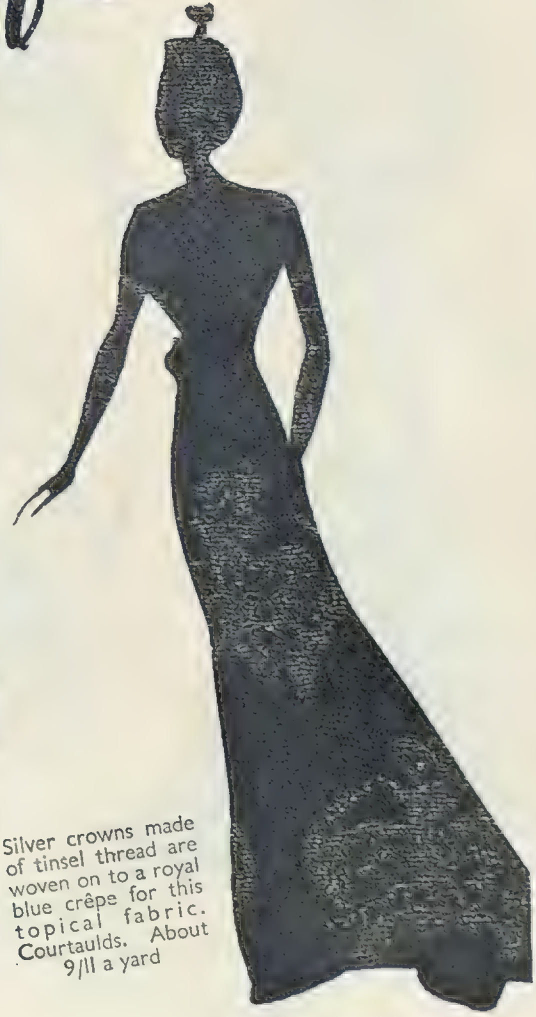
New Stuff



Courtauld's Grain de Blé, a crinkly fabric with a slub in the weave, in one of the rage colours of the season, old gold. About 12/9 a yard



The heavier Viyella again. Jade, plum, grey and white plaid. Ask for Viyella 36, Special New Dress Weight. 4/11 a yard



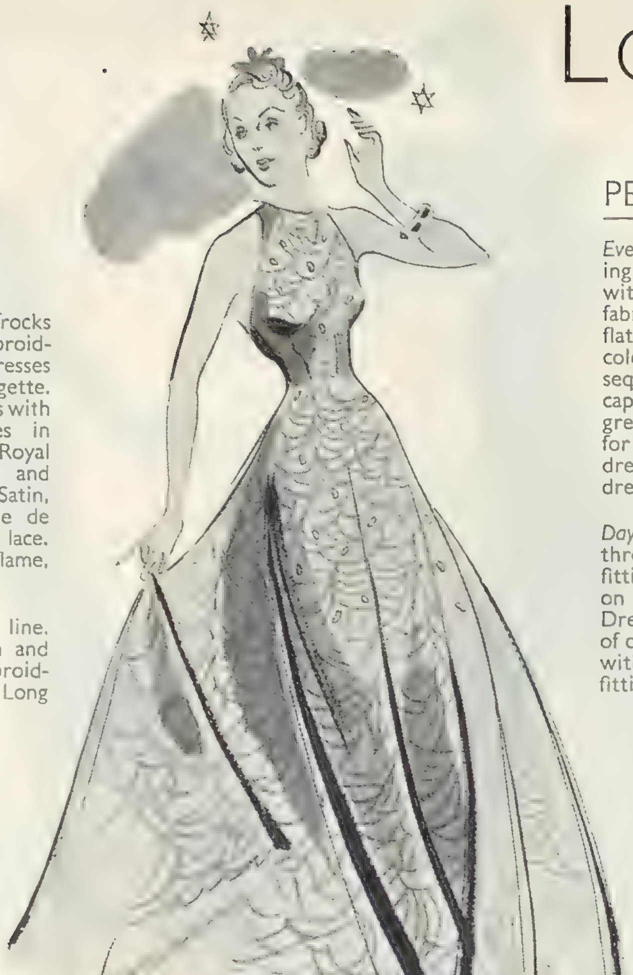
Silver crowns made of tinsel thread are woven on to a royal blue crêpe for this topical fabric. Courtaulds. About 9/11 a yard

LONDON DRESS

ISOBEL

Evening. Debutante frocks in fine lace, sequin embroidered. Slender, regal dresses in supple satin, georgette. Long full evening coats with elbow length sleeves in pastel face cloths. Royal blue taffeta dress and full length coat. Satin, georgette, mousseline de soie, embroidered lace. Peach, powder blue, flame, turquoise, white.

Day. Svelte, trim line. Much black marocain and crêpe with vivid embroideries for afternoon. Long black marocain coats.

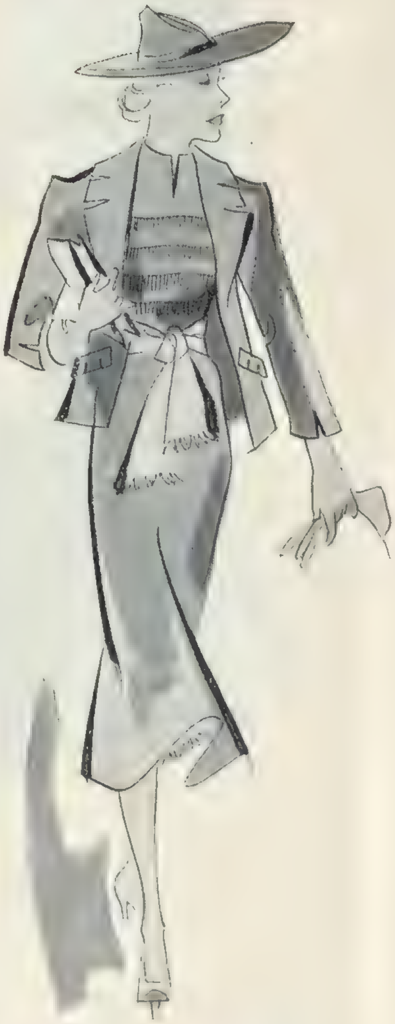


Misty blue lace, embroidered with mother-of-pearl sequins for a debutante's frock

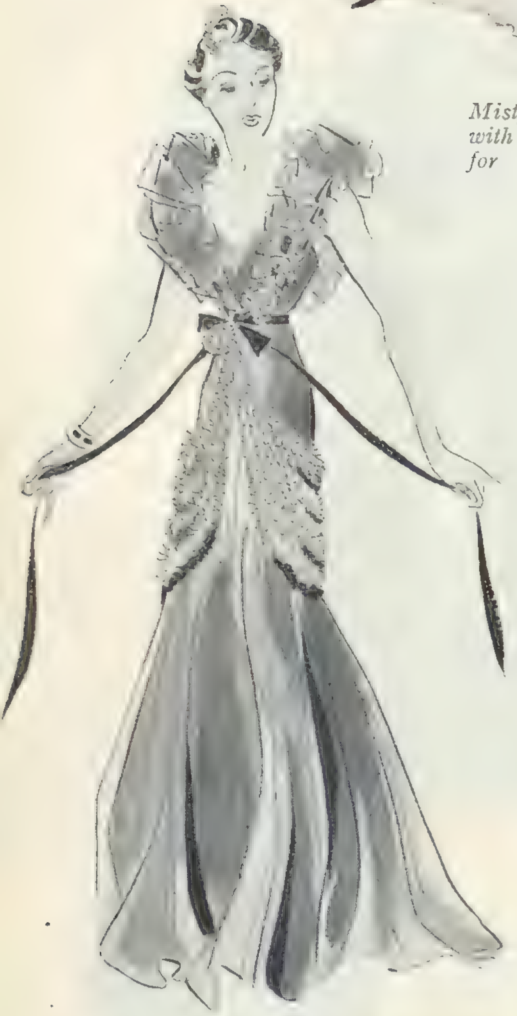
PETER RUSSELL

Evening. Princess line breaking down centre front and back with band of sequins or the fabric in reverse. Alliance of flat crêpe and massed, same-colour sequins. Crêpe and sequin dresses with all sequin capes. Water blue, brown, greyish violet. Silver lamé for an all-over pleated court dress. White satin court dresses, Empire line.

Day. Tight, slender, high-throated woollen dresses with fitting coats coming well down on hips. Normal shoulders. Dresses have fringed sashes of contrasting taffeta. Tweeds with straight skirts have fitting hip-length coats or short boxy coats, taffeta lined. Tailored silk prints and plain triple chiffons, afternoon length for Ascot. Wide belts. Greyish blue, raspberry and ice, blue, fuchsia, water green, cyclamen and plum.



Raspberry woollen dress and short coat. Ice blue taffeta fringed sash on dress matches slip beneath it

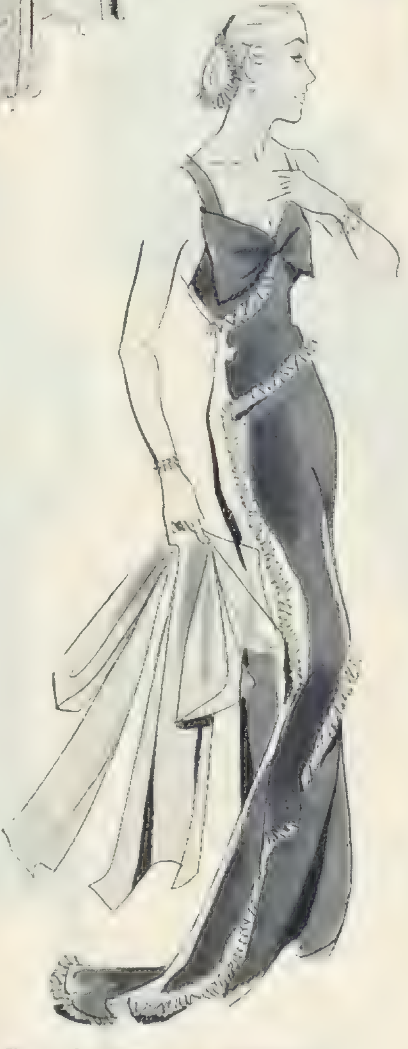


Smoke-grey tulle evening dress with ruching trimming its full skirt; high, tight bodice, with ruched edge to neckline and armholes

HARTNELL

Evening. Sheathlike skirts to the knees, then flaring and full to the ground. Face cloth studded with gold and jewels; tulle, net and lace embroidered with sequins and crystals. Deep greens, purple, shell-pink and white.

Day. Silver or natural fox hems to coats; loose jackets to suits and street dresses. Flowers appliqued at the neck and sleeves. Navy and white, mustard and ginger shades.



Peacock-green crêpe evening dress with spirals of gaily-coloured darning wool fringe. The wool fringe used as a head-dress

STIEBEL

Evening. High waistlines with the fullness in front of the skirts; no trains. Shaped corselet belts. Reversible satins, crêpes and embroidered laces. Gay colours, begonia red, scarlet, peacock, violent blue.

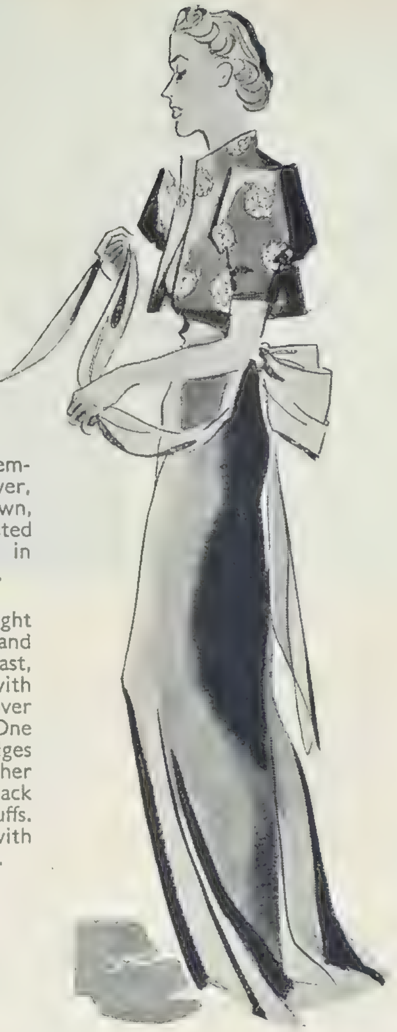
Day. High waistlines; straight, short skirts to street dresses. Tailored lace suits over coloured foundations. A lot of navy and white, and black with bright-coloured scarves and sashes.

SHOWS

DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY

Evening. Straight, widening a little to hem, with slight trains. Satin, flat crêpe, brocade, lace, jersey satin, satin and lace, embroidered satin. White, silver, gun metal, white and red, brown, azure. Full-skirted, tight-waisted evening coats. One beauty in lavender blue cloth and silver.

Day. Trim suits with straight skirts, fitting coats in tweeds and woollens with piquant contrast, as in a palish-blue ribbed suit with petunia scarf. Long coats over silk or woollen dresses. One yellow coat with looped edges over a paisley print. Another paisley print under a long black coat with paisley turn-back cuffs. Black bolero over black dress with a wide skirt and wide red belt.

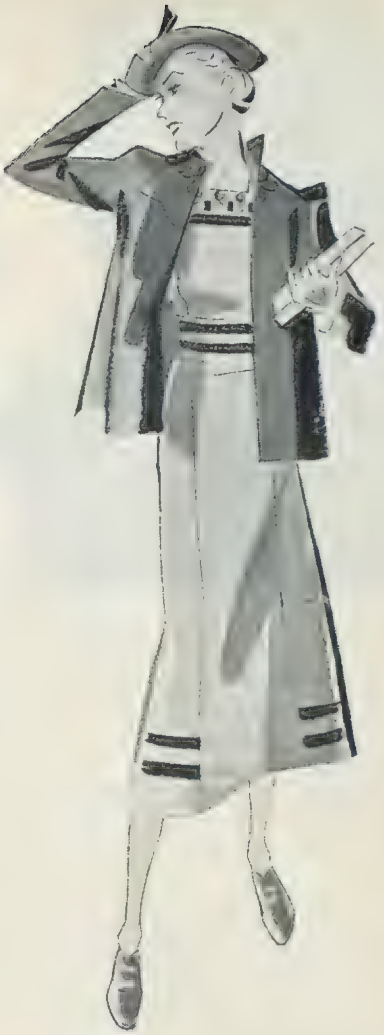


Black dinner dress and bolero embroidered with coloured flowers. Sash in two tones of blue

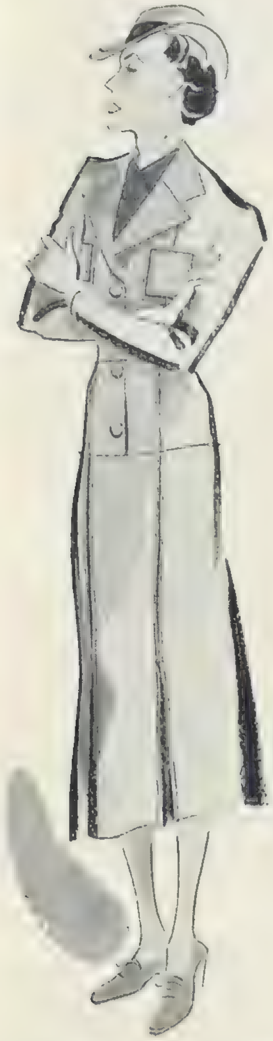
TEDDY TINLING

Evening. Three dresses with the skylines of New York, London and Paris on the hems—London in grey broadcloth, with the skyline in deep grey romain. Kid evening jacket with petalled effect in shades of rose, gold and green. Evening cape made entirely of paradise plumes. Plain and quilted satins, plaid taffeta, and beaded crêpe de chine.

Day. Contrasting coloured epaulettes and thick silk tasselled nets trimming suits and dresses. Pocket formed entirely of white gardenias on black cloth day dress. Cruising coat in white Harris tweed, lined with blue suède, worn with blue suède trousers. Spice shadings, such as nutmeg, ginger, cinnamon.



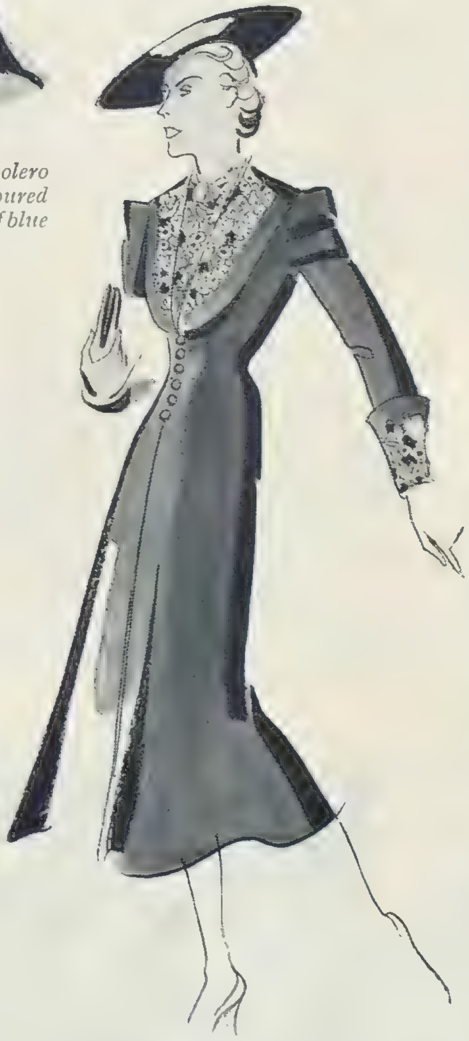
Pale-grey stockinette dress banded with gentian blue suède, with a row of little stone pots with blue flowers along the front of the square neckline. Box-pleated jacket in blue suède



Grey flannel hopsack weave suiting. Belted fitting jacket, pleat back and front of the short skirt. Lime-green silk blouse

LACHASSE

Tweed suits with darker coloured overcoats. Plaids worked into circular designs on jackets. Some suits with short sleeves. Flowered silk dress with the design worked in lines up the skirt. Ascot suit in white silk piqué.



Full-length black cloth coat with bands of bright-coloured appliqued flowers at the collar and cuffs; upstanding, padded shoulders; worn over a brightly printed floral silk dress

WORTH

Evening. Plainly draped skirts with slight trains, or full belled skirts with high waistlines and tight bodices. Soft light colours, grey, blue, yellow and pink, and lots of silver. Lace, plain and quilted satin, peau d'ange and the new glazed and lacquered fabrics.

Day. Short, full skirts with lots of pleats. Suits with plain narrow skirts, jackets flaring out at the back. Shoulders high and padded into a peak, or lifted and shirred. Light pastel shades and navy and white. Printed and plain linens, and floral silks.

BOOKS:

Reviewed by

Arnold Palmer

Crime, Real and Fictitious

MISS WINIFRED DUKE, author of "The Stroke of Murder," which is the stories of four crimes, and of the subsequent legal proceedings

PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY, who has gone to the Pyrenees for the scene of her new novel, "Basque Moon"

HAMBROOK of the Yard (Hale, 12s. 6d.) is a volume characteristic of our age. It is described as "38 years of Man-Hunting by ex-Superintendent Walter Hambrook, one of the 'Big Four' C.I.D. Area Superintendents and 'Father of the Flying Squad.'" It turns out to be a level-headed, restrained book, and its attraction consists precisely in the contrast between the calmness of the man engaged on his daily, methodical routine and the violence and passion which provide him with his work. Mr. Hambrook, an extremely able man with a certain gift for writing, would make a very unsatisfactory hero of a detective novel. He is deplorably short of theatrical tricks. At a crisis, he invariably forgets to lean back and close his eyes, and there is no evidence that, when mystified, he goes to symphony concerts or rests his frayed nerves at the nearest surrealist exhibition. On the contrary, he seems to have no alternative to hard work except harder work. Yet a large proportion of the readers of his interesting book will, no doubt, be men and women who have just finished one, and will shortly open another, of the numerous and usually ridiculous novels of crime. I called the book characteristic for two reasons. One of them may be sought in the career of the modern detective, in which personality and the subordination of personality to the Machine are so closely allied; the other will be found in the publishers' description of the volume already quoted.

EQUALLY restrained, and aimed at the same public, is *The Stroke of Murder* (Hale, 10s. 6d.), in which Miss Winifred Duke retells with skill and sobriety the stories of four crimes, and of the subsequent legal proceedings, dating from the second decade of the century. Of the several impressions left by her book, the strongest is the realisation of the unreliability of witnesses. That, too, has always been the strongest of the impressions left on my mind by an actual visit to the law-courts. Some witnesses lie deliberately, no doubt, either because they have something to conceal or because they wish their testimony to appear more important than it actually is; but most of them, I think, are unaware, or barely aware, of their departure from truth. Lacking all power of mental discipline or self-examination, they are incapable of drawing any distinction between "I believe" or "I rather think" and "I know." Unaccustomed to severe mental exercise, they find it stimulating; they trample down encumbering doubts, and press on to certainty. The extent to which perjury is practised, consciously or unconsciously, is terrifying, but I do not believe that the abolition of the jury system would alleviate the evil. Judges have vast experience, but there are twelve jurymen.

TO turn from these two records of police proceedings to a detective novel is to subject it to a peculiar test. But *Bulls Like Death* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.) is not Miss Mary Fitt's first book, and it has to stand comparison also with her two previous novels. Her new story is a good one in that it is well above the average, but it lacks the light touch of *Murder Mars the Tour* and the fantasy which, though it needed curbing, made *Three Sisters Flew Home* so promising and uncommon a debut. The author is still some way from the ordinary writer of detective tales, but her admirers will note with alarm

The Library List

"Secret Diplomacy": *by J. W. Thompson and S. K. Padover* (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.)

COMPILED by two Americans, this book is a record of "espionage and double-dealing" in European politics during the sixteenth and three succeeding centuries. It is written in popular, rather sensational style, and its accuracy is not always above reproach; but if you are not particular about that sort of thing, you will find it full of surprising, out-of-the-way information.

"Lord Bothwell": *by Robert Gore-Browne* (Collins, 15s.)

A FAR more serious contribution to the study of history, this is the first life of the alleged murderer of Darnley to be written in English. Mr. Gore-Browne has been seven years collecting material for his work. He leaves Bothwell a good deal cleaner than he found him, not by the application of whitewash, but by dint of wiping away a deal of mud.

"The Story of the Gems": *Herbert F. Whitlock* (Putnam, 15s.)

THE author of this comprehensive and (considering its style) inexpensive book is Curator of Minerals and Gems at the American Museum of Natural History. Although it contains tables and a bibliography which will be appreciated by specialists, it is primarily intended to stimulate the interest of laymen. There are numerous illustrations, including two coloured plates.

"My Flying Life": *by Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith* (Melrose, 16s.)

THIS autobiography, the work of the famous airman himself and Mr. Geoffrey Rawson, was to have had one more chapter. The qualities which made Sir Charles popular (and not merely famous) emerge very clearly, and for that some of the credit must go to Mr. Rawson. Unlike so many contemporary autobiographies, this book will disappoint no one. It is full of the courage, readiness, and modesty of the man it commemorates.

"American Scene": *Harry J. Greenwall* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.)

EIGHTEEN chapters on modern America. The author, a well-known English journalist, is so Americanised that he is sometimes incomprehensible; but his news is, as he would say, "hot."

SIR CHARLES KINGSFORD-SMITH with his wife

that the distance lessens with each succeeding book. She began by being quite distinct from her rivals. Now she is a distinguished member of the band.

TWO years ago I read an extremely good short story by Mr. Louis Paul, which had won for its author a valuable American prize. I had not heard his name again until I took up his novel *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum!* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.). The story, which is to some extent autobiographical, is a gusty, violent, vigorous, rowdy affair, the kind of book that no one is writing in England, although there is hardly a character in it that is not familiar here to-day. It is extremely clever and entertaining, and it is bursting with life; but the odd thing is that it is not very original. It owes a little to John Dos Passos and more to William Faulkner, and, spontaneous as it will seem to many English readers, it belongs to a school which, unrespectably respectable, is well established in the United States. It is quite a good school, but, like so many people nowadays, it is not quite so young as it looks. In fact, it may be called the Still Young, rather than the Young, school. The novel itself is full of good fun, of the kind which arises from incident rather than character. On this, the creative side, it is weak. Its men and women are astonishingly vigorous; but the rapidity with which they fade from the memory shows that they are not alive, only varied.

A LITTLE of Mr. Paul's abundant energy would do no harm to Mr. Edward Dodge, just as his novel, *The Fleshly Screen* (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.), has a wistfulness sadly lacking in the American. Mr. Dodge is a new writer. A self-conscious, sometimes gauche earnestness impairs his ease of expression and casts a shadow over the communion which should exist between author and reader. The novel's weak ending, too, emphasises a hint of futility in all the characters, especially the hero, and of want of inventiveness in the writer. But when all this has been said, Mr. Dodge is by no means disposed of. Unlike most of his contemporaries, he approaches the art of the novel with seriousness and no belief in short cuts. He has been denied the dangerous gifts of facility and fluency, and I think that he has had and will always have to work hard to produce a novel. But he has a sensuous quality redeemed by genuine delicacy; he has a sense of, and a respect for, character; and it will not be long before he betters this already promising and individual story. He is a man to watch.

THE Staff at Simson's, a new story by that sound novelist Mr. Frederick Niven (Collins, 7s. 6d.), begins with unusual severity. In the first chapter, eleven pages long, we are introduced to no fewer than twenty-seven characters, all employed in the flannelette and fancy goods manufactory which gives its name to the story; we are expected to memorise their names, their situations and duties, and as many of their thirty relatives and fiancées as we can. Emerging, if we do, from this ordeal, we are immediately and mercilessly resubmerged, in Chapter Two, in a description of the various departments and processes. Seldom, surely, can an experienced novelist have shown himself so callous towards the limitations of human nature. Those readers who survive, however, will find themselves rewarded for their endurance by a satisfying tale of Scotch life.

PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY has gone to the Pyrenees for the scene of her new novel, *Basque Moon* (Robert Hale, 7s. 6d.). Reviewers are faced with many difficulties and have to be ready with a bold front on all sides. But when the discussion reaches the Basques, I am willing to give in. The Basques have been too much for Borrow, Mérimée, and scores of other students and scholars, and where they failed should I succeed? Frankly, I cannot be sure, and so I prefer to accept anything that anyone likes to tell me about the Basques. Princess Paul Troubetzkoy tells us a lot about this independent race, and her story, written in rather heightened prose, is interesting and easy to read.

NO one will accuse Noel de Vic Beamish of writing in heightened prose. *Fair Fat Lady* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.) is the story of a fat girl, and the theme demands either more sensitiveness or more humour than the author possesses. Shakespeare and Miss Sophie Tucker have both made good use of obesity; but the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, in spite of his renown, has always seemed to me to be one of Dickens's failures.

ROM LANDAU

The Search for Truth

"Thy Kingdom Come": *by Rom Landau*

(Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 5s.)

IN previous works, of which *God is My Adventure* is probably the best known, Mr. Rom Landau made a wide appeal by the uncommon blend of sincerity and detachment with which he examined a selection of the creeds now spread before a distracted public. Candidly, I did not expect him, with his critical and humorous mind, ever to reach complete satisfaction. It seems that I was wrong. But if I am glad that, as a man, he has found happiness with his own brand of Christianity, I cannot help thinking that, for the writer, it was better to travel than to arrive.

No teacher was ever as lucid as Christ, and for nearly 2,000 years His followers have been obscuring Him with clouds of witness. It is very strange. Mr. Landau himself used to possess the gift of direct expression, but now his meaning either eludes me or proves, when found, to consist of old truths mistily restated. I believe that clear thinking and clear expression are interdependent and indivisible. An idea which is translated into lucid speech is not necessarily true, but at least it must have been fully understood by the speaker. When we find a man incapable of conveying his thought with precision, especially if that man has shown in the past that he is exceptionally clearheaded, we are bound to conclude that, for all the radiance of his brow, he is speaking too soon. In the case of Mr. Landau, it is not difficult to prophesy that he will write another book, and probably more than one. He will not, presumably, change his faith, but he will explore it, and regain his natural coherence of speech and cogency of argument. These books should be the best of all his books; they may easily be among the best religious expositions of the time. Meanwhile those readers who have followed Mr. Landau's spiritual journeyings will need no encouragement to join him again. But what he has to offer them now is not another chart, but rather the cry of joy of one who is in sight of home.

LOUIS PAUL, whose novel "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum!" is extremely clever and entertaining

WOMAN'S TALK: BY JEAN BURNUP

Never, never go buying a hat with a friend. The chances are you will miss a good hat and lose a good friend.

Especially is this true of hat-buying in Paris, where somehow the thing takes on a deeper significance.

There we were, the two of us, outwardly polite, paying no attention to ourselves, pretending an absorbing interest in the other's try-ons. Whereas—we might as well be frank about it—each of us wanted passionately to be left alone with the mirror, the milliner giving us undivided attention.

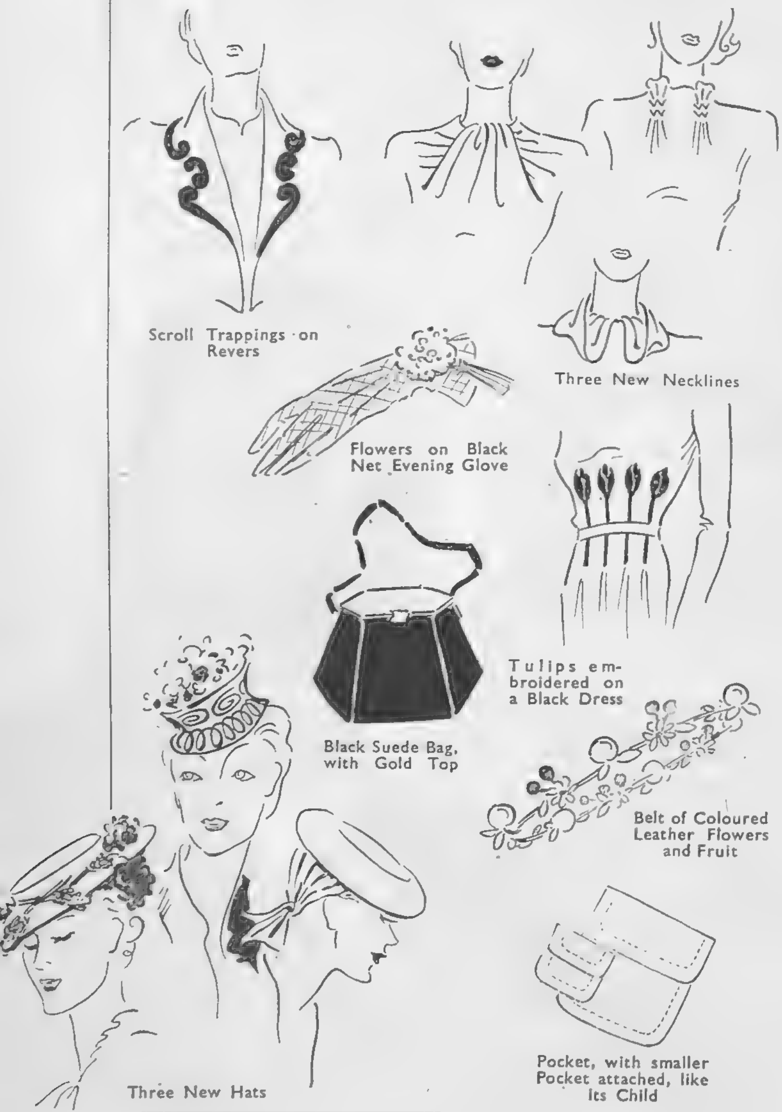
At such a time you can't give fair advice or constructive opinion. So you might, quite easily, help each other to a wrong choice.

Then suppose your friend says "No, not you," to a hat you fancy. You feel you must decide against it. Afterwards you know that it was the one hat for you in the world.

It is best to give up before you reach the stage of snatching hats from each other's hands, like pictures of women at bargain sales.

On the track of hat news, I went up to Suzy. Although her address is the Rue de la Paix, and her name the most famed in the hat world, her place is as cosy and casual as a little suburban milliner's.

IDEAS FROM THE PARIS COLLECTIONS


Scroll Trappings on Revers
Three New Necklines
Flowers on Black Net Evening Glove
Tulips embroidered on a Black Dress
Black Suede Bag, with Gold Top
Belt of Coloured Leather Flowers and Fruit
Pocket, with smaller Pocket attached, like its Child
Three New Hats

The *vendeuse*, quite likely, will be a plain, untidy little thing who, with tremendous unconcern, places those gorgeous, adorable hats upon her unsmart head, and turns to face an American buyer who is, perhaps, planning to sell that model to the entire American continent.

Suzy has always loved to make saucy, feminine tilted sailors. This year her sailors are more seductive than ever: very, very flat, heavily trimmed with flowers and tiny brilliantly coloured birds. The one drawn down below is trimmed with mignonette.

There is a word that is going to crop up a lot in every shopping woman's life: *Sanforizing.* Perhaps you have begun to notice it in advertisements already. Soon you will say it as casually as you say *lastex, cellophane.*

Cottons and linens don't shrink much in their natural state of tension. But they are inclined to stretch during the processes of spinning, weaving and finishing. Then when you wash them they shrink back to normal.

Sanforizing is a shrinking process to which they are treated in manufacture which prevents their ever shrinking or stretching again.

So when you are thinking of new cottons, stuffs for the children's frocks, your own summer clothes, your husband's shirts, remember to ask if they have been sanforized.

I don't usually bother you with social gossip, but this I can't resist.

It happened in the Savoy Grill cocktail foyer. A party entered, including H. G. Wells and Lady Diana Cooper, looking, as the gossip writers will eternally say of her, "more beautiful than ever."

In that place where celebrities are ten a penny, the unimpressionable waiters never bat an eyelash at anyone's entry. So I was intrigued to see the interest of two waiters standing near me. They watched Lady Diana's progress through the doors until she was out of sight. Then one said to the other, "Yes, it's Lady Diana Cooper. She lives in Gower Street. So do I."

Big Drop in Prices. Pond's Skin Freshener, shilling size to sixpence, half-a-crown to one-and-nine, four shilling size to three-and-six . . . Janet Jackson, three-year-old London dress house, is run by three young Yorkshire girls. They seem to be dressing half the current stage successes . . . "Wise To-morrow" is more than a wise-cracking comedy at the Lyric. It's a regular fashion parade. I have never seen so many dresses in a straight show. Nora Swinburne five, Martita Hunt four, Emma Trechman three, Diana Churchill seven . . . Joan Crawford has two of the loveliest dresses I have ever seen her wear in her newest film, "Love On the Run," recent Empire success, soon showing all round the country. Her long-sleeved, very full-skirted filmy chiffon wedding gown is a honey, and a nice change from the stately satin or brocade mediæval line that most brides put themselves into, regardless . . . Who would have thought that the spirituelle Elizabeth Bergner bothered? Yet Capitol Films—for whom she made "Dreaming Lips"—tell me, hand on heart, that she keeps slender and supple by a twice-daily all-over ice massage. Try it, if you like. Not me.

Here is something for you to chew over at the dinner table. Should a girl with a career job stick to her work after she marries a rich man? Your first, instinctive thought will be "No. She is doing someone else out of a job." But later thoughts will show you she has a case too.

Let me know what you think. I'll send a guinea to the reader who gives the best reason for the girl to go on with her job. No more than a hundred words, please, written—typed, if possible—on one side of the paper, and addressed to me at BRITANNIA AND EVE, 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Closing date, April 25.

ARISTOCRAT FROM SIAM

There are to-day 500 members of the Siamese Cat Club. This is the largest cat club in Europe, and its size proves the enormous present-day popularity of the Siamese cat.

Its rise to favour has, indeed, been phenomenal, when one thinks that before the war there were scarcely more than a handful of breeders of Siamese cats in England, and very few people who had ever even seen one. Even now small boys who see my cats running in the garden will say " What's that ? A monkey ? Is it wild ? "

I find these questions very difficult to answer myself, after some years of keeping Siamese, for the question " What is a Siamese cat ? " is impossible to answer definitely. That is part of their charm, the mystery of their origin. Legend plays, perhaps, as great a part in their history as fact.

Most people are agreed that Egypt was the first country to have domesticated cats ; indeed, the Egyptians appreciated the qualities of these animals so much that they worshipped them, and had their bodies embalmed after death. This probably explains the attitude of most cats of to-day. Human beings were made to wait upon them and administer to their material needs. All they have to do is to look ornamental.

Egypt in the past had a flourishing trade with the East, and it is believed that cats were sent out in ships to protect the grain from rats, and so arrived in the Malay Archipelago, the home of the Siamese cat of to-day.

In Malay there was the Sacred Cat of Burmah and the Annamite cat (the Annamite cat had a kink in its tail, a marked characteristic of some Siamese), and somehow from these the Siamese cat evolved, the skull and body having the shape of the cats of Egypt.

So highly were these cats regarded in Siam that for two centuries they were allowed to be owned only by the king, and so were exclusively found in the royal city of Bangkok. Thus their full name " Royal Siamese."

Occasionally a grateful monarch would present to a foreign friend a specimen of these much-prized pets, and so gradually they found their way abroad, though not until the beginning of this century were they a breeder's proposition in England.

The Siamese Cat Club was founded in 1901, and though the war for a time held up importations, the present day shows one upward curve of increasing popularity.

The reason for this vogue is undoubtedly the character of the Siamese cat itself. Attracted to it first by its beauty, the new owner's affections are quickly enchained by its quaintness and originality, by its quick intelligence and lively interest in all its owner's doings, by its vitality and grace of movement.

The Siamese cat is often called "A cat-and dog-in-one." It can be taken out for walks on a collar and lead, if trained from a kitten. It adores going out in a motor-car. One cat I know always accompanies his master, a busy doctor, on his rounds.

It can be taught tricks like dogs, too. It develops little tricks of its own. No Siamese ever repeats another Siamese trick. They are much too individual.

The Siamese with a kink (a sort of knot in the tail) is thought to be more amusing and original as a pet than the straight-tailed type, though the judges frown on the kink in the show-pen these days.

I think this is a pity, as it is certainly one of the most striking features of the breed and, as it is inherent, will be difficult anyway to eradicate.

How the Siamese cat possesses those brilliant blue eyes, which are a great part of its beauty, is something of a mystery. Some think it due to their being part albino. Certainly the eyes turn ruby-red in the dark, lighting up like lamps at night, or when they are angry or excited. Some cats that are described in the show-pen as having bad eye colour have a definite

(*Continued on page* 134)

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

I have been out on a beauty round-up and have rustled up a bunch of good things.

I first went to see a beauty specialist who delves far below surface skin troubles and studies cause and effect. Every case that comes to her is treated individually and is given a written prescription. A visit to her is rather like a visit to a doctor, only far more pleasant.

Tired faces have been a speciality of hers for thirty years. And now she has at last perfected a mask for home use that acts on jaded faces like a champagne cocktail on jaded nerves.

It is a soft plastic cream that goes on like any ordinary skin food; turns ice cold on the skin and finally makes the muscles jump from lethargy back to life, all in the space of twenty minutes.

The mask is easily applied too. Just cleanse the skin in the ordinary way; spread the mask over the face and leave on while you are dressing. Remove, when dry, with a face cloth or with cotton wool soaked in skin tonic. That's all. But your skin is left with that taut, uplift feeling, as if it had been ironed out—which indeed it has.

A generous supply of the mask, together with an individual letter and an interesting booklet, will be forwarded to readers of this column on receipt of 2s. 6d.

None of us are going to look our best this summer unless our feet are in good trim. And there are going to be some pretty weary feet dragging round this town before many weeks have gone by.

So on my round-up I looked out for something that is going to keep my feet on duty for fifteen hours a day.

I found a soap and a bath salt. Neither has any frilly nonsense about it, but I'll say both are wonder-workers.

I tried them out a couple of nights ago, when I was bone tired after being out and about all day, and with a dancing night ahead of me.

I put a handful of the salt in my bath and afterwards, instead of powdering my feet as usual, I made a second lather with the mud soap (it is made from Spanish mud), rubbed the lather well into the skin and *left it on*. No more foot trouble that night, and I danced until four in the morning.

I took a cake of the soap down to the country, to a district where the water is incredibly hard. I found that it lathered beautifully and left my skin soft and supple.

Both salt and soap are nature's gift to man. For the salts, which are the natural mineral kind, and the radio-active mud are products which are found on an island off the north-west coast of Spain. No wonder the Spaniard is so nippy on his feet in the bull-ring.

My next news is topical; for it is royal news. It concerns a lovely Princess.

Princess René de Bourbon de Parme, daughter of the House of Denmark, is considered to be one of the world's smartest women. She is tall, slim, with hazel eyes and bright chestnut hair. But her chief asset is her skin. It is flawless.

She will tell you, however, that she dislikes fussing with a whole heap of cosmetics and that her beauty care is of the simplest.

There are lots of us who, from personal taste or lack of time, agree with the Princess. But it is not many of us who can ever hope to have a cream made up that will fulfil the duties of cleansing cream, skin food, pore refiner and powder base. The Princess did just this and has lent her name to this new all-purpose cream.

I took some travelling with me the other week-end. Three days' motoring in an open car puts a severe strain on the integrity of any cosmetic; but I found this cream came through with flying colours. It protected my skin by day; cleansed it after the day's run; nourished it at night.

If, like me, you are a confirmed reader in bed, you have found, I expect, that a table lamp is not the best kind of illumination. The light is not at the right angle for reading and takes up too much room in the space needed for books, cigarettes, powder case and what have you. Also it is apt to get knocked over.

A wall lamp above your head is the thing to go for. But not, you say, when the walls are fresh from the decorator's hands. Lamps that clip on to the bedhead are not much use either, for, usually, there's no head to clip to.

I have found a lamp that needs no fixing or clipping. It can be carried about the house and used on any wall or table in the house. You just hang it up on a hook on the wall. It's as modern as to-day and very smart in its lacquered steel frame.

To active young women, shoulder straps are a menace. If they are too tight, they cut into you; if they are too loose, they slip off your shoulder. They tear when you least expect it. And then there's all that fiddly business of sewing them on to fragile bits of lace.

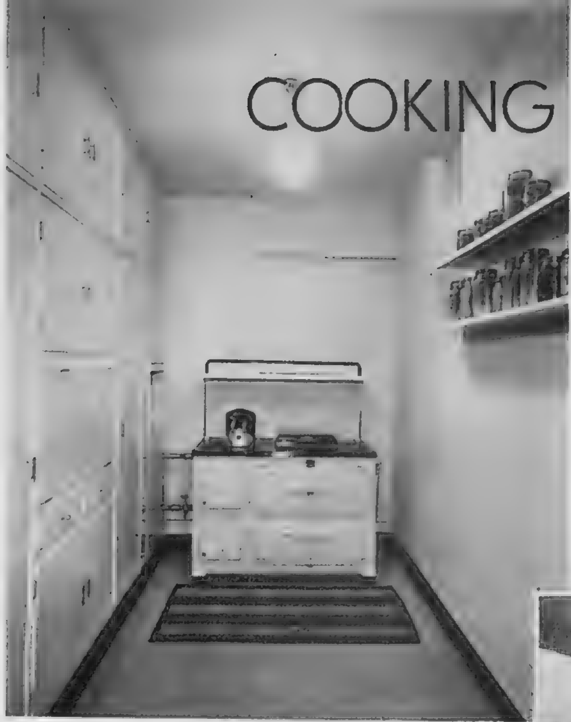
I think I've found a cure for this spot of bother. It is a specially treated elastic strap covered in silk Milanese (white and pastel colours to match lingerie) that gives with every movement, yet knows its place and does not cut the shoulder. It can be washed as often as you like without losing its elasticity and can be buttoned or sewn on to the garment. Price 1s.

Do you like something for nothing? I do too. I have by me an interesting little book on beauty which you can have too absolutely free by writing in to me for it. It is full of practical hints on make-up and the care of the skin. Plenty of useful little tricks, such as how to use a lipstick so that a large nose looks smaller; how to make yourself up a lotion that will correct greasy skin and act as a powder base too. Supply is limited, so send for your copy quickly.

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me, enclosing stamped envelope, at Britannia & Eve, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

By MARY YOUNG

COOKING FOR FOURPENCE A DAY



An "Esse-Minor" Heat Storage Cooker with separate fire for heating bath-water. Cooking for a family can be done for 3½d. a day on this model

In the interests of labour-saving, many kitchens in the most modern type of house have been built without a chimney. That is to say, electrical and gas-heating appliances have been installed with admirable thought for convenience, but with little consideration for the fact that these methods of cooking are not always cheap.

Solid fuel is still preferred by a large number of people who lean to a "cheerful open fire," and for many of us throughout this country the best method of heating and cooking is still by coal.

The makers of appliances for burning coal in its various forms are more progressive to-day than they have ever been, and every day they provide more ample proof that modern coal-burning appliances are in the forefront from an economy standpoint.

People who still think of cooking by coal, in connection with sooty and refractory kitchen ranges, will be amazed to discover the efficiency and cleanliness of modern coal cookers. The enamelled cooker, set in its tiled recess alongside a most efficient water-heater, which is illustrated below, is an example of a type of range within quite average means. But the type of cooker which is, above all others, making a reputation among housewives for efficiency and economy, is the Heat Storage Cooker.

These cookers, two of which are illustrated, burn coke or anthracite, and, once alight, remain so for months on end, with replenishment twice in twenty-four hours.

The ash which is dropped by means of a shaker, is so trifling that the ashpit of the Heat Storage Cooker need only be emptied once in twenty-four hours.

In the centre picture there are three ovens of different temperatures, the idea being to gain more or less heat from the fire chamber according to situation. The hottest oven is for roasting, the one below for baking, and the third is for simmering purposes.

Over the fire a massive block of iron absorbs the heat from the fire and retains it, to be given out only when the insulated cover is raised, thus providing a hotplate.

The body of these wonderful cookers is heavily padded to prevent escape of heat; so much so, that a minimum of heat is wasted in the chimney. At the same time, though no heat is felt on the sides of the stove, the top-plate gives off enough gentle heat comfortably to warm the kitchen.

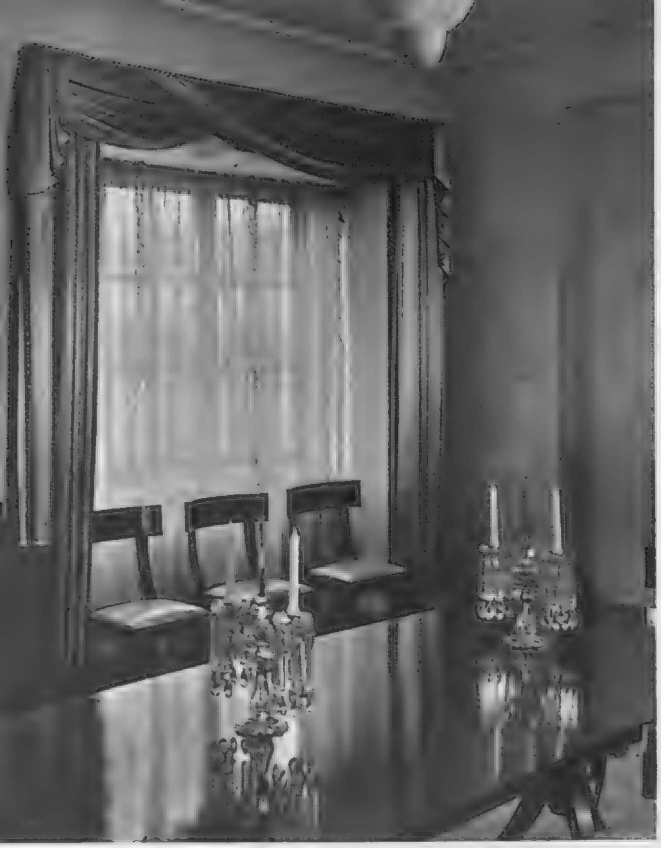
The "Premier-Esse" Cooker is a larger model of the stove shown above. This has three ovens and an auxiliary oven for plate-warming use

This tiled recess holds a "Countess" Cooker, another modern anthracite-burning stove of proved economy. The "Hydresse" Water Heater at the side will heat a sixty-gallon tank

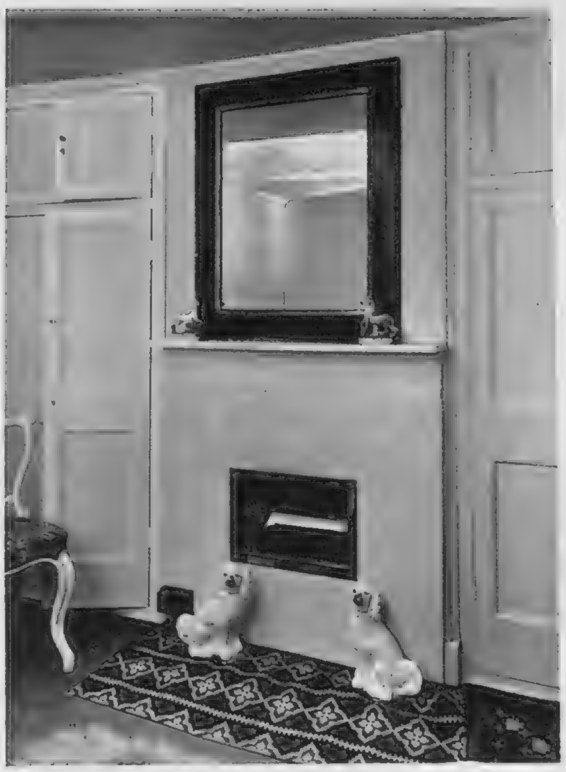
Probably the most important feature of the Heat Storage Cooker is the low fuel consumption. In the smaller of the two models illustrated, the fuel consumption in anthracite for cooking purposes rarely exceeds threepence halfpennyworth in twenty-four hours, and in the larger cooker, it has been said that cooking for twenty-two people can be carried on for as little as fivepence in twenty-four hours.

The fire is always alight. It is ready first thing in the morning for immediate use. Very little ash collects; coal deliveries are reduced and the fuel, being smokeless, eliminates flue and chimney-sweeping.

It will be seen from the three illustrations appearing on this page, that these cookers are all of an independent character, and are therefore easily transferred from one house to another, should the owner contemplate moving. The last picture represents the old-fashioned recess, neatly tiled, with a coal-burning cooker and an independent water-heater placed side by side in the vacant space, both connected into the same chimney.



The dramatic window treatment in the dining-room above is used as a setting for the exquisite period chairs which stand out in relief. The walls are cream with a faint design of tropical plants.



Simple to the point of austerity is the modern electric fire and its setting, but a clever and amusing note is given by the china dogs and a bizarre splash of colour by the Oriental rug.

A MATTER OF

IT is a simple matter to fill a house with good furniture, or to spend lavishly on beautiful accessories and appealing backgrounds, but arrangement is another matter. Quite another matter.

Clothes and furniture have this in common, that they may be expensive, they may even be lovely in themselves, yet totally lacking in effectiveness when seen in use.

The woman with "clothes sense" is hardly likely to make any serious *gaffes* in the arrangement of her home. Her instinct for colour and effect will see to that. On the other hand, even the most artistic sometimes fall prey to sentiment and women cling, on some sentimental pretext, to a truly frightful piece of furniture, whereas a dress that is unbecoming will be ruthlessly ushered into oblivion.

Just as in dress, the secret of success lies in the subtle co-ordination of detail, so it is in the decoration of a room.

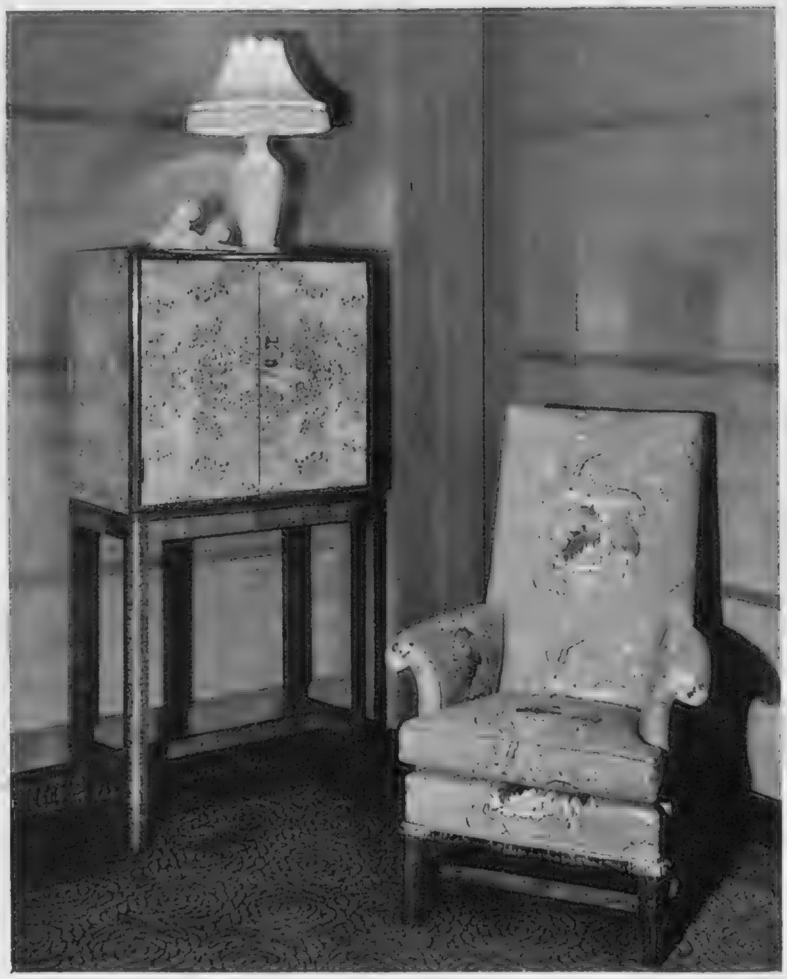
Each piece of furniture should have some relation to its neighbour. This has nothing whatever to do with matched suites which are invariably monotonous. It means that the shape, the character, and the colour of each piece should be carefully considered in relation to the whole scheme.

Should one stand a low table beside a tall window, the effect will be ridiculous, unless some subtle touch is introduced to bridge the space between their separate heights.

An excellent example of this is shown in the photographed window treatment with the graceful wrought-iron table flanking it on the left and the low buffet on the right.

Place a finger over the electric candelabra in the photograph, and in your mind's eye remove the tall candlesticks on the buffet. How much less attractive this arrangement immediately becomes.

Now look at the fireside scene in the picture on page 63. Without some interesting grouping, good lighting, and careful variation of heights, this corner might well have been uncomfortably overfull. But, because of the interest in the arrangement, the effect is soothing and pretty.

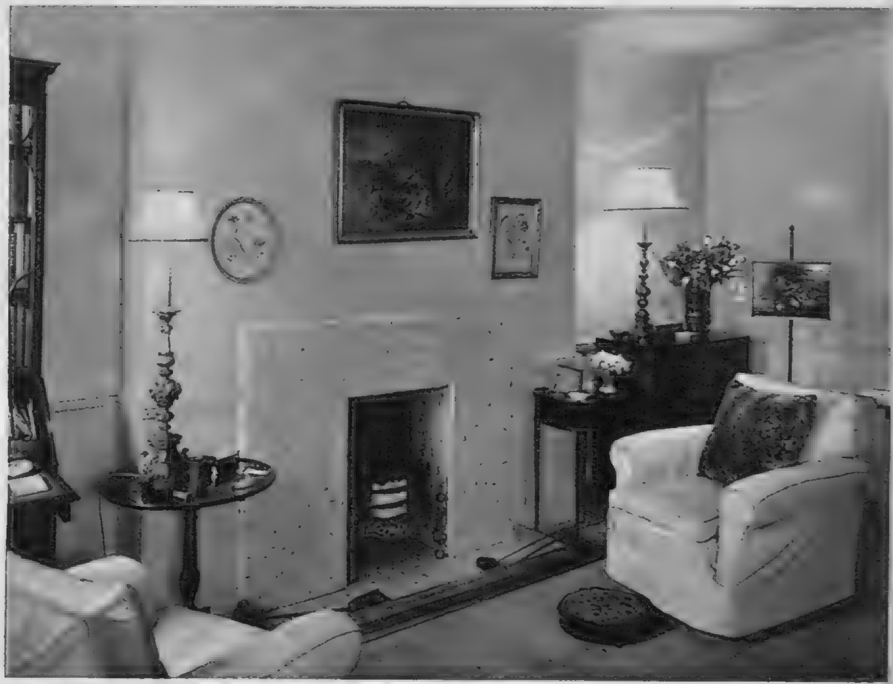


A recess is in itself an irresistible appeal for an interesting group of furniture. The charming cabinet in Arbele veneer is the perfect foil for panelled birch walls, and the high-back chair of quilted chintz in pale green, with a design of shaded rose, adds the proper note of colour contrast. Furniture by Hampton's.

Elegant simplicity is typified in the grouping of the chairs and the modern table. The grace of the animal figures and the tall arrangement of flowers give perfect balance.

(Left)

A plain window gathers interest from the objects grouped about it. In this case the low buffet and the pretty glass and wrought-iron table provide the interest. The decorative light sconces are carefully placed to give height.



Essentially homely but exquisitely planned is this fireside scene. Lamps, pictures and furniture are each given the fullest chance to display their charms.

ARRANGEMENT

See how cleverly the pictures are arranged over the fireplace. Quite simple, but infinitely more effective than the familiar method of hanging them in rows—all of one shape; or of dabbing a picture in the exact centre of the wall.

Notice, too, how the tall lamp on the bureau in the corner gives dignity to the background, and how the vase of foliage, at a slightly different level, breaks the space between the top of the lamp and the level of the bureau. All very carefully considered.

Furniture of different periods can be mixed quite happily. Modern decorators have shown us that modern furniture can be wedded to period furniture with advantages to both, and that a Queen Anne sideboard will live in cordial agreement with an Empire sideboard. All the same, you can't just *throw* periods together. It is only when their essential characters are in harmony and, more particularly, when the background is flattering to both, that furniture of different ages lives amicably in the same scheme.

One would not, for example, mate a Cromwellian buffet with Sheraton chairs. The robust nature of the one would certainly eclipse the charms of the other. Sheraton and Queen Anne, Empire and Adams—either of these periods shares that essential grace which makes them complementary to the other. In the many homes where furniture is of no specified period, but just a collection of pieces acquired over a number of years, just the same care should be used in "mixing."

Height, breadth, colour and general character should be studied. If all the furniture in the room is low, aim to get some elongated effect when you can. One high-backed chair, a long sweep of curtain material with vertical stripes, or a graceful lamp on a bureau or table will give the right effect.

In certain cases, a tall vase on top of a high bureau will destroy the interest of both by achieving a top-heavy effect, but much depends on the room.

In the photograph which shows the cabinet in the recess, the lamp was essential because the cabinet, though high, is still squat in its effect. The chair with a narrow, high back was chosen to continue the same feeling of slender height, but, being low slung, it brings, at the same time, the right correction to the group.

Colour plays an important rôle in the grouping of furniture. A spotlight of colour is invaluable for focussing attention on a given object, or, better still, of distracting it from something inappropriate.

The condition in which furniture is kept is quite important in determining the final effect of a room.

The beauty of oak grown mellow with time can be much enhanced by giving it a lustrous polish. Pools of light falling from a sunny window or from carefully placed lamps upon the satiny surface of the furniture gives beauty and even glamour to a room, but first get the satiny surface.

Beeswax is the old and perhaps still the most revered medium for giving the coveted sheen to the surface of wood, but few moderns have the time or the elbow grease to expend on this arduous, if satisfactory, method.

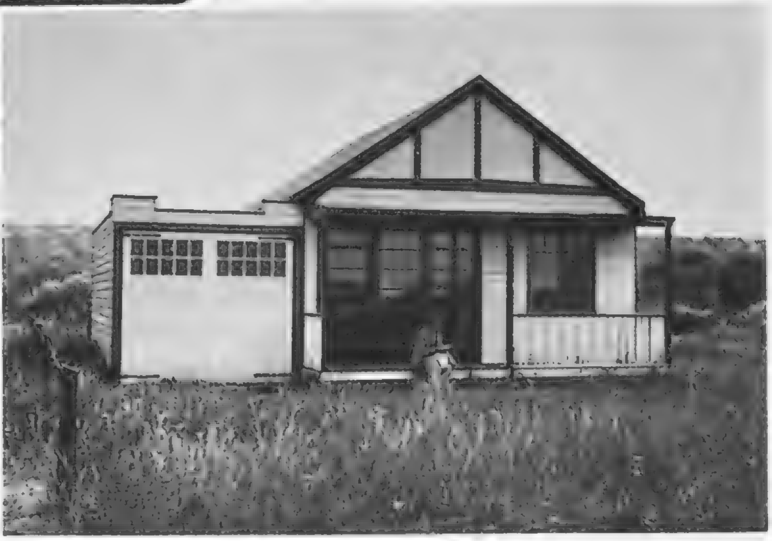
Mansion polish is the modern substitute for the older method and can be relied upon to give as good an effect without any extravagant waste of energy. By using this polish regularly on furniture one finds that individual pieces take on a fresh beauty which is helpful in the more important matter of arrangement.

A Place *at the* Sea

A shining beach, soft, undulating downs, and the cool, clear sea at their feet. Imagine such a view from the windows of your own holiday house

The more capricious our English climate grows — and surely it is more and more so — the more vital it seems to have some plan for capturing the fleeting summer as it goes.

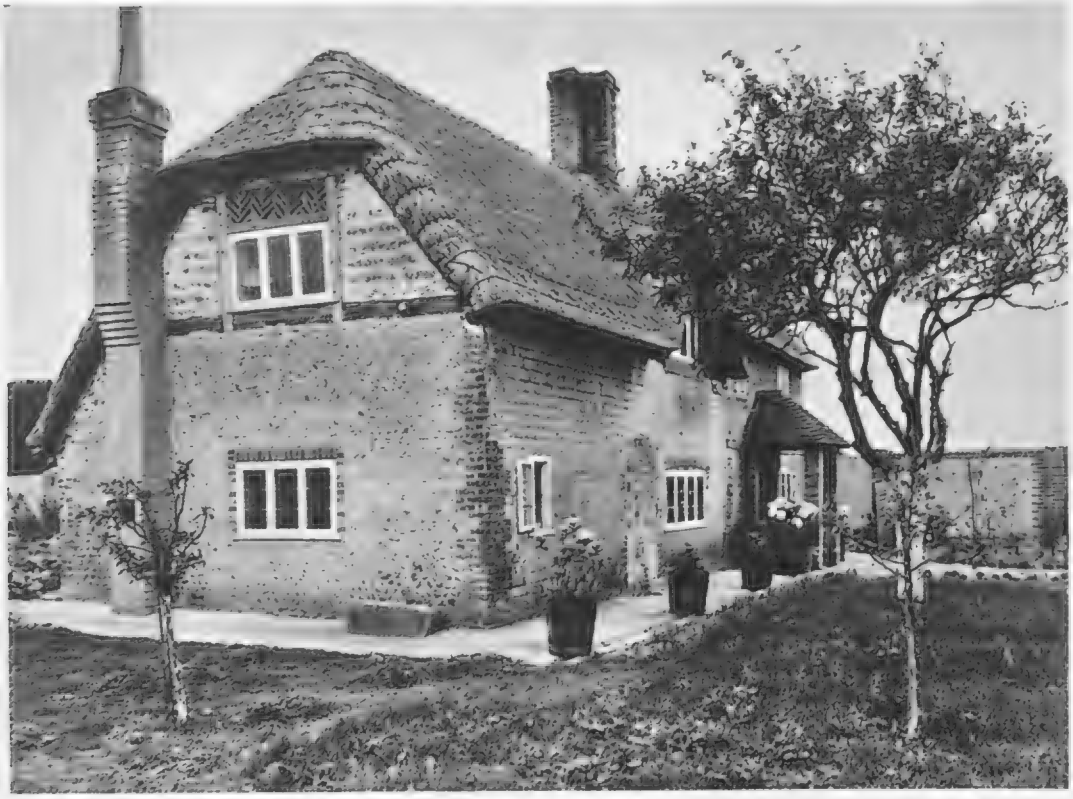
The annual holiday at the sea planned months ahead and, in most cases, confined to a given period whatever the weather, is too apt to prove disappointing. Fourteen precious days of leisure and freedom may easily become an expensive and exasperating waste of time if the weather is unkind.



"Happy Go Lucky" the owners call this little beach bungalow on a lovely reach of sand in Norfolk. The cost, inclusive of land, was £235

So this is why the holiday house—the beach bungalow—is becoming such an important factor in our English family life. It makes possible impromptu week-ends at the sea whenever the capricious sun breaks through. It enables people with children at school to spend the greater part, if not all of the long summer vacation on holiday and, above all, it offers the comfort and freedom of one's own home as a retreat when the weather makes it impossible to get out of doors.

In the long run—particularly where a family is several in number, ownership of a seaside house is an excellent investment. It eliminates costly hotel fees and provides every member of the family with holiday accommodation at the same cost as for one. Moreover, the house can be rented to a tenant when not otherwise required, thus helping to defray the owner's cost of upkeep. What type of house, then, is best as a holiday home ? Obviously this depends entirely upon the requirements of the owner and the size of his family.



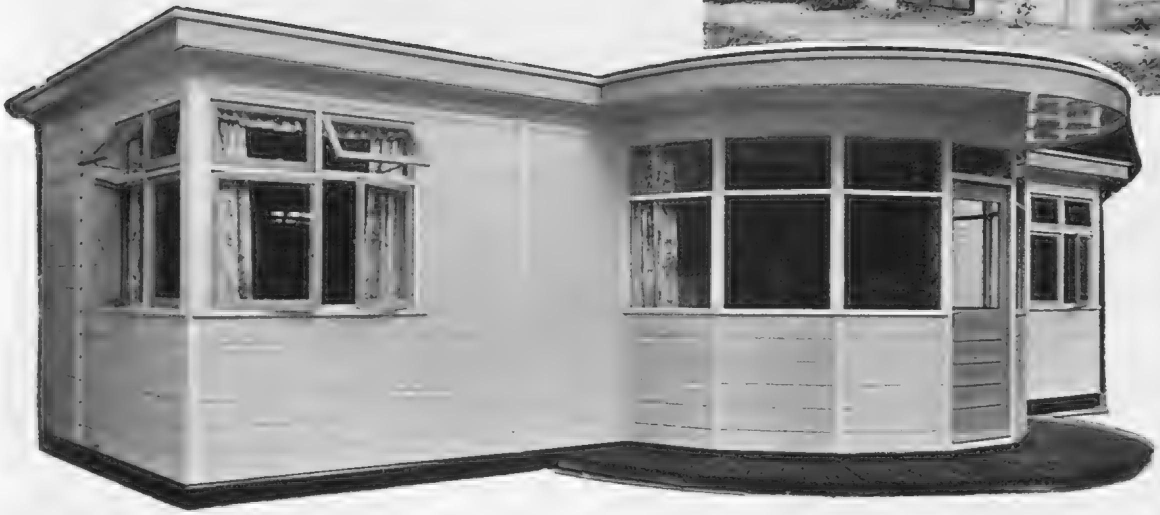
Something more ambitious than the timber bungalow. A thatched cottage of grey Sussex stone that sinks into its background of sea and downs

If he has in mind a house that will be used for long periods at a stretch, a home to which he may one day retire at ease, then the matter of selection is much the same as that of any other residence, with the difference that, in design and construction, it will be adapted to its environment.

But in most cases the house will need to be one that makes every possible use of a small area. One that is substantial enough to resist all the vagaries of the weather, comfortable, inexpensive to equip and maintain, whilst agreeable to look at. All this at a low price is what the average owner wants. For this kind of house timber is a popular and sensible choice. It is cheaper than brick, warm and durable, and blends well into picturesque settings.

By Winifred Lewis

One room up and one room down and a bathroom round at the side. Not exactly a palace, but a perfect retreat for seaside week-ends



The pre-fabricated timber house is one of the most favoured for seaside use. This attractive bungalow by Boulton and Paul, who are specialists in this type of structure, can be bought complete for £145 10 0

The pre-fabricated timber house has progressed a lot in the past few years. From closely resembling a shoe-box, the sectional timber house is claiming importance in the sphere of design. It is far, in fact, from the crude construction which, a few years ago, disgraced our sea resorts and scarcely kept the weather at bay.

The picture of the timber bungalow by Boulton and Paul of Norwich, shows the latest development in pre-fabricated house design. The "Sunshine Bungalow," as this is named, is planned to admit the maximum of air and sunshine and, in every respect, is the ideal holiday home for a small family.

There is a spacious sitting-room with a large front bay which gives a fine open-air atmosphere to the room when the windows are down in fine weather. This room measures 16 ft. by 12 ft., and there are two bedrooms of good average proportions, each measuring 10 ft. by 10 ft.

The price of the bungalow is £145 10 0, exclusive of drainage or foundations. The cost of erection varies, of course, in accordance with situation and local conditions. Separate estimates are given for this.

A striking innovation, only this year introduced by Messrs. Boulton and Paul into their timber bungalows, is the specially designed "Easiwork" built-in furniture, which can be included if required. By this means, much valuable space is saved and a better effect of comfort and spaciousness is given to the interior of the house.

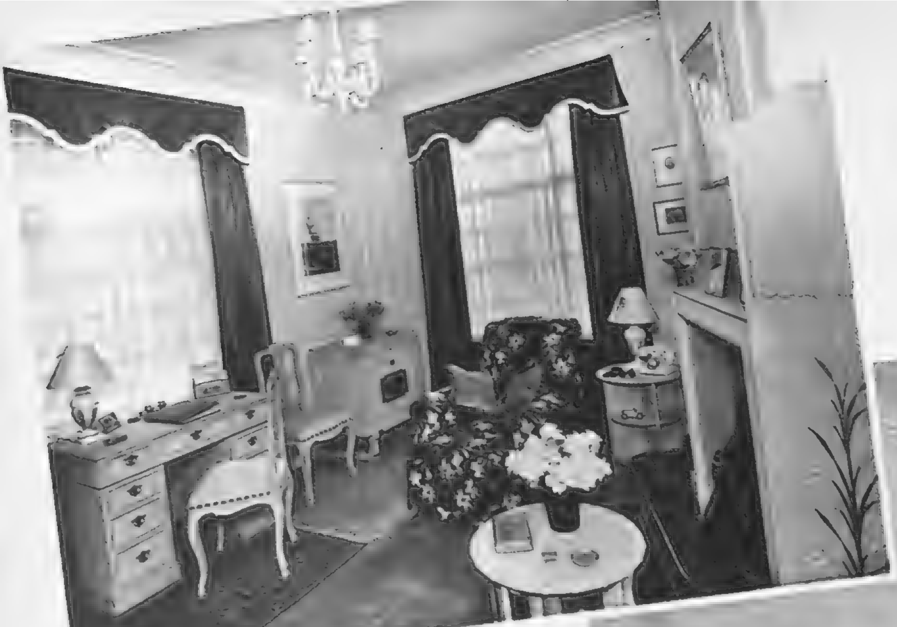
Look for the Sunshine Bungalow if you are visiting the Ideal Homes Exhibition at Olympia this year. It is a centre of much interest.

Led as we are in nearly all such matters by the United States, it is interesting to hear of an all-steel pre-fabricated house which is proving popular in that land where incomparable stretches of shore make the beach house a favourite retreat. One company who make an all-steel unit house of exceptional charm and luxury include materials, foundation, heating, wiring, plumbing, painting, and erection in the cost of $3500. This seems expensive in comparison with our own timber houses in the £200 and £300 class, but the steel house is an altogether more elaborate construction.

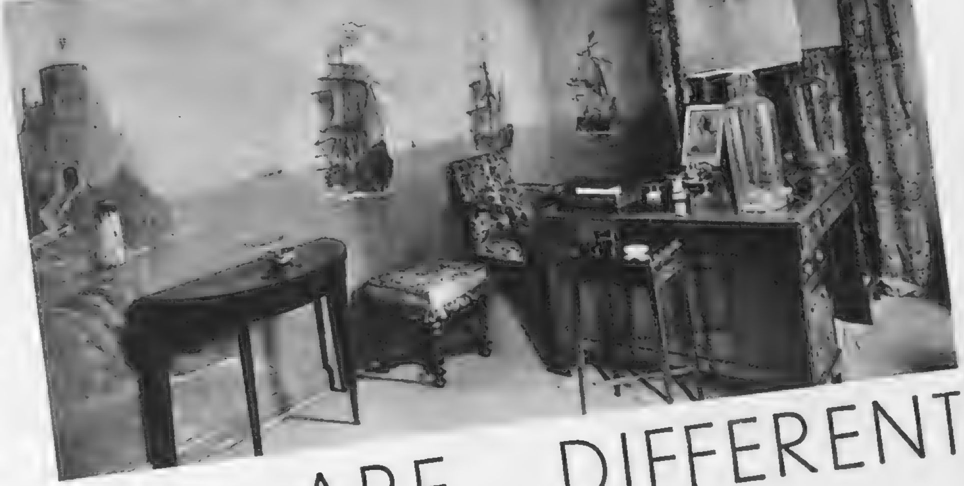
(*Continued on page* 98)

Loggias are important in the seaside house and it pays to make them comfortable. This one in a Sussex retreat has sliding panels and a vita-glass roof

Mr. John Wells has created for himself a period Regency drawing-room in York Terrace (seen in the photograph on the right). His chairs are covered with material from an old coach-lining



Lord Curzon has a study with pale grey stripped oak furniture, nigger-brown satin curtains and chairs covered in a brown chintz patterned with tiger lilies.



Ships are sailing round the walls of Lord Inchcape's study. His desk lamps are, in reality, old glass whisky decanters from a country inn.

MEN'S ROOMS ARE DIFFERENT

Not so long ago there was an apparently unshakable tradition about the furniture and decoration of a man's room. It was called a " den " and was designed by the kindly mistress of the house as a species of glory-hole for the master.

Some kind of nondescript buff paper covered the walls, but was more or less obscured by rows of college photographs, oars, trophies of the 'chase, pipe-racks.

Chairs were upholstered in elderly brown leather, the curtains were of dark brown or dark green plush or serge, and the carpet matched them.

There was a general odour of stale pipe smoke, an impression of untidy papers and books and bills about on a bureau that was considered too shabby for any other room in the house, tarnished brass ash trays, and a huddle of fishing rods, walking sticks and a rather moth-eaten kit-bag in one corner.

I don't know whether the sort of man who had that type of room really liked it, or whether they were mute, inglorious sufferers in an age of convention before the era when every man and woman is his or her own house-decorator, and there is literally nothing that cannot be attempted, once at least.

The gorgeous, gaudy dressing-gowns, smoking jackets, tasselled smoking caps and brilliant slippers of the period indicate, I think, that men really longed for more colour and gaiety in their rooms. Denied it, the impulse burst out elsewhere.

But perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps men did like and still do like that frusty, shabby, don't-dare-touch-my-things atmosphere. Some men.

But, generally speaking, masculine taste is changing.

These five photographs of rooms either furnished and decorated by men for themselves or by women for their menfolk, reveal how diverse is the taste of the modern man.

Roughly, it is the younger men who like ultra-modern rooms, black and off-white colour schemes, with austerity in furniture and flood-lighting, while period furniture, either Regency or early Victorian, is popular with older men.

Bathrooms cannot be too gay for men, who are notoriously slow bathers and like an attractive environment for that matutinal meditation that matters so much less now that a bathroom to every principal bedroom is the rule of so many houses and flats.

Vincent Paravicini, son of the Swiss Minister, has even installed a wireless loud-speaker in his bathroom in Wilton Street, encased in a neat blue box painted to match his blue wall-paper, which has clusters of red, white and blue flags on it. Bath and basin here are a deep blue.

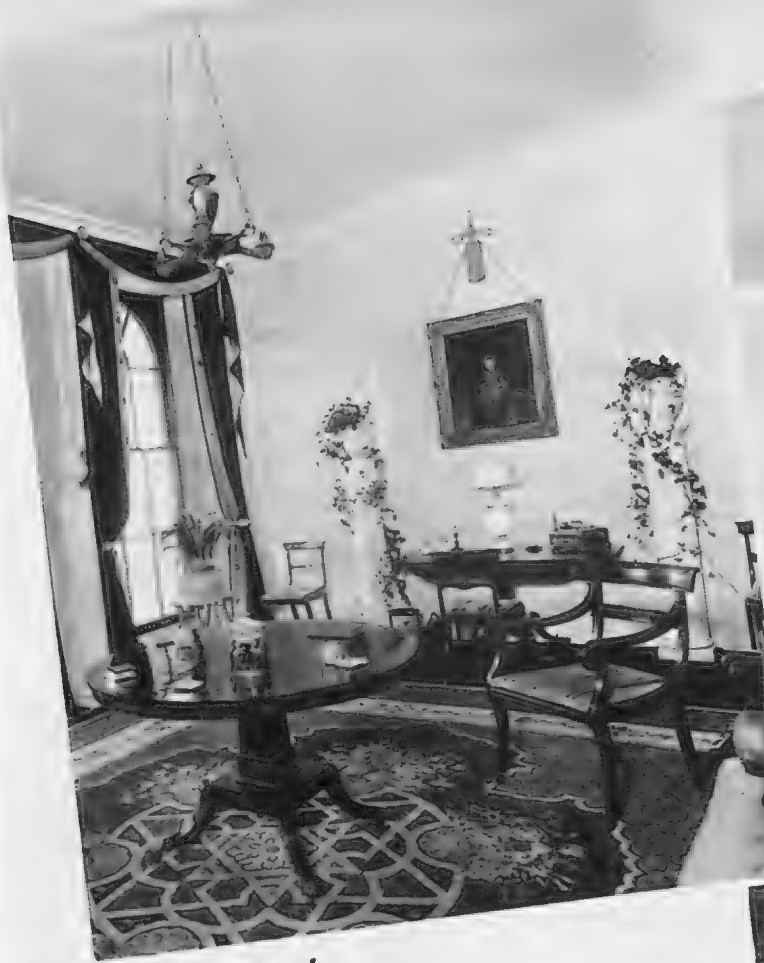
I like the crimson starfishes worked on the white muslin short curtains in Lord Westbury's green, white and red bathroom. Any kind of bird or beast can be worked on these curtains—necessary in London, where bathrooms are overlooked—but apt to be uninspired. At night, instead of curtains he has a red and white blind, striped to resemble a Venetian persienne.

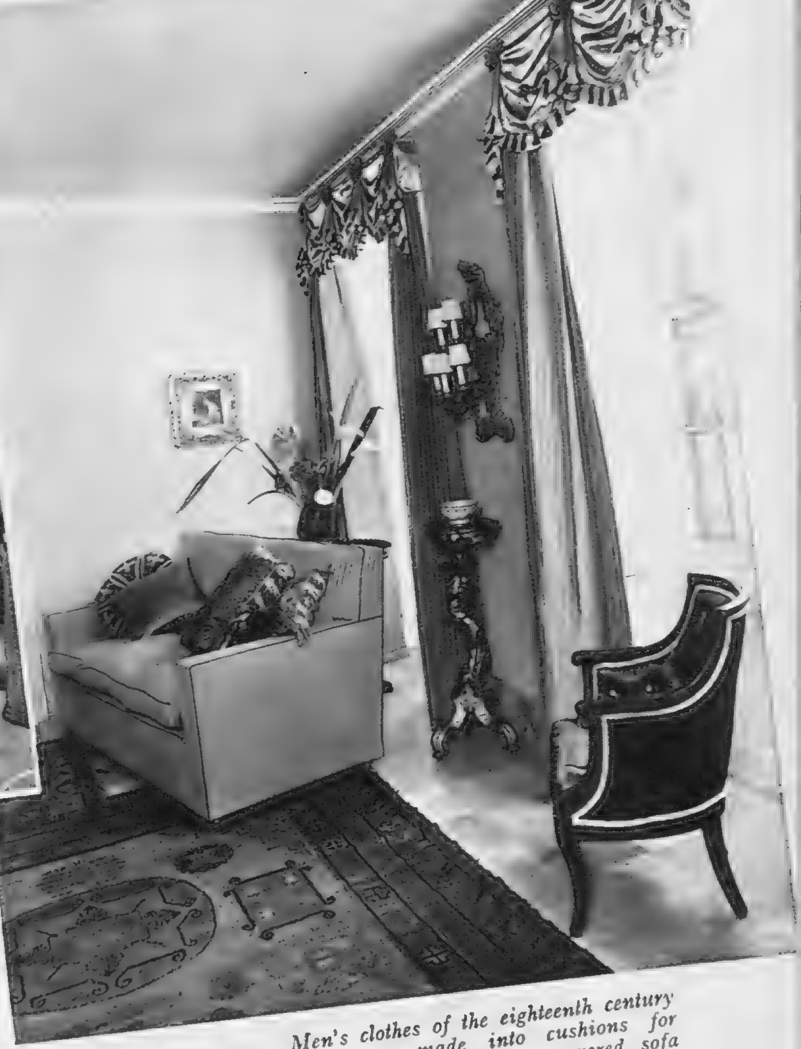
Two versions of the modern men's study are supplied by Lord Curzon and Lord Inchcape, in which the tastes of both men and their hobbies manage to figure without the rooms degenerating into dens.

Lord Curzon's interest is, of course, motor-racing. There are photographs of his cars on the pale grey stripped oak writing table, a model or two on the round table, with niches below that house pipes and the white telephone.

But there are always flowers in the room, and the pale grey furniture—radiogramophone matching—the pale-grey screen patterned with the tiger lilies of the nigger-brown chintz, and the off-white walls and ceiling lighten the room.

Dark-brown satin makes imposing curtains, the pelmets lightened with an edging of pale grey cut wool. The finishing touch lies in the bright green velvet cushions in the armchairs.





Men's clothes of the eighteenth century have been made into cushions for the pale grey and white covered sofa in Lord Westbury's pale grey drawing-room.

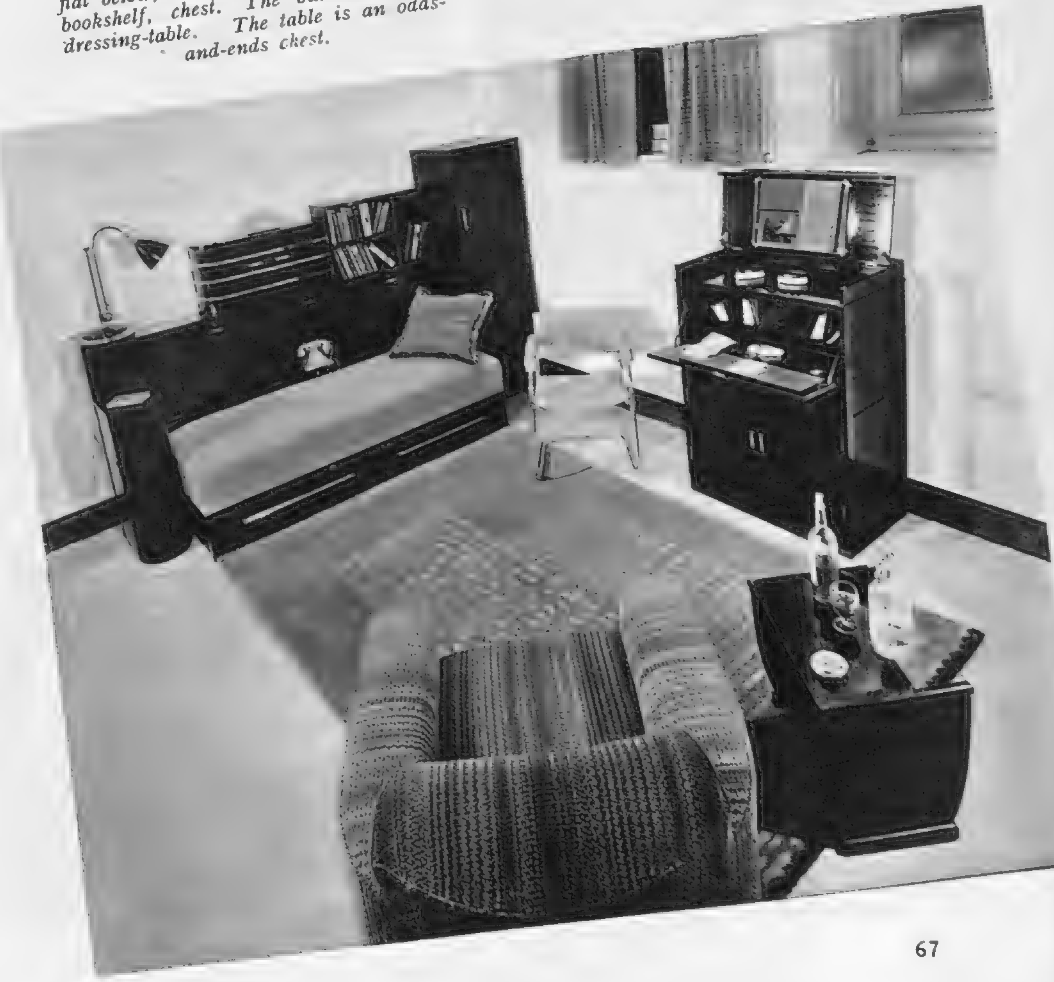
TO-DAY

In the modern, masculine, one-room flat below, the divan is also wardrobe, bookshelf, chest. The bureau is also dressing-table. The table is an odds-and-ends chest.

It is hardly necessary to say that Lord Inchcape is interested in shipping. Hence the ships painted all round the walls of his study. The chintz is one of those castle designs in red, green and white that serve to remind him of his beloved Glenapp Castle. The carpet is a pale beige. The two desk lights are amusingly masculine, made from old glass whisky decanters, a trouvaille from a country inn, while the shades are legal documents of the eighteenth century, written out on parchment.

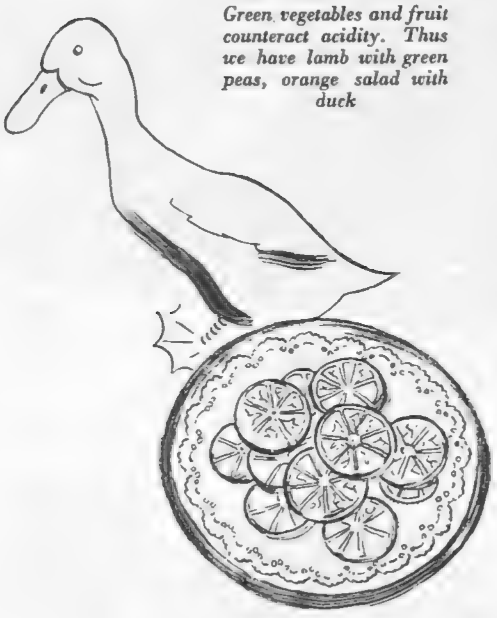
It is the masculine decoration experts who are responsible for the vogue of ensemble furnishing. For instance, the ivy garlands twining about the pillars in Mr. John Wells' Regency drawing-room in York Terrace, Regent's Park, and the pot plant, are much more true to period than fresh flowers would be. These were not used in houses until late in the century. Queen Alexandra was really responsible for the cut-flower fashion.

The deep-green serge of the old den appears in this room, it is true, but here it is lined with mustard yellow and edged with genuine Regency braid of yellow and white. An old coach-lining of mustard yellow and cream has been used to cover chairs, and yellow cords are draped above the pictures.

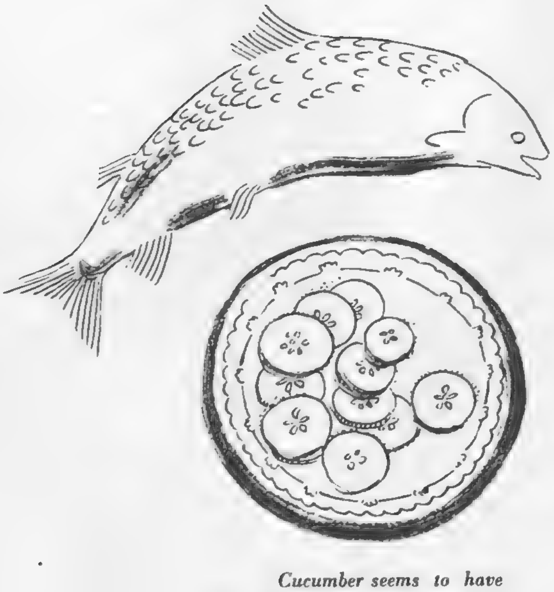


WHAT TO EAT WITH WHAT

By Elizabeth Hughes Hallett



Green vegetables and fruit counteract acidity. Thus we have lamb with green peas, orange salad with duck



Cucumber seems to have been specially made for salmon, so rich in oil that it needs something to aid digestion

Science has proved that not only cooking but proper combinations of food add greatly to its æsthetic value. Our ancestors found this out by instinct. The game which they hunted was eaten with a few berries gathered from the mountain ash, or even a handful of hips and haws from the hedgerows.

A lesson can even be learned from the Eskimo, who, although not versed in the fine art of cookery, will take the trouble to scrape the lichen off the rocks as an accompaniment to his standard diet of meat.

Modern appetites, dulled by civilisation, have to be coaxed and, using the cultivated berry, we make a preserve more pleasing to the eye and the palate to serve with our game, while herbs and salads, dressed and flavoured to suit our fastidious tastes, take the place of the Eskimo's lichen.

The experience of generations has given us set customs and combinations in our eating habits, and these we have unconsciously accepted.

Without stopping to think, we serve apple sauce with roast pork, stewed cranberries with turkey, and a colourful orange salad with duck and other game birds.

It can be easily understood how such combinations have been evolved. To counteract an acid we require an alkali.

Fruits such as oranges, lemons, and even grape-fruit are alkaline in their effect on the body, and it stands to reason that if served with acid foods, such as meat, fish, cereal, they will neutralise their acidity and so counteract their richness.

Since the war we have become bolder in experimenting with accompaniments and garnishes.

The serving of grape-fruit sections with fish is a delicious combination, while grapes heated in wine not only add colour and flavour to an uninteresting and insipid fish dish, but help to get away from the more than hackneyed slice of lemon.

Cucumber seems to have been specially made for salmon, so rich in oil that it needs something to aid digestion.

Fried cucumbers are also an excellent garnish for a grilled steak, and cooked aubergine or pineapple are good ideas of American origin. Baked bananas can be delicious with cutlets, while pickled damsons or peaches are excellent with cold meats of all kinds.

The serving of apple sauce need not be confined to pork only; it eats well with mutton, game, or ham. Rosy-red apple-rings make a delicious and palatable accompaniment to the breakfast rasher, and baked apples are delightful with pork sausages or the Michaelmas goose and Christmas turkey.

Green vegetables, peas and beans have the same alkaline effect as fruit, while salads are most useful in balancing richness and acidity. So we find our lamb served with green peas, salt beef with greens, our pork with beans. Little individual salads are not only decorative but have a definite physiological purpose. Intermingled with thin wafers of fresh apple, small portions of orange, or perhaps topped with melon and mint balls, they are doubly valuable.

Inclination sometimes makes us combine certain foods. For example, there is veal and poultry, both rich in flesh-forming proteins but deficient in fat, the heat-giving material. What is more natural than to supply this fat in another form? These two meats are rather insipid and so we look for something tasty. Little bacon rolls, or a stuffing. Where there is no stuffing, a savoury bread or white sauce serves the same purpose. White fish and tripe also require this white sauce to balance things up. To get the real flavour out of liver and bring up a proper food balance, it is served with bacon rashers or a savoury stuffing and a good gravy.

For game there is fried bread-crumbs and potato chips to balance the dish, and the fashion of the moment is to serve a fruit salad in place of the usual green one.

The old-fashioned Haw and Rowan Jelly or Rose Hip Conserve is a specialty of the North, and if game birds, hare and venison would be served in their full flavour, it is well worth reviving these old-world preserves as accompaniments.

Pork, which is very fat and therefore heat-giving, requires to be eaten with peas pudding to make up the protein necessary for a balanced meal. Peas, beans and lentils are all rich in protein.

A meal without fat is generally found to leave an aching void soon after the repast is over. The reason for this is that fat delays digestion, and the slower process prevents a sinking feeling. Our natural instincts therefore tell us to eat bread with butter, porridge with creamy milk, or macaroni with cheese.

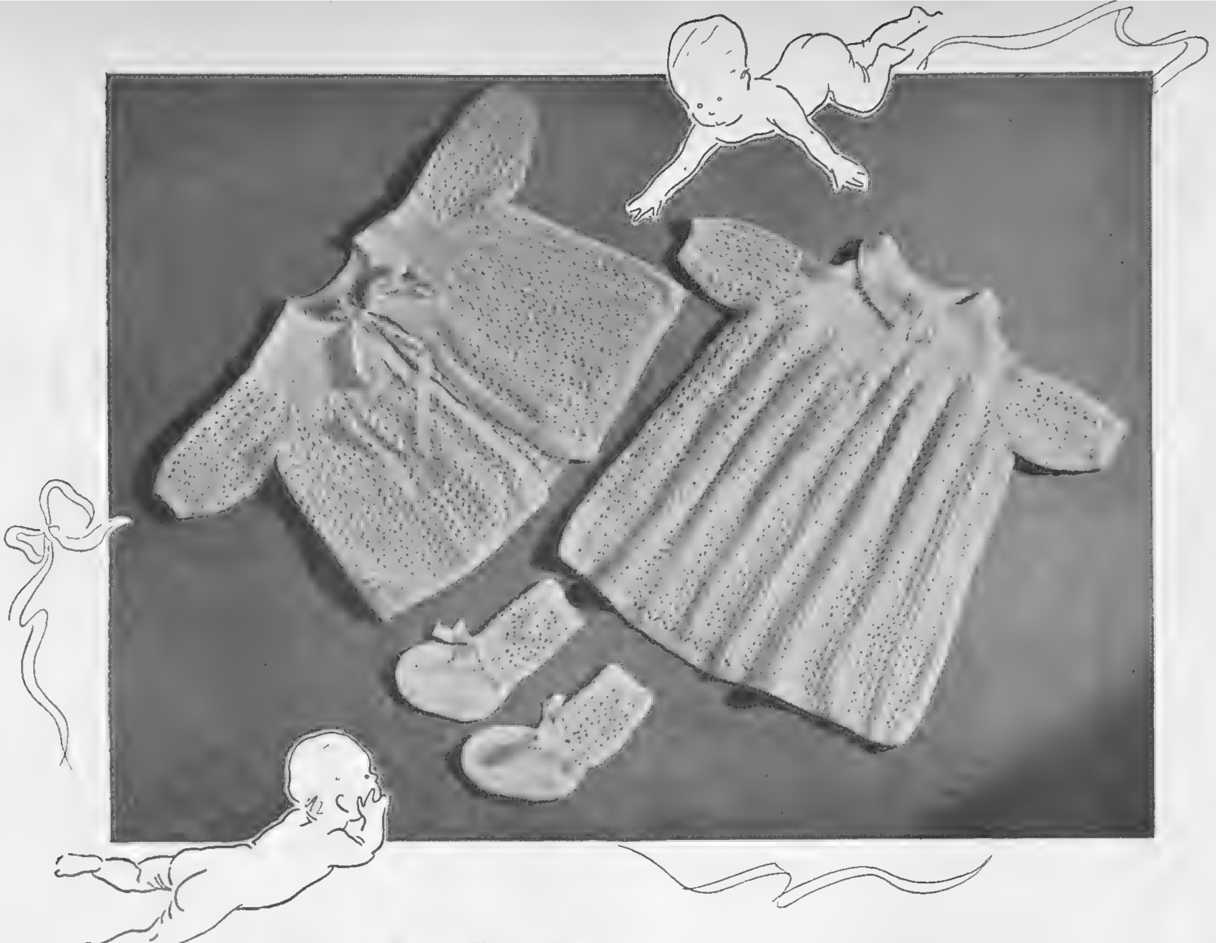
We instinctively take a roll and butter with a light luncheon of salad, or even add a little ball of cream cheese.

Vinegar and its versatile relation, the lemon, are used a great deal in dressings and garnishes, the reason being that these help to soften meat and fish fibres; also the hard cellulose in green vegetables. In this way no great strain is put on the digestive system.

There is the mint sauce, made either with vinegar or lemon-juice, which invariably goes with lamb. No dish of veal is worthy of the name without its garnish of lemon, while for fish it is the cook's stand-by.

Then there is the French dressing made with lemon-juice or vinegar, a sprinkling of which is just enough to break up the fibres of green

(Continued on page 98)



BABY SET

MATERIALS REQUIRED FOR THE SET :

5 ozs. of Patons and Baldwin's "Pagoda" Crêpe. . . 1 pair of Stratnoid Pins No. 9 ; 1 pair of Stratnoid Pins No. 11. . . Buttons. . . Ribbon.

MEASUREMENTS :

Frock length, 16½ ins. Coat length, 11 ins. Tension, 7 sts. to 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS :

K. Knit ; P. Purl ; Sts. Stitches ; Tog. Together ; Beg. Beginning ; M. Make ; Inc. Increase ; Dec. Decrease ; S. Slip ; P.S.S.O. Pass Slip Stitch Over ; Pat. Pattern.

DRESS (BACK) :

With No. 9 pins cast on 141 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row. Rib 5 rows, K. 1, P. 1. Continue in following pattern :

1st row : K. 2, * K. 2 tog., M. 1, K. 1, M. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 1. Repeat from * to last st., K. 1.

2nd row : Purl.

3rd row : K. 1, K. 2 tog., * M. 1, K. 3, M. 1, S. 1, K. 2 tog., P.S.S.O. Repeat from * to last 6 sts., M. 1, K. 3, M. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 1.

4th row : Purl.

These 4 rows form pattern. Work until 12 ins. from start.

SHAPE FOR ARMHOLES AND YOKE :

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows.

5th row : Work 51. Cast off 15. Work 51. Work on each 51 sts., casting off 6 sts. every alternate row at inside edge until 9 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT : Work as Back.

SLEEVES :

With No. 11 pins, cast on 45 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row. Rib 5 rows, K. 1, P. 1. Change to No. 9 pins and work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 51 sts. When sleeve measures 3½ ins. from start, cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 31 sts. remain. Cast off.

YOKE :

With No. 11 pins cast on 180 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row. Rib 7 rows, K. 1, P. 1.

9th row : Rib 3, cast off 4, rib 1. * Take next 3 sts. tog. Rib 15. Repeat from * to last 10 sts. Take next 3 sts. tog. Rib 7.

10th row : Rib to cast off sts. Cast on 4. Rib 3 (160 sts.) Rib 6 rows.

17th row : * Rib 7. Take next 3 sts. tog. Rib 6. Repeat from * to end (140 sts.).

Rib 7 rows, making buttonhole on 19th row.

25th row : * Rib 6. Take next 3 sts. tog. Rib 5. Repeat from * to end.

Rib 7 rows, making buttonhole on 29th row. Cast off fairly tightly in rib.

COAT :

With No. 9 pins cast on 291 sts. Work as for dress, keeping 6 sts. at each edge in K. 1, P. 1, rib for 8 ins.

SHAPE FOR ARMHOLES AND YOKE :

1st row : Work 69. Cast off 12. Work 129. Cast off 12. Work 69. Work on last 69 sts., casting off 6 sts. at beg. of next armhole end row.

2nd row : Cast off 18. Work to end. Then cast off 6 sts. every alternate row at front edge until 9 sts. remain. Cast off. Return to centre 129 sts. Purl 1 row.

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (117 sts.). Shape for yoke as for frock. Return to 1st 69 sts. and work to correspond with last 69 sts.

SLEEVES :

With No. 11 pins cast on 45 sts. Work as for dress sleeves, increasing until 57 sts. When sleeve measures 4½ ins., cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 37 sts. remain. Cast off.

YOKE FOR COAT :

Work as for frock yoke, omitting buttonholes.

COLLAR :

Cast on 110 sts. Work 1½ ins., K. 1, P. 1, rib, increasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row. Cast off loosely in rib.

BOOTEES :

With No. 9 pins cast on 39 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row. Rib 5 rows, K. 1, P. 1. Continue in pattern for 3¼ ins.

SHAPE FOOT :

1st row : K. 26. Turn, P. 13. Work 28 rows stocking st. on these centre 13 sts.

SHAPE SOLE :

Pick up and knit 14 sts. from right side of front strip. K. 13 sts. of front strip. Pick up and knit 14 sts. from left side of front strip. K. 13 sts. from left instep (67 sts. in all with 13 sts. of right instep). Work 11 rows stocking st.

12th row : K. 3, K. 2 tog., K. 24, K. 2 tog., K. 5, K. 2 tog., K. 24, K. 2 tog., K. 3.

13th row : P. 3, P. 2 tog., P. 22, P. 2 tog., P. 5, P. 2 tog., P. 22, P. 2 tog., P. 3.

Continue in this way, decreasing every row at same 4 points until 35 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP :

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew yoke to frock and coat. Sew up all seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on buttons. Work buttonholes. Run ribbon through shoes and ribbon to tie coat. Sew collar to dress.

EATING OUT

Your opinion of any restaurant depends largely on the ordering of a meal. If you are sometimes unlucky, it is not always the fault of the restaurant.

In most good places, of course, there are head waiters whose business it is to be able to sum up the customer almost at a glance and guide him tactfully to the choice of a meal which will give him every satisfaction both from the greedy and the financial points of view.

This, alas, is not always what happens, but in any case the customer himself should know some of the rules of the game; and as there are so many psychological factors—the mood you are in, the occasion, your guests, the weather—it would be an excellent thing if people who frequent restaurants knew a little more about ordering a meal and the drinks to go with it.

For anything like a party (more than three or four people) always order in advance. When this is not possible try to get one person to order for the whole party, otherwise you will be half the night deciding what everybody is going to eat.

* * *

Mixed hors-d'œuvre for luncheon, but not for dinner.

Try the *plat du jour* (especially for luncheon).

Don't order extra vegetables with the main dish until you know what the garniture of the dish is. It only adds to the expense and often spoils the dish.

* * *

Order while having your *aperitif* in the lounge, when there is one. Choose the main dish first, grouping the others around it.

* * *

Don't drink too many cocktails before a really good dinner.

* * *

Offer your guests wine whenever possible. There are in most restaurants good "carafe" wines which are quite cheap.

Let us take, for instance, a little luncheon *à deux* at which you wish either to talk business or to gossip with an old friend. Something short but substantial, which will put you and your friend in a good humour without making you sleepy for the afternoon's work which is to follow.

While glancing through the menu you will drink a glass of dry sherry or a light cocktail, and having decided to take the *plat du jour* as a main course (it is always wise to choose this, which is usually a speciality dish complete with a suitable garnishing of vegetables), you will then settle whether the meal will start with hors-d'œuvre or something more choice like smoked salmon or trout, potted shrimps, dried ham or grape-fruit.

Cheese or a sweet chosen from the *entremets du jour* will complete a perfectly satisfactory luncheon, and as for drinks I would suggest beer, a light Moselle or a pink wine, if the restaurant boasts of a really good *vin rose.*

For a luncheon party the meal should be a little longer, and as a menu I think something like this would give pleasure to all your guests:

Hors-d'œuvre.
An egg dish.
Entrée or grill.
Sweet.
Cheese.

The egg dish could be any of the following; omelette, *œufs brouillés, œufs en cocotte* or *sur le plat*; the entrée, unless you choose the *plat du jour*, a grilled chicken, *entrecôte minute*, or some dish for which you know that particular restaurant to be famous. The sweet can well be one out of the collection of the day.

In any case you will probably find that most of your guests will not take both sweet *and* cheese; but as it is a party, I think they should both be offered. The same wines or other drinks suggested before would do for a luncheon party of this kind, but personally I would offer light claret to those who might prefer it.

The choice of a suitable luncheon menu is comparatively easy, as everybody has something to do afterwards, but the choice of a good dinner is a more complex matter, for there are so many things to be considered.

First of all, the theatre dinner. I do not think the number of the party makes much difference, but the type of guest does. If your friends belong to the "cocktail party no time for dinner, supper afterwards" set, then it is scarcely worth ordering anything at all.

But for ordinary people who look forward to their dinner a good, though not too long meal should be chosen. Here is the menu for a little dinner I once gave to some American friends before going to the Opera (I should mention it was Rossini—*La Cenerentola*, I think), which is a very good model.

We started with iced *consommé Madrilène*, some fillets of sole *en goujon*, then a wing of chicken with spring vegetables and a green salad, and the sweet was a strawberry soufflé. Before the dinner we drank gin and grape-fruit cocktails, and with it pink still champagne. The whole meal was light, satisfying and gay, so that we arrived in our seats in the best of moods.

A meal of this type, in my opinion, would be suitable as a prelude to any kind of show, from a revue to a symphony concert. It is suitable for a romantic couple very much in love.

If you are dining really late, with the intention of spending the whole evening pleasantly over the dinner table, then something different is required. So here is my plan for a restaurant dinner party.

Four or five courses will be quite sufficient, starting with a cup of consommé or expensive hors-d'œuvre (if you can afford it) such as caviar, oysters, smoked salmon.

Then a dish of fish, this to depend on your choice of the main dish. For instance, if this is

(*Continued on page* 140)

COOKING CRAFT

By A. H. ADAIR

Shallow fat takes longer, but makes delicious crisp potatoes

Put a drop of vinegar in the water when poaching eggs

After cleaning onions, wash the hands in cold water

Perhaps I should warn very experienced readers, cooks, housekeepers and others that this article is not for them. They will probably say they " know all about it and don't need him to tell us." Which is quite as it should be.

There are many, however, who are starting on their struggle in the daily battle of food, and I hope these few hints will help them to run their kitchens easily and pleasantly and turn what many people consider a painful duty into an agreeable pastime, one which is, after all, the fundamental basis of happy family life.

Kitchen Planning

Don't think a small kitchen is a drawback. On the contrary; even if you have a very large kitchen concentrate your equipment into the smallest possible space.

The ideal kitchen is the one with the table, the stove, the sink, the refrigerator or larder and dresser all as near to each other as possible.

Everything should be within easy reach, so that you save time and energy by not having to walk miles from one place to another.

Choose good, plain and *solid* furniture. A rickety table or a flimsy stove will annoy you, get on your nerves and spoil your temper and your cooking.

Utensils

Have a *minimum* number; you know the type of cooking you have to do, so stick to essentials and don't add to your difficulties by having a lot of useless implements always in the way.

Three really good sharp-pointed chef's knives are most important, a small, a medium and a large one which also can be used as a chopper. And a strong, solid chopping board, which can also be used for pastry.

Besides a thick boiling saucepan or two have a small copper one for delicate sauces and a copper *sauté* pan.

Two plain iron frying pans are necessary if you like omelettes, for it is better to keep one exclusively for omelettes only. The other can be used for general frying, and if it is large enough will take the place of a deep frying basket.

One colander and one cone-shaped strainer, a large two-pronged fork, a whip, two or three wooden spoons, almost complete your equipment, though I would also have one or two nice-looking oven-proof dishes in which you can both cook and serve certain things.

Frying

Before frying or *sauté*-ing—the process is very similar, excepting that to *sauté* something is to fry it much more quickly, tossing it in the pan constantly so that it is evenly cooked and browned—have the pan *hot* before you start, even before you put in the fat or butter.

This makes a coat of very hot air between the pan and the ingredient and greatly reduces the chance of burning, or even catching. But of course your utensils must be good and thick to start with.

For most frying do the process slowly. It is better to take a little longer than to risk burning and having to throw things away and start all over again.

You can fry potatoes, cut in smallish cubes, in shallow fat or butter. They will take a little longer, as you must do them slowly, but the result will be delicious and crisp.

If you do use deep fat, then it must be really deep enough for the potatoes, or whatever it may be, to be completely immersed, and the fat must be really boiling (that is, when you see a thin blue smoke arising from it). You must never put too many things at once in boiling fat, or they will stick together instead of revolving freely about.

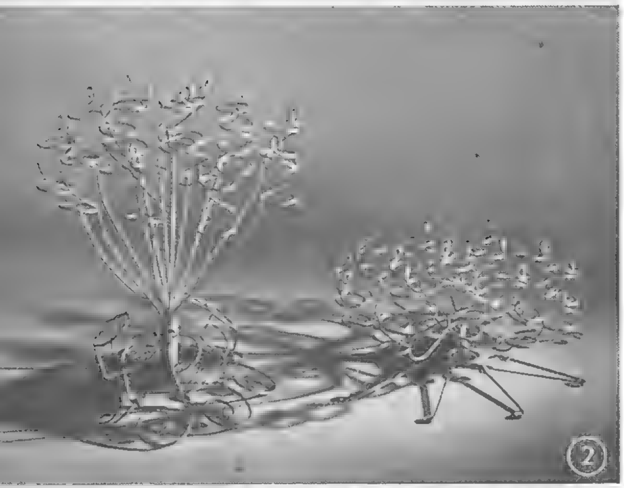
Always dust fish with flour before frying it. The best way is to sprinkle a little flour on a clean cloth, rub it all over and then shake away the surplus flour. Roll the fish in the cloth and shake it a little.

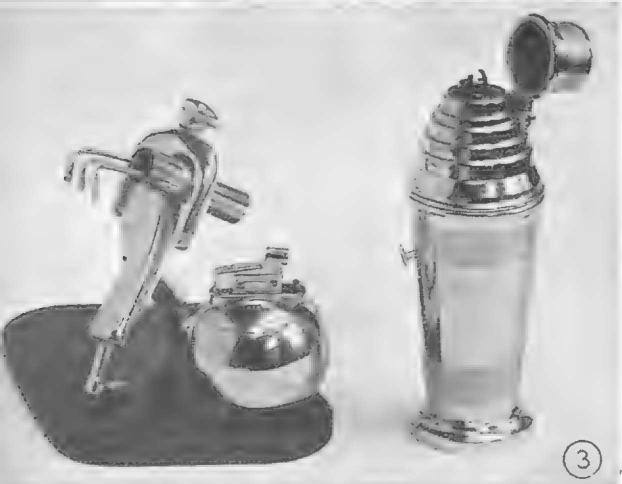
Boiling

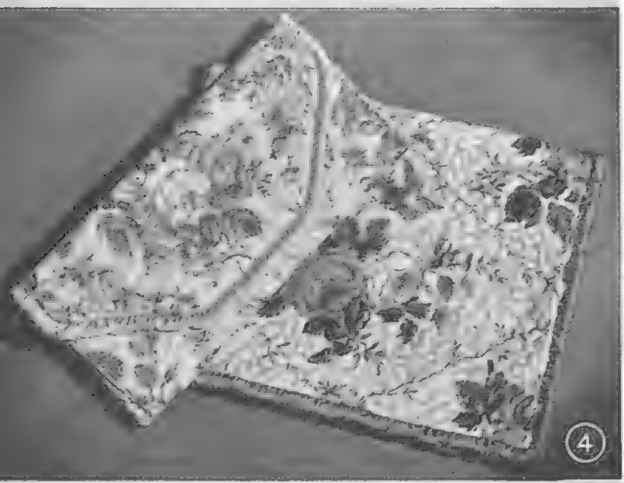
Soup ingredients start in cold water, and are then brought slowly to the boil while you remove scum. In this way all the goodness comes slowly out of the meat and vegetables. For stews and *ragoûts* it is the reverse. You start the things in *boiling* water, which closes the pores and keeps all the goodness in.

Once brought to the boil, either soup or stew must slowly simmer. Fish should never really boil, but poach—that is, having been brought to the boil, remove it to a very slow fire and keep it barely at boiling point.

(*Continued on page* 141)







GOOD BUYS OF THE MONTH

① You can have a ringside seat for every sporting event if you wear a pair of Dunbar American Sports Glasses. It saves you the effort of holding up binoculars. They are three-power adjustable, and cost 15s. 6d. (Post free)

② Your friends will envy your flower arrangements if you use these rustless wire, non-corrosive stem supports. They can be made to fit any vase, and the supports will open out to any desired position. A heavily weighted base keeps the whole fitment steady. Those illustrated are 3s. each (postage 6d.), and there are others from 1s.

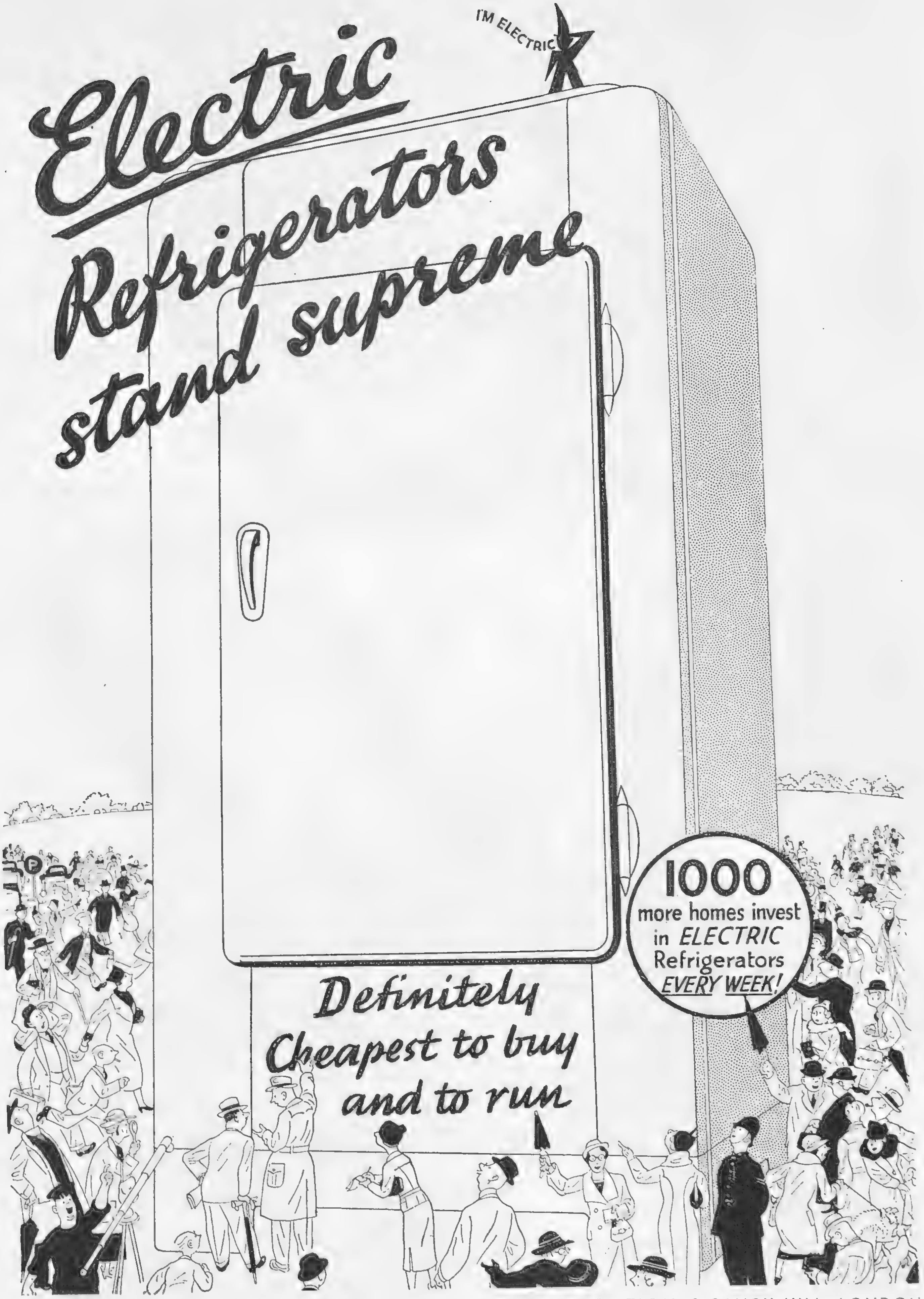
③ The newest table lighters are battery operated, and light at the press of a button. This one, made of chromium plate and shaped like a cocktail shaker, costs 37s. 6d. The golfer table lighter, of heavy chromium plate on an ebony base, is of the flint type, price 30s. (Both post free)

④ A nightdress sachet (15s. 9d.) and glove sachet (12s. 6d.) of glazed floral chintz, stitched with gold thread. Both are lined with artificial silk and have extra pockets in which handkerchiefs or stockings may be packed when travelling. The ruched piping matches the lining. (Postage 6d.)

⑤ He-men like a large breakfast cup of tea or coffee. This magnum cup is made of Paragon china and decorated with fox and hounds. The diameter of the top of the cup is 5¼ in. Price 14s. 6d. (Postage 9d.)

⑥ Successful and favourite recipes cut from papers and magazines will never be mislaid if pasted in this neat linen-covered recipe book and placed on the kitchen shelf. The book is indexed for soups, fish, entrées, meat, game, vegetables, sauces, sweets, etc. Price 2s. 6d. (Postage 3d.)

Write to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, enclosing a stamped postcard for reply, for addresses from which these articles may be obtained. If you would like us to buy for you, send an open postal order (no cheques, please) and we will fill in the name of the firm in question and see that the goods are despatched to you. Postage for England is given where possible, but postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance


I'M ELECTRIC
Electric Refrigerators stand supreme
1000 more homes invest in ELECTRIC Refrigerators EVERY WEEK!
Definitely Cheapest to buy and to run

ISSUED BY THE BRITISH ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION, 2 SAVOY HILL, LONDON

We are happy to give editorial endorsement to these reputable advertised products

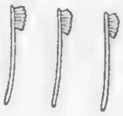
CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

The great fraternity of gardeners and garden lovers will fully appreciate *The Blue Book of Gardening.* Published by Carters' Tested Seeds, Ltd., this is one of the best shillingsworths ever published.

It is a complete catalogue and price list for every garden need—flowers, vegetables, tools, fertilisers, etc.—and is illustrated with many lovely plates, both in colour and photogravure.

In addition to this it contains a most useful " Diary of the Garden," which shows, month by month, exactly what seeds to sow in heat, in frames and in the garden.

A section on weeds and weeding is another interesting feature, while those who are contemplating the construction of a new lawn will find the fullest instructions and advice from the preparation of the ground to the after care of the finished product.



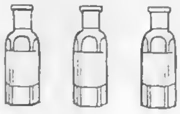
A toothbrush that has been approved of in writing by 96 per cent. of the dentists to whom it was sent must be a sound investment, and in drawing attention to the Tek Shorthead toothbrush we would like to point out that its efficiency is due to the fact that it is, in a manner of speaking, tailored to measure.

It has, in fact, been specially designed and constructed to fit right inside the arch at the back of the teeth so that you can clean your teeth from behind as well as in front, and can penetrate those crevices which are missed by less carefully designed brushes.

Tek toothbrushes are sold surgically clean in sealed cartons, price 2s. each. There are six colours to choose from and three types of bristle—extra hard, hard and medium. For children there is the Tek Junior at 1s. 3d.

Hair, nails, hands and feet are the four things which, more than anything else, hall-mark the well-groomed woman, but if your nails spoil your appearance, take heart. Whether they are ridged and spotted through ill-health, whether you have spoilt their shape through biting them, in fact whatever the cause of their bad looks, you can safely hide them behind Né Teb artificial finger nails.,

These nails cost 5s. 6d. a box, and can be trimmed and varnished as if they were your own. A special fixative ensures their remaining in position.



Just because you always associate chutney with curry don't make the mistake of thinking that your bottle of " Green Label " must sit on the larder shelf until curry appears on the menu. There are many ways in which this appetising preserve may be used, and if you have never tasted chutney kidneys you certainly have a treat in store for you. Here is the recipe :

Chutney Kidneys.

Ingredients: Four sheep's kidneys; 2 tablespoonfuls " Green Label " chutney, cut up fine; ½ teaspoonful made mustard; 4 teaspoonfuls vinegar ; ½ oz. flour ; 1 oz. butter.

Method : Split and lightly fry the kidneys in fat or butter. Make a sauce as follows : Put in a saucepan the 1 oz. butter, add the flour and fry together for a minute or two, then put in the vinegar and cook to a sauce ; add minced chutney, season with pepper and salt and the mixed mustard. Have ready some rounds of buttered toast. Place half a kidney on each and pour the sauce over them. Serve very hot.

"Green Label" is made from the choicest young mangoes mixed with aromatic spices, raisins and sugar, and is rich in vitamins A, B, and C.

Spring cleaning can be a very arduous task if tackled without method, so before you begin go through each room and make a list of all the equipment you will need.

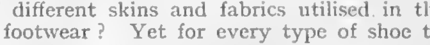
Perhaps you have a new carpet for the dining-room, and have decided to have a stained surround. In this case "Varnene" must have a place on your list. This excellent oil varnish stain, which gives a durable and glossy finish and can be relied upon not to chip, is obtainable in dark oak, mahogany, walnut, light oak, ebony black and clear (colourless).

If you have white enamel paint to clean remember that " Min " will quickly remove dirt and restore brilliance to the enamel. This white cream is also the ideal polish for mahogany, walnut, and all french-polished furniture, for it does not smear or fingermark.

One last suggestion—for floors, linoleums and stained surrounds use " Mansion " polish for a bright and lasting finish.

Calf, suède, patent, lizard, crocodile, pin seal, satin, kid, canvas, linen—have you ever stopped to think of the number of different skins and fabrics utilised in the manufacture of footwear ? Yet for every type of shoe there is a Meltonian dressing. This enterprising firm never lets the boot trade popularise any new material for the manufacture of shoes without obtaining a specimen of it. Experiments are then promptly carried out on it until a suitable and efficient cleaner has been found.

Meltonian creams in jars and tubes are obtainable in white, black, three shades of brown, blue and green. Other dressings include liquid suède cleaners and easy-to-use suède sticks in all the fashionable shades, liquid cleaners for grey lizard and brown reptile shoes, a white kid dressing, liquid white and block white dressings for canvas, a linen cleaner for linen shoes, and gold and silver cream for gold and silver kid shoes.



Of course you have noticed that the palms of your hands, the soles of your feet, the inside of your arms, and any parts of the body which are in constant contact with outside objects are entirely free of hair. It was this deduction that led Chas. H. Bellin to begin on a long series of laboratory experiments which resulted in the production of the " Wonderstoen."

A booklet called *The Truth About Wonderstoen* gives the whole story of this simple and harmless hair eraser, which has been registered in the U.S. Patent Office for over thirty years as " Bellin's Wonderstoen." Free copies may be obtained on application to Dept. 4, Fassett and Johnson, Ltd., 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

WALKING IS FUN
HELEN
VENUTA
BURNLEY
LE BEAU
ARROW
SELBERITE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
Low-Arch
Medium Arch
High Arch

Look for this trade mark. All genuine Arch Preservers bear it.

WITH *Arch-Curve* FITTING

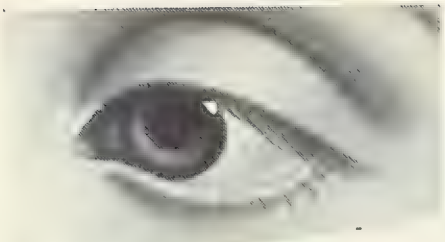
You will instantly sense a thrilling freedom in your stride.... grace in your posture....ease in every step....when your ARCH CURVE has been correctly fitted. It can be now, whether it is low, medium or high, but only in Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes. Besides the *feel* of these shoes, you will love to *see* them on your feet.

They are made in a smart array of new *Slenderized* styles.

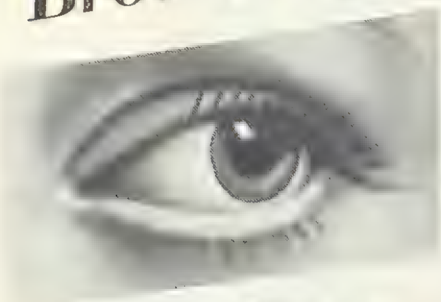
300 Shops in the British Isles are authorized to fit and sell Selberite Arch Preservers. Write for a list of them, with a catalogue of new styles for Spring, to—

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD.
***(London Office)* 53 REGENT ARCADE HOUSE, REGENT STREET, W.1**

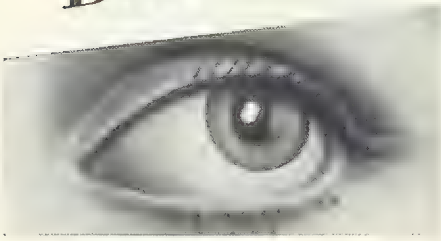
SELBERITE *Slenderized* **ARCH PRESERVERS**



Brown Eyes



Blue Eyes



Grey Eyes?

Every day your eyes are invaded by invisible germs of every kind. They become covered with just such a film of dust and smoke and soot as your face and hands. *And they are far more sensitive!*

No wonder people's eyes betray their age! No wonder they suffer from disfiguring eye-troubles. It is astonishing they escape so long!

To keep your eyes young, to keep that sparkle of youth, and to avoid ugly wrinkles, waxed-up eyelashes, styes and other tell-tale signs of increasing age, bathe your eyes regularly with Optrex, to wash away the germs and dust, tone up the tired and strained muscles. You will be amazed at the freshness it brings.

Optrex is a scientific lotion for the eyes, used and recommended by Doctors and Opticians everywhere. It is perfectly safe — even for the most sensitive eyes.

Whether you wear glasses or not you should have your eyes examined regularly by a Qualified Practitioner.

Optrex BRAND
EYE LOTION

On sale at all Chemists at 2/- (with free eye bath), 3/6 (triple size) and 8/- (family size). For interesting booklet 'The Care of the Eyes' full of vital information, please write to Dept. BE5, Wilcox, Jozeau & Co. Ltd., North Circular Road, London, N.W.2.

Simon

(*Continued from page 17*)

distance." He remounted the mare, shook his head and smiled. "Guess we're not going to get rid of this dog to-day."

The cavalcade that returned to Long Marlow was exactly the one that left it. Peter Norton never understood the look of suppressed joy that stole over Cecil's face as they rode into the courtyard.

That night Simon and the Labrador slept together on the bed of hay, and Sally, from her troubled sleep, uttered sudden, quivering noises. Cecil had thought the Labrador was following him reluctantly when finally he had gone to his room, and he had not been surprised when he had turned to call him to find that he had disappeared.

ACTIVITY began at an early hour the next morning. Cecil did not appear at the stable at the usual time, but Simon could hear his hurried footsteps in the courtyard. He was banging doors and splashing water on the stones. Something in the tone of the activity told Simon that all was not well. When Cecil stalked into the stable, face pale, eyes distracted, he knew that there was trouble. Cecil chose a bottle from a shelf and went out. When Simon followed him, querulously, he turned on him. "Stay where you are," he commanded. "No sense in your getting it too."

"Get what?" Simon thought. And when Cecil was gone from view he picked his way quietly towards the kennels and lay down behind the feed shed. He could hear Cecil stirring about inside, but over the sound of footsteps a series of rough coughs reached his ear. Before long another sound sent Cecil running from the feed room—Peter Norton's high-pitched voice calling to him.

There followed an excited conversation, abruptly punctuated by apt ejaculations from Norton.

"I don't know how it happened," Cecil protested. "I came down this morning and they were all coughing. 'Bluebell' is the worst, and she must have given it to the others. It must have come on in the night."

"Damn it! I'll have a look at her. Get the vet out here," Norton exploded.

So that was it. Simon crept from his hiding place and sat down in front of the kennels. When Norton reappeared, he studied Simon for a moment, then let out a ponderous oath.

"What's that, sir?" Cecil asked.

"Don't ask me to repeat it. It was inspired. Do you suppose that dog carried it here?"

"No, sir, not possible." Cecil defended Simon's condition with vehemence.

"How do you know?" Norton demanded.

"Why, there's nothing the matter with him, sir. He's healthy as can be. You can see that to look at him, sir. And I washed him myself in lysol and disinfectant soap. In a pinch, sir, you might try him to-day."

Peter Norton emitted a sound between a grunt and a cry. "Have you lost your mind, man? This is supposed to be a shoot, not a burlesque. I don't believe anyone's ever shot over this dog in his life."

"He's not bad," Cecil offered quietly, with an assurance that startled even himself.

"What do you mean? How do you know?"

"Well, I've been trying him out a bit, sir."

"Do you know what you're talking about, Cecil?"

Simon inched towards Cecil, sending telepathic waves of confidence towards his friend, who was inventing, on the spur of the moment, the most magnificent lie Simon had ever heard.

Norton pulled at his moustache. "Well, Sir Martin will certainly pull my leg, but I haven't much choice."

Sir Martin, Simon knew, was Norton's arrogant companion of the previous day. Simon wanted to tell Peter Norton that he would have no cause for shame, but secretly he wondered how he would stem the tide of Sir Martin's blatant contempt during the initial period of the shoot.

Sir Martin refused to believe that "Bluebell" was too sick to appear, and put her absence down to some pre-arranged plan of Norton's to preserve the reputation of his prize gun dog. Of Simon he took no notice, feeling that he was a joke perpetrated by sheer eccentricity. Very little in the way of conversation passed between him and Norton as they walked to the stands. Williams, Norton's loader, trudged behind with a long face and disgruntled slouch, irritated at having any part, however inconspicuous, in the travesty.

When the first pheasants flew over, he scarcely deigned to notice whether or not his master's eye was in. Not until he saw Simon stiffen at his side, nostrils quivering, eyes keen and bright, did he realise that a bird had fallen. Sir Martin's retriever was already off after his master's birds.

Norton looked down at Simon as he passed his smoking gun to Williams. There was a pause, a moment of doubt in his expression.

"Fetch!" he commanded.

Simon tore off, eager, excited and sure. Williams and Norton waited in nervous silence, both simultaneously stealing a glance at Sir Martin, who was taking a small pheasant from the jaws of his Labrador. Presently the grass was parted by a black creature bobbing confidently towards them. Before Simon was completely distinguishable they saw that he bore a hen pheasant in his mouth. Williams let out a long sigh. Norton bit his moustache in sheer relief.

Towards the end of the day Simon's master's bag was no bigger than is usual for a fairly good shot, but every bird in the bag was circumstantial evidence of Simon's success and justification of Cecil's bold venture, from which he would now arise unscathed. The last drive had been over a stream, and Simon was too preoccupied with his master's luck to take the slightest interest in the welfare of Sir Martin or his champion retriever. But he could sense something of forced condescension in the attitude of his master's friend.

"I say, Peter," Sir Martin began, thrusting a hand into the pocket of his jacket. "A bird of mine just fell over the other side of the stream. My dog can't seem to find it. Think yours could?"

Norton glanced at Simon, whose lop-sided ear had turned ludicrously inside out. "I don't know. I'll see."

At the command, Simon disappeared through the high grass, and Norton lit a cigarette. The shoot was over.

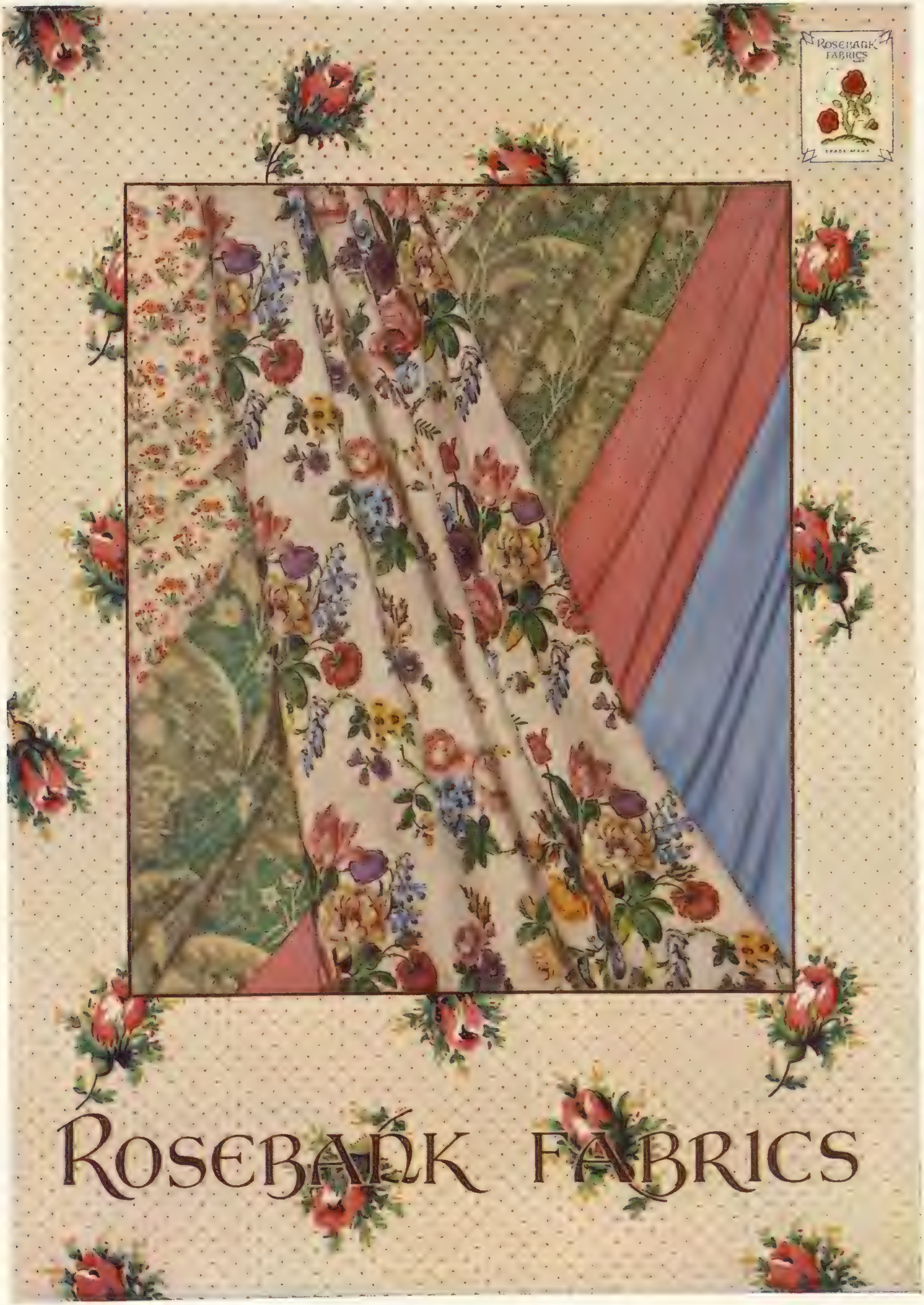
Simon never enjoyed a swim more than the one through the icy stream. Tail wagging with the excitement of the test, he scurried in and out through the undergrowth, sniffing the ground, oblivious of the burs and the bushes that scratched his nose and caught at his ears. There was distinctly a pheasant odour in the close radius of his nose. Was he to be baulked in the real test? Relentlessly he pursued it, and then his heart stood still as his jaws opened and gently closed on the largest cock pheasant he had ever been asked to carry. Retracing his steps, he came again to the stream. Taking a firmer hold of his prize, he walked into the cold water and swam, head well up, to the other side.

During the last few steps to the stand Simon's soul spoke through his eyes. Norton stamped out his cigarette.

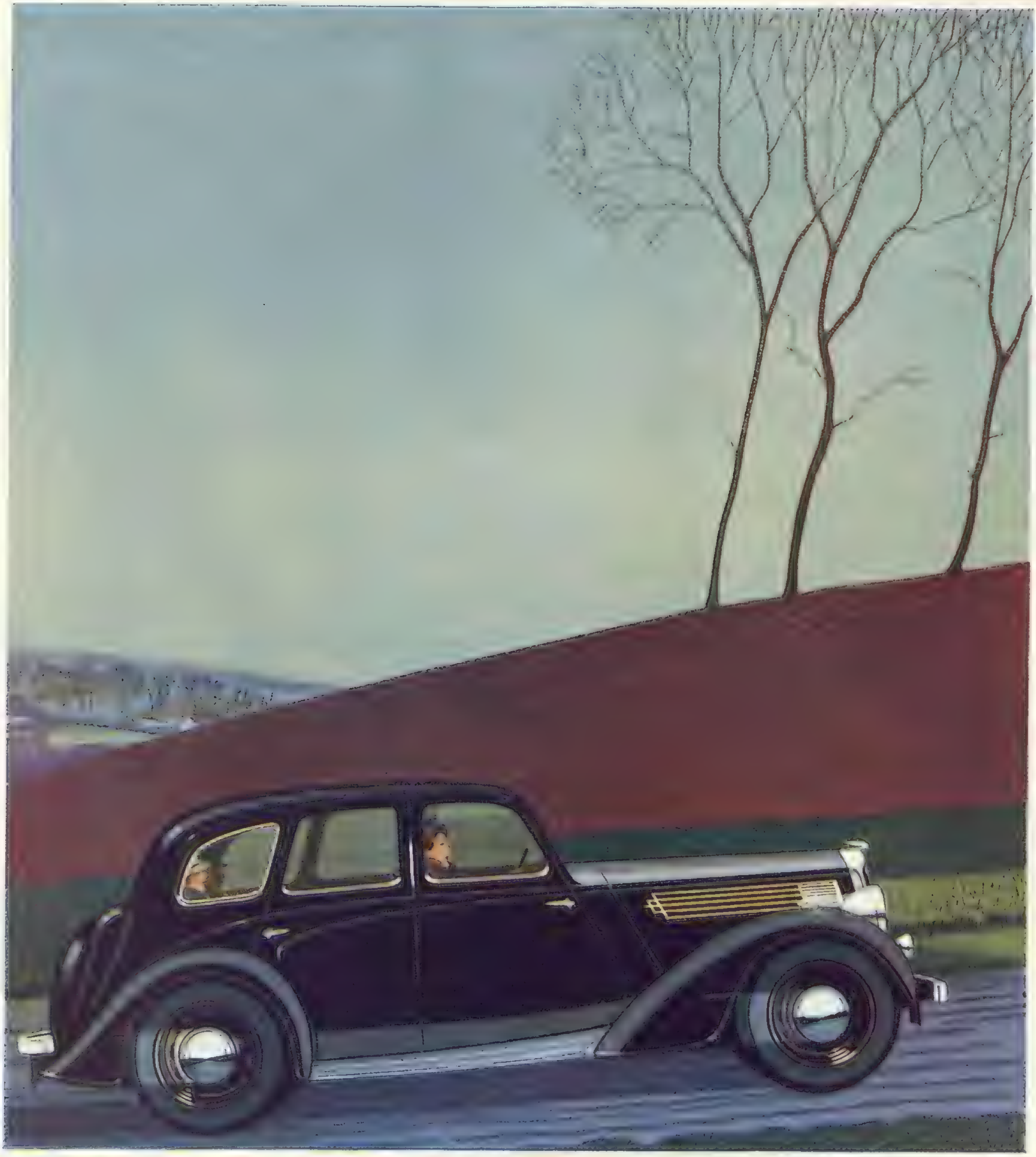
"Drop!" Sir Martin commanded, but Simon's eyes never moved from his master's face, nor did his jaws relax. Norton knelt down and held out his hand. "Drop, Simon," and his voice caressed his spaniel's ears. The cock pheasant fell into his hands.

Simon thought the Labrador claimed parentage with rather vulgar ostentation that evening. But perhaps it was because Simon had been called to the house, after a sumptuous dinner, and was to lie on the rug at his master's feet.

END


ROSEBANK FABRICS
TRADE MARK
ROSEBANK FABRICS

● Ask for the new "Rosebank" Booklet. In case of difficulty write to: TURNBULL & STOCKDALE LTD. (Dept. 20), "Rosebank" Print Works, Ramsbottom, nr. Manchester. London House: Roxburghe House, 273-287, Regent Street, W.1



WOLSELEY 14/56 h.p. Saloon

What do you look for in a car? Is it PERFORMANCE? The Wolseley 14/56 gives you 70.87 m.p.h. You reach 50 m.p.h. from rest in 24 secs. Speed is smooth, effortless and free from fatigue or strain. Is it EASE OF DRIVING? You have finger-light controls, synchromesh gears, adjustable steering column and a clear, wide view of the road. Is it COMFORT? Clever coachwork gives 5 people armchair comfort — plenty of elbow room, ample head clearance and generous leg stretch. APPEARANCE? The 14/56 h.p. Saloon is one of the most distinguished cars of today. The PRICE is £265 ex works. TAX £10.10.

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., WARD END, BIRMINGHAM, 8. London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley St., W.1. Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, Eng.

Spring-Time on the Road

By The Earl of Cardigan

I HAVE a theory that, however much our highways may in the future come to resemble great concrete viaducts, and however much the countryside may be overspread with "built-up areas," there will still always be one change of the seasons which motorists will be quick to recognise. When lamp-posts become more numerous than trees, it may be that autumn will creep upon us unnoticed. Winter may be signalised only by the unwonted earliness of lighting-up time.

The approach of spring, however, will always be clearly perceived. Even if there is no other sign to mark it, we shall know what to think when we see our neighbours passing by, gazing upon us with renewed complacency from newer and shinier cars. We shall be aware that it is no mere chance that has caused so many of them simultaneously to indulge in this form of display.

I may be drawing a fantastic picture; but there is nothing abstruse about the human urge, demonstrated always when spring begins to take the place of winter, to go out and buy something new, either to wear or to use or to travel about in. There is hardly a person who is immune from this inclination, in one or other of its forms.

The motorist's spring-time inclination to buy a new car—or, failing that, to try to burnish up the old one—is a particularly clear example. The motor manufacturer, strangely enough, tries to sell or at least popularise his wares at all sorts of other times of year. He often produces new cars in August: he invariably exhibits some in October. At Christmas or at midsummer, he is quite likely to make some important announcement.

IT is in April or thereabouts that the average customer becomes conscious of a desire to buy

The fact remains, however, that it is in April or thereabouts that the average customer becomes conscious of a desire to buy. It is then that the old car begins to look a bit shabby: continuous bad - weather driving will have shown up some of its defects. Better weather lies immediately ahead — with the promise of a fair start in life for any new car.

There is just this to be said for the present arrangement. The cars which appear at the Motor Show in the autumn are very often not then available in large numbers for the general public. They are officially in existence; but they are not in full production. Orders are accepted which cannot immediately be executed.

(This is obviously not true of all firms. Some will be prepared to take an order directly after the announcement of a new model, and to give delivery without any delay at all. One can only say that such promptitude is not the general rule.)

By the time spring has come, however, there should be no need to fear disappointment. At present, factories are working at full speed, showrooms are well stocked, and the flow of cars from Coventry to London and other centres is continuous. From the purely commercial point of view, this is unquestionably the best of all times to buy.

For the owner-driver, particularly if his driving experience is limited, the spring is likewise an excellent time for getting acquainted with a car of new type. Comparatively few people can drive a car with real confidence and proficiency when they first take charge of it. Some little time generally has to elapse before all the controls become perfectly familiar, and can be used instinctively to the best advantage.

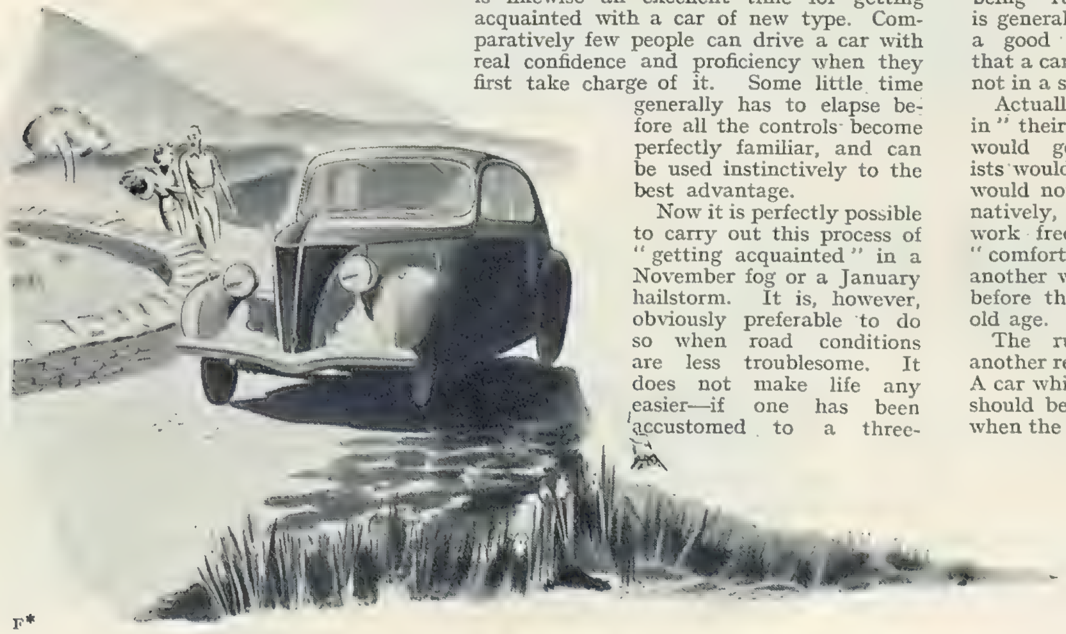
Now it is perfectly possible to carry out this process of "getting acquainted" in a November fog or a January hailstorm. It is, however, obviously preferable to do so when road conditions are less troublesome. It does not make life any easier—if one has been accustomed to a three-speed gearbox—to try to remember where to find second gear in a four-speed unit, while at the same time peering through a wet windscreen to distinguish the dim shapes of approaching vehicles!

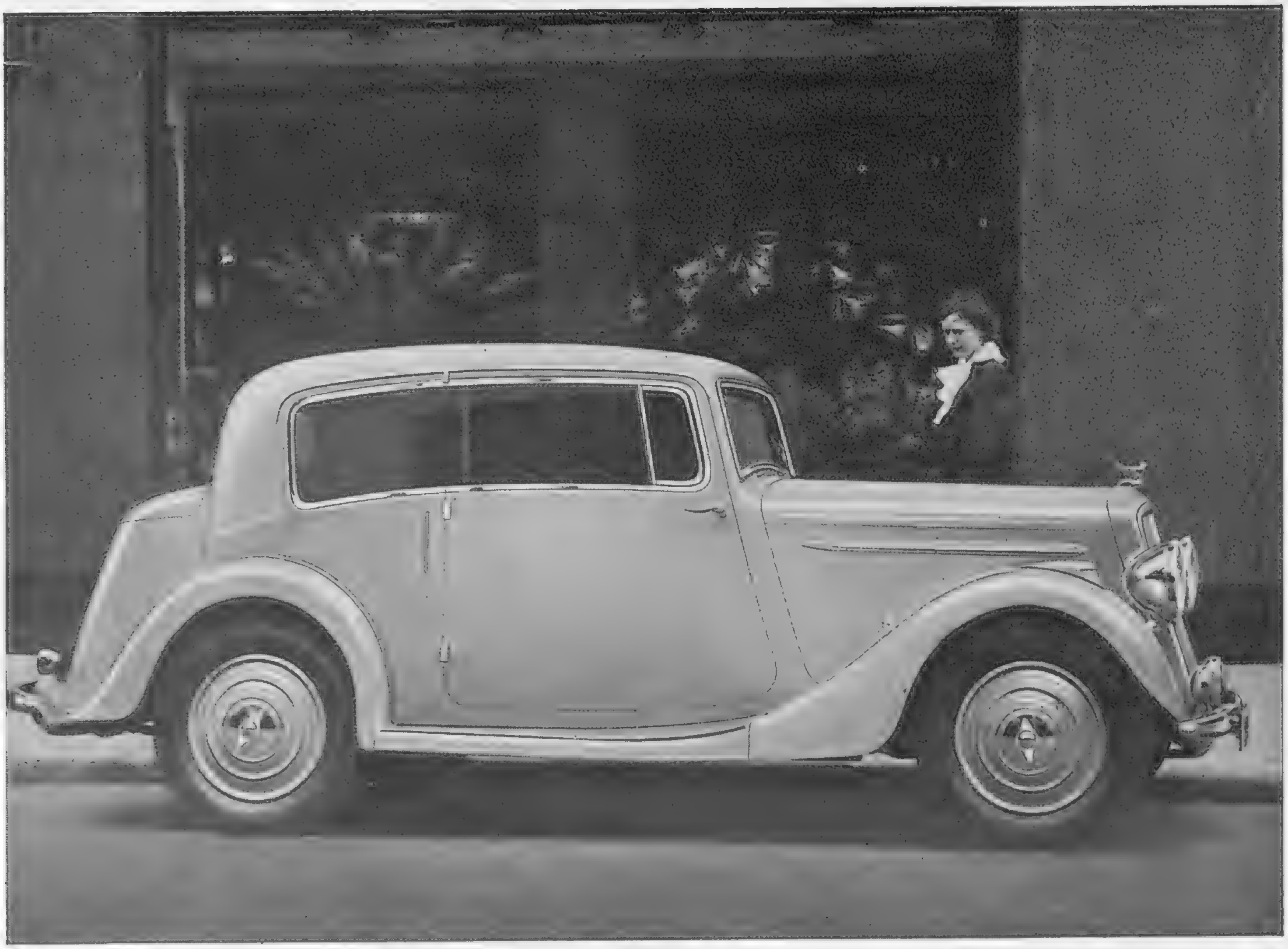
Of course, for the easiest weather conditions, the summer is no doubt preferable to the spring. As against this, the roads are apt to be much overcrowded during the summer months—and especially so at week-ends—so that the press of traffic provides a new sort of difficulty. There is no surer way of gaining general unpopularity, and at the same time acquiring "that harassed feeling," than to potter cautiously along a road by which some thousands of one's fellow citizens are making for their favourite seaside-resort!

APART from such caution as may be necessary while trying to "get the feel" of a new car, a spell of slow going is of course essential while the engine and other moving parts are being "run in." The need for this running-in is generally accepted, although I fancy that a good many people resent it—arguing that a car should not leave the factory if it is not in a state of full efficiency.

Actually, if manufacturers were to "run in" their own cars, the cost of manufacture would go up considerably, and motorists would have to pay the difference. This would not be a popular innovation. Alternatively, if moving parts were designed to work freely when first put together, the "comfortable fit" between one part and another would become a "sloppy fit" long before the car had reached an honourable old age.

The running-in business provides yet another reason for buying a car in the spring. A car which is run in during the next month should be just at its very best at the time when the summer touring season commences.





TO-DAY'S MOST *Individual* TWELVE

For those who desire a car of individuality, the Humber Twelve Vogue Saloon was created . . a car built with the same care and craftsmanship as the bigger, more expensive Humbers, with a superbly styled modern outline. Economical in upkeep and moderately priced, it is to-day's most individual Twelve!

HUMBER *Vogue Saloon*

£298

Humber Quality "Twelve" Saloon **£258,**
also the Drophead Coupé **£298.**
May we send you attractively illustrated & descriptive brochure.

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

HUMBER LTD., COVENTRY, LONDON SHOWROOMS & EXPORT DEPT., ROOTES LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1.

THE CARS OF 1937

A Wide Choice of New Models

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE Austin "Seven," although very modest in price and in dimensions, is emphatically a "go-anywhere" car. It is here seen in the Lake district

THOSE who are thinking over the choice of a new car may very likely find it a difficult matter to arrive at a satisfactory decision. The difficulty will not arise from the lack of suitable alternatives. On the contrary, it is rather a case of *embarras de richesses*. There are so many good cars, and so many which are reasonable in price, that it is really hard to find any one proposition which, in its own class, is outstandingly better than the others.

The summary that follows does not profess to be exhaustive. I have simply selected a number of cars which are of such a quality that, whatever other makes may be considered, they cannot possibly be left out of account. I believe that, in my list of selections, there is at least no single car which the intending purchaser can afford to ignore.

For instance, if anyone desires sheer value for money, he must make a study of what the Morris range has to offer him. For real economy there is the Morris "Eight," which, although small, has a sturdy performance. A saloon model sells at £120.

There are two other four-cylinder Morris models, the "Ten" at £172 10s. and the "Twelve" at £177 10s. (For convenience, I quote the price, in every case, of the cheapest saloon on the chassis referred to.) It is worth noting that these cars—excluding the "Eight"—now have the advantage of four-speed gearboxes.

There is a very wide choice of Morris "Sixes." These vary in size from the "Fourteen" at £215 to the "Twenty-five" at £265, with cars of 16, 18 and 21 h.p. in between. It is hardly necessary to point out how remarkably low are these prices, in view of the great comfort and generous power of these larger models.

THE Austin range of cars is likewise of first-rate interest to the ordinary buyer. Among very small cars the Austin "Seven" (rated at 8 h.p.) is an established favourite. The "Ruby" saloon costs £118. There are a four-cylinder "Ten" at £178 and a "Twelve" at £210.

The "Twelve-Six" is a popular car, rated at 16 h.p. There are also a "Fourteen" and an "Eighteen." The latter is of special importance since, with a long-wheelbase chassis, it will take the most roomy sort of coachwork. The "York" saloon is a good example at £328.

A POPULAR recent addition to the Morris range—this "Fourteen" is wonderful value at £215. It has the advantage of a four-speed gearbox

THE new 25 h.p. Vauxhall gives an appearance of power which is fully justified by its performance. For a big car it is extremely modest in price

THE "V-8" Ford is widely known for its remarkable performance, especially in the matter of acceleration. This is the 22 h.p. model (£16 10s. tax)

Finally there is the Austin "Twenty" of 24 h.p. This is a still larger car, designed primarily to be a seven-seater. Either as a limousine or landaulette, it costs £650.

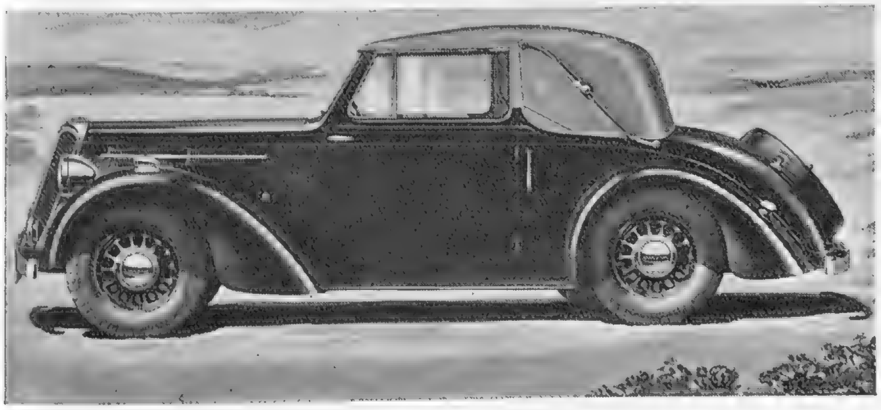
THE Ford Motor Company has always something to offer which is definitely out of the common. In the 8 h.p. class we have the £100 Ford, which can only be described as astonishingly good value. It is a thoroughly substantial little car, having a useful amount of body space. There is also, of course, another small Ford, having a lively 10 h.p. engine which is noted for its acceleration. The saloon model price in this case is £135.

Turning to the "V–8" Fords, we find larger cars of very much greater power, and best known for their highly impressive road performances. There is a 22 h.p. "V–8" (£16 10s. tax) which has lately proved very popular. Just announced is a new version of the biggest "V–8." This has a 30 h.p. engine in a chassis to which a number of valuable improvements have been made. It is priced attractively at £230 for the Coupé de Luxe.

Excellent value is certainly a feature of the 1937 Standards. There is a 9 h.p. "Flying" Standard, which is quite considerably speedier than one would expect a normal 9 h.p. car to be, with an engine that seems capable of almost infinite "revs." In saloon form the price is £149.

Then there are a Standard "Ten" at £169 and a "Twelve" at £199. In the popular 14 h.p. class there is a car at £249, while, for really large coachwork, there is the Standard "Twenty," with a saloon model at £299.

An interesting recent (*Continued on page* 83)

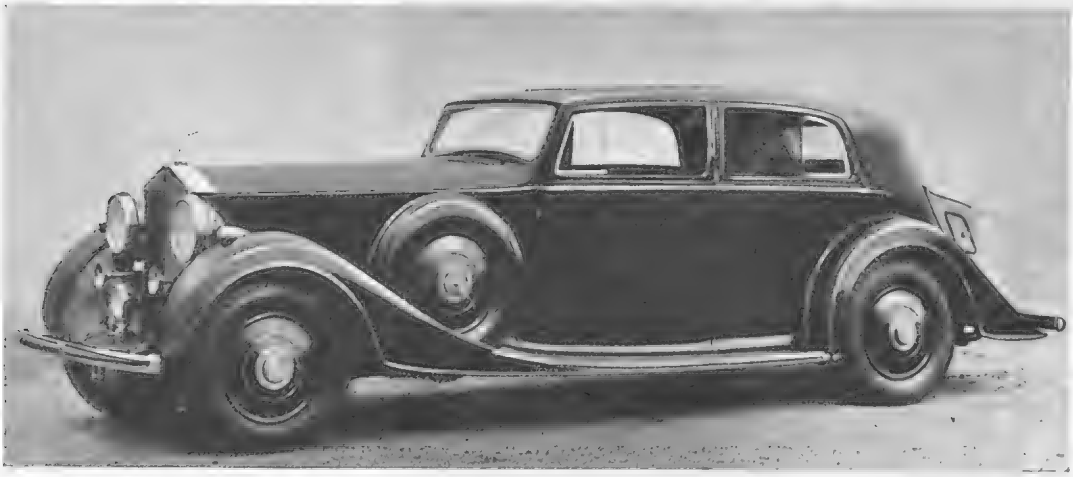


THE "Flying Standard" drop-head coupé. This is the 12 h.p. model, priced at £249. It is also available on the 20 h.p. "V-8" chassis, price £359

ROLLS-ROYCE
The Best Car in the World
PHANTOM III

ROLLS-ROYCE LTD. 14-15 CONDUIT ST. LONDON, W.1 *MAYFAIR 6201*

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM



"... carries on the Rolls Royce tradition of supreme, time-tested quality ..."
—*Times of India*

The Rolls Royce Phantom III

SALOON WITH DIVISION

BY APPOINTMENT

The Car Mart Ltd

146-50 Park Lane,
London, W.1
Grosvenor 3434

16 Uxbridge Road,
Ealing, W.5
Ealing 3821

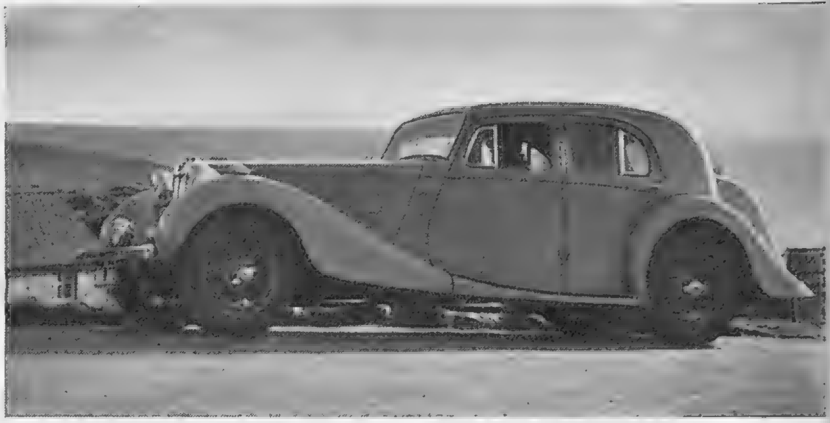
Stanhope House,
320-4 Euston Rd., N.W.1
Euston 1212

832 Finchley Road,
Temple Fortune, N.W.11
Speedwell 7841

OFFICIALLY APPOINTED RETAILERS OF ROLLS ROYCE CARS

The Cars of 1937—*continued*

addition to the range is of "V–8" design. This car also is rated at 20 h.p.; but its performance fully justifies the higher price of £359.

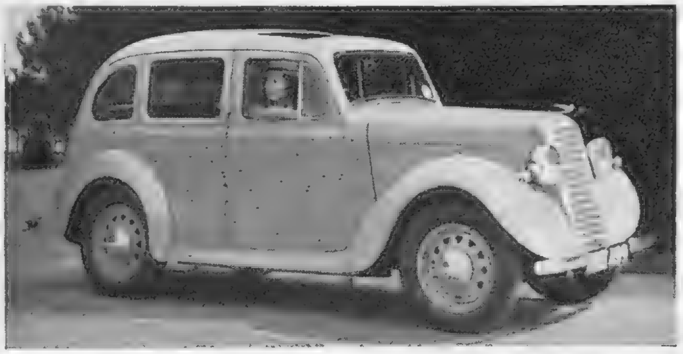


THIS very handsome car is the 2 litre M.G., which is designed to give a high performance with absolute comfort. The price of this model is £389

VAUXHALL MOTORS, LTD., can always be relied upon to offer some proposition of more than ordinary attractiveness. This year there is a new Vauxhall in the big-car class which is certain to be a success. It is of 25 h.p., and has an uncommonly good road performance. On the short chassis, there is a saloon very modestly priced at £298.

This same "Twenty-five" is also sold as a long-wheelbase car. In this form it is able to take any variety of seven-seater coachwork. For example, there is, at £575, a luxurious limousine model.

The Vauxhall "Light Six," already well established in popularity, is being continued with certain useful improvements. This car, as before, is available in two forms. With the 12 h.p. engine and ordinary saloon coachwork, it is sold at the highly competitive figure of £195. With the 14 h.p. engine and "de luxe" coachwork, it costs £215, which is hardly less striking as a value-for-money proposition. In either case an up-to-date chassis feature is the independent front suspension.



THE Hillman "Minx" is one of the most popular of 10 h.p. cars. This saloon de luxe model is attractive in appearance and also uncommonly roomy. It costs £175

A SMALL car of unique construction and, with an engine of only 7 h.p., is both efficient and economical. It is the new Fiat "500," price £120

A COMFORTABLE car with excellent performance is the Singer 12 h.p. The saloon model illustrated is priced at £225

The current Wolseley programme is one that deserves to be carefully studied. All Wolseley cars have a high performance, with their overhead-valve engine and four-speed gearboxes. This applies not least to the smaller models. There are a very lively "Ten" which sells at £220 and a "Twelve" at £225.

The Wolseley "Fourteen" is a recent model—the 14 h.p. type being very much in vogue at the moment. It is listed at £265. There are also a "Sixteen" and—introduced only within the last few weeks—an 18 h.p. car. This is a high-powered model, with a remarkable turn of speed. It is sold, very comprehensively equipped, at £290.

There is a still larger Wolseley of 21 h.p., and finally the 25 h.p. car. The latter is available with many styles of coachwork, and is well known—with long wheelbase—in its limousine form. The prices for these biggest Wolseleys range from £340 (21 h.p. saloon) up to £725 for the luxurious seven-seater limousine or landaulette cars.

When we think of luxury, either in performance or accommodation, the new Alvis cars have an important claim to be considered. Some new four-cylinder models are just about to be announced; but, at the moment of writing, we are still chiefly familiar with the larger Alvis "Sixes."

Among these we have the 17 h.p. Alvis, listed at £545, and the 20 h.p. "Crested Eagle." The latter is a really big car which, in its long-wheelbase form, can take limousine coachwork easily. Its price, as a seven-seater, is £910.

An exceedingly fine car, having a striking performance, is the latest "Speed Twenty-five." This is priced quite modestly—for what it is—at £850. Then there is the standard "Twenty-five" Alvis, which again is sold in limousine form, and finally the 4·3 litre model (31 h.p.). This last is a car to please the most exacting type of owner, and is listed at £995.

Among cars of the very highest quality, the Rolls-Royce is, of course, always outstanding. This is, perhaps, more than ever the case just at the moment, now that the "Phantom III" is in full production. This big 50 h.p. model, with its 12-cylinder engine and its independent front springing, is something exceptional, even by Rolls-Royce standards of comparison. It is, incidentally, an exceedingly fast car, although built largely with a view to utmost comfort. The Pullman limousine costs £2,600.

There are now two smaller Rolls-Royces, although both of these are themselves of considerable power, and big enough to take any sort of coachwork. There is the 25 h.p. model, which has a six-cylinder engine. This sells, as a saloon, at £1,555. The 30 h.p. car is similar, although naturally capable of rather higher performance. It costs, in every instance, £50 more.

FOR luxury, combined with a really magnificent turn of speed, the Lagonda is a car that strongly suggests itself. There is a 12-cylinder Lagonda which is just making its appearance, and this is bound to be a car of very exceptional quality.

A six-cylinder Lagonda which already enjoys a remarkable reputation is the "Rapide." This is probably—although the claim must be made for it with reserve—the fastest of English sports cars. With a top speed definitely in excess of 100 m.p.h., it is very far from being an expensive car—indeed, one may consider it low-priced—at £1,050.

With a similar engine (29·13 h.p.), but with a chassis built rather more for everyday conditions, there is a fast and comfortable Lagonda tourer selling at the same figure. A saloon model also is available at £1,125. Although less speedy than the "Rapide," these two latter cars can more than hold their own with almost anything else on the road.

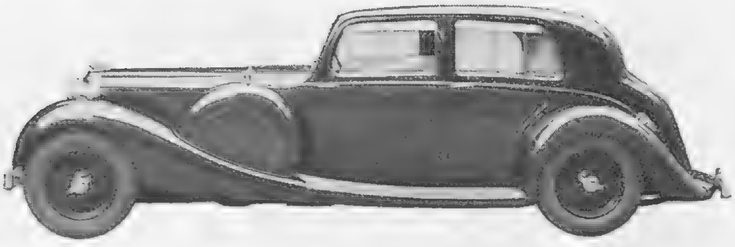
Fast cars are, of course, a speciality of the M.G. Company. For really high performance with modest horse-power, there is probably no firm which has a greater reputation. For 1937 the M.G. "Midget" is appearing in a new form. It is now a 10 h.p. car, while still retaining much of the lightness and compactness of its 8 h.p. days. It naturally gives still greater efficiency, and is priced, as a two-seater, at £222.

There is a 1½ litre model (12 h.p.) which will take saloon coachwork, while retaining an uncommonly good capacity for speed. It is listed at £325. Finally, there is a 2 litre car of 18 h.p. This is a really luxurious proposition. While maintaining the M.G. tradition as regards performance, it is exceedingly comfortable, and has very roomy and well-planned coachwork. It is sure to become increasingly popular at £389.

Sports cars which have justly gained an enormous vogue during the past few years are those built by the S.S. Company. Some people profess to believe that they are "too good to be true." They look as if they should cost £600 or £800, and are, in fact, sold at about £300 or £400. So what?

(Continued on page 85)

LAGONDA



Reproduced by kind permission of "The Motor"

the new 30 hp "de Ville"

*—long chassis**

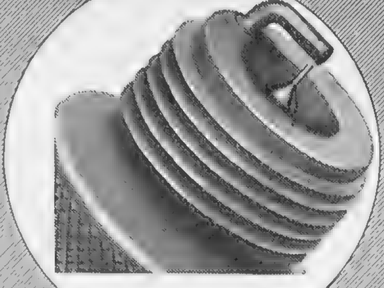
The Lagonda-de-Ville inaugurates an entirely new type of motor car. It merges two and more hitherto opposing qualities in one and the same car—inter-axle travel and unrestricted comfort with all those exciting characteristics of verve and speed for which the name Lagonda is now internationally recognised. To these qualities may be added the outward distinction of line and balance which only the hand-built motor car and its complementary coachwork is able to achieve. This combination of essentials may be found in only one car to-day—the Lagonda-de-Ville. In considering these facts direct price comparisons should not be avoided.

LAGONDA

★ **Wheelbase** . . . *11 ft. 6 in. (9 in. longer).* **Gearbox** . . . *Silent on all speeds. Synchromesh on 2nd, 3rd and top. Centre or right-hand control.* **Coachwork** . . . *Large compartment for fitted suitcases, with a platform for extra luggage. Wind-down division (£30 extra), equally suitable owner or chauffeur driven.* **Price** . . . £1,195. *Other Models; 4½ litre Saloon,* £1,125; *D.H. Coupe,* £1,150; *Tourer,* £1,050; *Rapide Tourer (108 m.p.h.),* £1,050.

L. G. Motors [Staines] Ltd., Staines, Middlesex, Eng. Tel.: Staines 1122 [5 lines

---



"FIT AND FORGET"

K·L·G

Platinum Pointed Plugs

they give
easier starting
smoother slow running
and increased length of life

A Refinement

worthy of a fine car

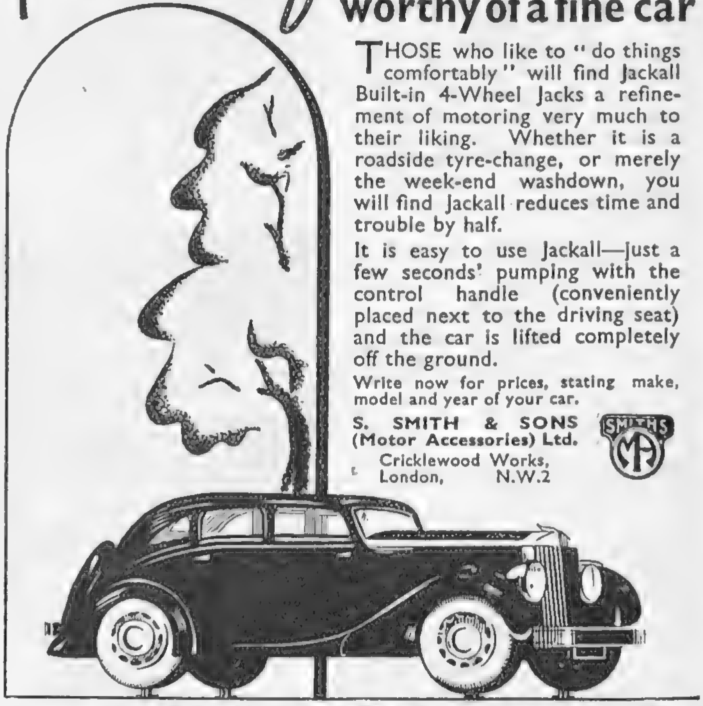
THOSE who like to "do things comfortably" will find Jackall Built-in 4-Wheel Jacks a refinement of motoring very much to their liking. Whether it is a roadside tyre-change, or merely the week-end washdown, you will find Jackall reduces time and trouble by half.

It is easy to use Jackall—just a few seconds' pumping with the control handle (conveniently placed next to the driving seat) and the car is lifted completely off the ground.

Write now for prices, stating make, model and year of your car.

S. SMITH & SONS (Motor Accessories) Ltd.
Cricklewood Works,
London, N.W.2

SMITHS MA



SMITH'S JACKALL

BUILT-IN 4-WHEEL JACKS

The Cars of 1937—*continued*

Actually, there is no mystery about it at all. The S.S. is a thoroughly sound sports car which, by clever design, has been endowed with exceptionally impressive lines. It has an excellent turn of speed, and can be handled with genuine enjoyment.

For 1937 the two new "Jaguar" models are being marketed. The smaller of these is of 1½ litres capacity, and costs £295 with four-door saloon coachwork. The larger is a 2½ litre car, selling at £385. There is an open touring car at £375, and also a special "Competition" model. This last is designed to give a particularly high performance, and is listed at £395.

CARS of more than ordinary interest can always be expected from the Riley Company. Nowadays there are three features by which a Riley may be known. First, it invariably has "lines" which are pleasing and very distinctive. Secondly, it has a high-speed engine, which, however, always seems to "rev" extremely happily. Thirdly, it has a special system of transmission, with a pre-selective gearbox working in conjunction with an automatic friction clutch.

THE 2 litre M.G. two-seater sports model. An excellent car, priced at £222

There is a wide choice of models and prices. The popular Riley "Nine" has just reappeared in an improved form, with the "Monaco" saloon listed at £298. Then there is the 1½ litre car, which appears in many different coachwork styles. The "Falcon" saloon is an example at £315.

Then there is the Riley "Six," with its 15 h.p. engine. This naturally carries more commodious coachwork, as, for instance, the "Adelphi" saloon at £380. To complete the range, there is a new eight-cylinder Riley of 18 h.p. Although this has only recently come on the market, it is already attracting attention at £450.

Talking of special systems of transmission, designed to make driving simpler and less exacting, we cannot fail to think of the Lanchester, with its Daimler-type fluid flywheel. Here we have a car which very nearly "drives itself." The pre-selective gearbox makes all gear changes absolutely fool-proof, while the fluid flywheel, replacing the ordinary clutch, gives absolute flexibility, even when starting in top gear from a standstill.

To these qualities we must add the known efficiency of the Lanchester engine. There is an 11 h.p. model, selling at £298, which gives a lively performance. There is also a "Fourteen" at £325. The largest Lanchester is of 18 h.p., and this, as a quality car of substantial size and power, is by no means expensive at £595.

A consistently popular range of cars is that which comes from the Humber factory at Coventry. The Humber "Twelve"—and this is the measure of its success—has been selling well for a great number of years. Naturally, it is continually improved in one way or another. The present version, with all-synchro-mesh gearbox, is a better proposition than ever at £258.

The Humber "Eighteen," introduced fairly recently, is a car of comfortable size and ample power selling at £445. The "Snipe" is a big car of 26 h.p., which again seems to possess the secret of permanent popularity. With "Evenkeel" independent front springing, it is first-rate value, in saloon form, at £475. Finally, for coachwork of the largest kind, there is the Humber "Pullman." On this chassis a most luxurious limousine is available at £735.

When we think of big cars, it is impossible to overlook the Studebaker. This is a remarkable proposition—and not only because it is of generous dimensions and unusual comfort—selling at a surprisingly low price. It is also a notably attractive car to drive, with steering and springing systems which conform to the best English traditions. It is one of the few cars of its type which are really satisfying in the matter of cornering.

The six-cylinder model is known as the Studebaker "Dictator." With saloon coachwork it sells at £328, or £368 for the "de luxe" model. A still more powerful car is the Studebaker "President," which has an eight-cylinder engine and is priced at £448.

This year it is not possible to conclude a list of this sort without referring to a small car which, in design at least, is quite unique. This is the Fiat "500." It comes to us from Italy, and is already making its presence felt in this country. It has a 7 h.p. engine, and sells at £120.

A NEW 18 h.p. car is the 18/80 Wolseley. This should prove of uncommon interest to motorists requiring a full five-seater saloon capable of high sustained performance. The model shown here is the coachbuilt Salon de Ville, priced at £320

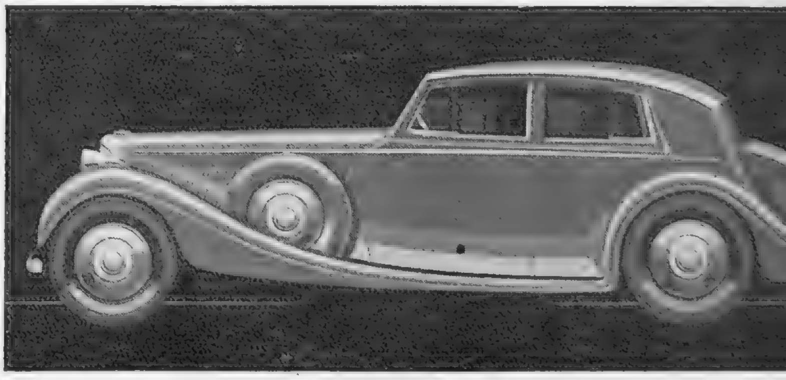
With only about 100 words at my disposal, I find it quite impossible to describe this little car. Practically every single feature of it is (*a*) unorthodox, (*b*) interesting, and (*c*) apparently extremely sound. I can only recommend that it should be examined—preferably at leisure.

To a lesser extent, the "1500" Fiat is unorthodox also—outwardly so as to its sloping bonnet, which, however, makes for uncommonly good visibility. Rated at 16 h.p., it costs £298. The 11 h.p. Fiat "Balilla" is more familiar. With a saloon body of the pillarless type, it is listed at £185.

Incidentally the Fiat distributors are Messrs. Car Mart, Ltd., of Park Lane. This is worth knowing, since there is no firm which has a better reputation for efficient and courteous service.

Having bought a new car, there are two important questions which arise, both of which relate to lubrication. During the running-in process, the engine is working stiffly, and can conceivably "seize" if treated unfairly. Apart from running at low speeds, a helpful precaution is to use an upper cylinder (*Continued on page 91*)

A CAR which is known both for its handsome appearance and for its sporting performance. The 2½ litre S.S. "Jaguar" four-door saloon



AN excellent example of the attractive combination of chassis and coachwork supplied by the Car Mart, Ltd. This "Razor Edge" saloon has lines which are striking in their novelty, and yet is perfectly wedded to the Bentley chassis

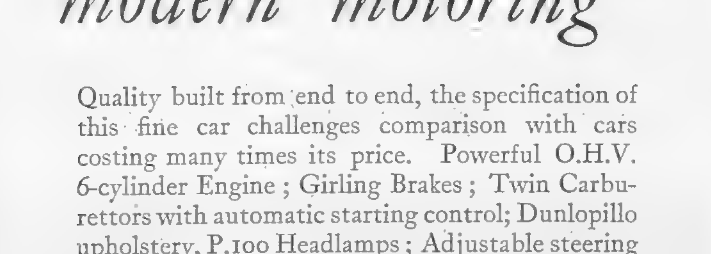
JAGUAR

" A name cut deep in the history of modern motoring "

Quality built from end to end, the specification of this fine car challenges comparison with cars costing many times its price. Powerful O.H.V. 6-cylinder Engine; Girling Brakes; Twin Carburettors with automatic starting control; Dunlopillo upholstery, P.100 Headlamps; Adjustable steering wheel; Oversize shock absorbers; Lead-coated springs . . . . these are but a few of the features which, allied to superlative performance, make the SS Jaguar the most outstanding car of this generation.

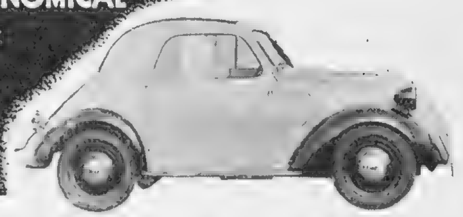
Models and Prices—SS Jaguar 2½ Litre Saloon £385. Tourer £375. " 100 " Competition Model £395. 1½ Litre Saloon £295.

S.S. CARS LTD., HOLBROOK LANE, COVENTRY.
London Showrooms: Henlys, Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1



FIAT '500'

THE MOST ECONOMICAL BABY CAR



FIFTY MILES FOR 1/7D

REAL economy with the 'big car feeling' 50 miles to the gallon, tax only £5.5.0 yet a perfect car. Streamlined for speed and safety; independent front wheel suspension, four speed synchromesh gears, hydraulic brakes, and lively! Saloon price only £120—try one at any Car Mart depot.

The Car Mart Ltd

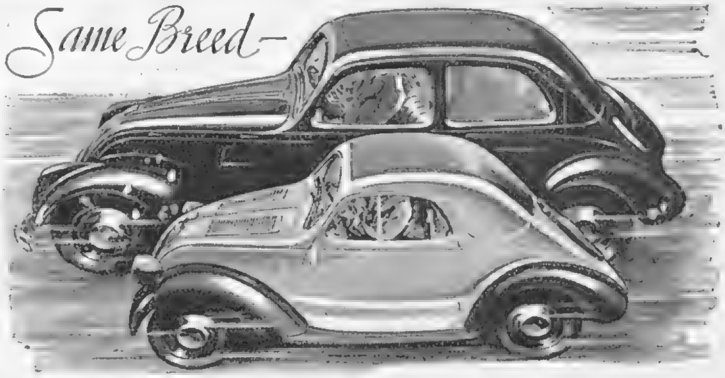
146-50 Park Lane,
London,
W.1.
Grosvenor 3434

Stanhope House,
320-4 Euston Rd.,
N.W.1.
Euston 1212

16 Uxbridge Rd.,
Ealing,
W.5.
Ealing 3821

832 Finchley Rd.,
Temple Fortune,
N.W.11.
Speedwell 7841

Same Breed—



—Same Specification

● 1500
PROVED SUPERIORITY! Winner of the 1,500 c.c. class Monte Carlo Rally 1937
PRICE **£298** *(ex Works)*

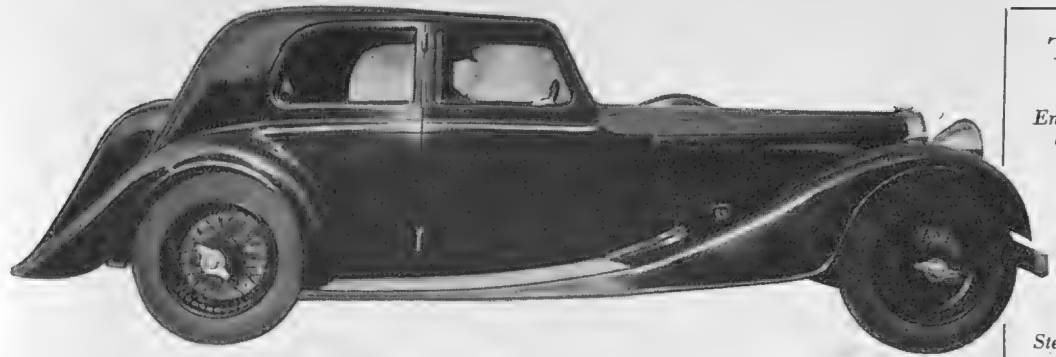
● 500
RUNS FOR LESS THAN THE COST OF BUS FARES. 50 M.P.G. Tax £5 5. The most economical car!
PRICES
Saloon - - **£116**
Convertible Saloon - - **£120**
(ex Works)

SAME masterly touch in design derived from 40 years of the finest engineering experience . . . . . Streamlined for higher speed . . . . . exceptional visibility . . . . . sweet running, lively engine . . . . . Perfect weight distribution . . . . . Featherlight steering . . . . . Powerful brakes . . . . . At any speed, on any corner, always the same grand feeling of confident safety.

● square engine ● shock insulated self-centring steering ● independent front wheel suspension ● four speed synchromesh gear box ● hydraulic brakes ● 12 volt electrical equipment ● high rear axle ratio.

FIAT

FIAT (ENGLAND) LTD., LANCELOT RD., WEMBLEY, MDDX. Service & Spares (Tel. Wembley 5141)
London Office & Sales Depot: 31-32, St. James's St., W.1. (Tel. WHItehall 7496)
In London area cars are on view at any of the West End & suburban Showrooms of the Car Mart Ltd.



THE "Speed Twenty-five" Alvis, being an uncommonly fast car, has appropriately sporting lines. At the same time, the amount of coachwork space is ample for genuine comfort

The "Speed Twenty-five" Alvis in Brief

Engine: Six cylinders, with overhead valves and triple carburettors; 26 h.p.
Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, all ratios synchro-mesh. Top gear 4.1 to 1.
Performance: Third gear 70 m.p.h.; top gear 95 m.p.h.
Springing: Independent in front, long semi-elliptic at rear, with controlled shock-absorbers.
Steering: Extremely accurate, self-centring.
Brakes: Efficient Alvis type; firm pedal pressure.
Coachwork: Gives genuine comfort for four passengers
Price: Four-light saloon, £850.

A Remarkable New ALVIS

The "Speed Twenty-five"

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE Alvis Company has for a great many years been consistent in this—that it has produced a series of fast cars of such a quality as to appeal to a special and discriminating class of owner-drivers. It would therefore be nothing new if I were to say of the latest "Speed Twenty-five" that it belongs to this same admirable category.

The car itself, however, is something of a new landmark in the Alvis range. It succeeds the former Alvis "Speed Twenty"; but it is not merely a faster and more powerful edition of it. It is also smoother, more silent and a great deal more luxurious. It is improved in so many various respects that it can be judged by higher standards and still be given exceptionally good marks.

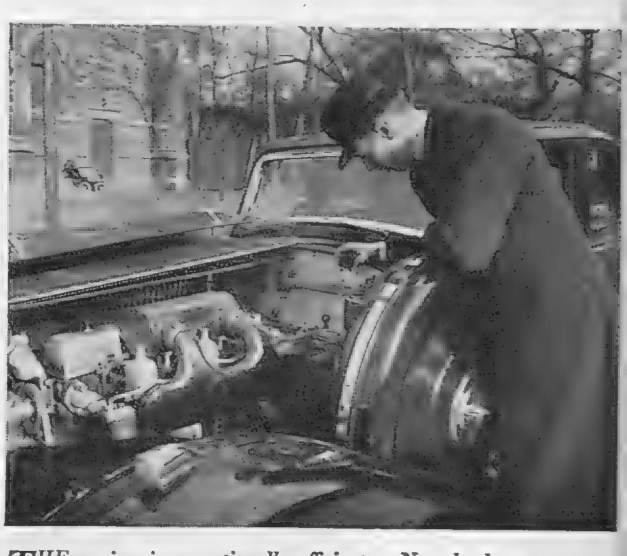
In town one is at once struck by the essentially "gentlemanly" manner in which the "Speed Twenty-five" threads its way through the traffic. With the ignition retarded (there is a wide range of advance and retard), it is extremely flexible, and the engine will "pick up" from low speeds without any sign of labouring. With the shock absorbers set to "soft" by means of the remote-control system, the springing is absolutely comfortable, and free from the hardness which commonly characterises a sports car.

The coachwork is just what one would wish it to be in a car of this type—that is to say, it accommodates four people with ease, while leaving plenty of space available for luggage. The seating is most luxurious, and a particularly good point is that the angle of the driver's seat cushion can be adjusted so that full support is given under the knees. This is a real asset, in addition to the fact that the seat has a sliding action fore and aft in the ordinary way.

When pottering about in London, therefore, the car is almost immune from criticism. A further helpful feature is that both front wings are clearly visible. Nowadays this is something of a rarity.

As to the performance of the "Speed Twenty-five" on the open road, I hardly know how to give an account of it, unless I can take the reader into my confidence and persuade him that I am, in the ordinary way, an exceedingly cautious type of driver. It is no exaggeration to say that, in certain cars, I become seriously alarmed when Duty demands that I shall drive as fast as 60 m.p.h.!

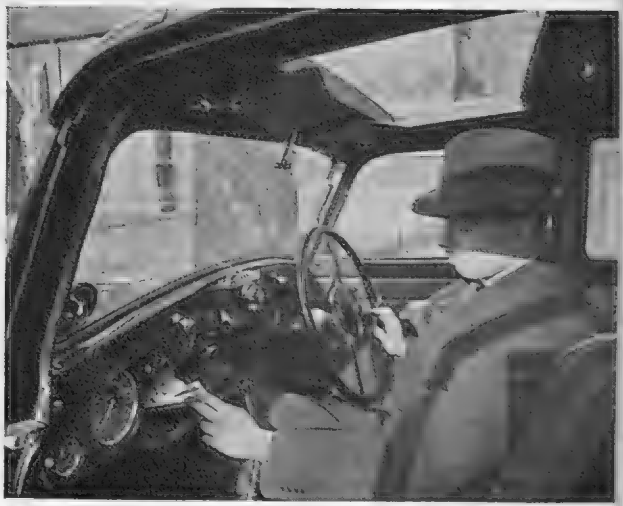
In this Alvis I am not ashamed to say that I did not attain the absolute maximum speed. On the other hand, I did record 90 m.p.h. when driving the car for the first time in the dark. I hope this will make it clear that my confidence in the car's stability was absolute, and that my failure to get it really "flat out" (*Continued on page* 91)



THE engine is exceptionally efficient. Note the three carburettors—one partly concealed behind the air filter. A remarkable degree of silence is achieved at all speeds

ALTHOUGH there are four doors, it is a good point that the front seats can be tipped forward. This makes it a very easy matter to get any bulky object (human or otherwise!) into the back of the car

THE luggage boot gives plenty of space, so that the platform need only be lowered for heavy trunks. There is a recess below floor level in which the tool kit is carried

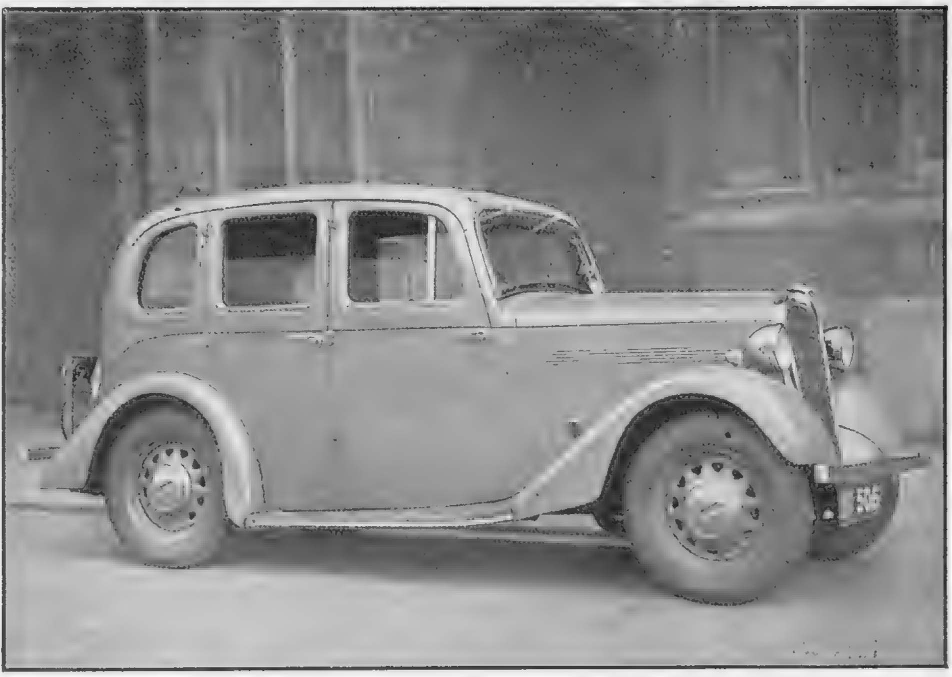


THE instrument panel is very complete, including a revolution counter. Instead of the usual cubby-holes, there is a central cupboard which is ideal for stowing odds and ends

New "Super Nine" Sets Pace for Low-Priced Cars

◆

By a Motoring Correspondent



THE last few years have seen tremendous progress in cars of all classes.

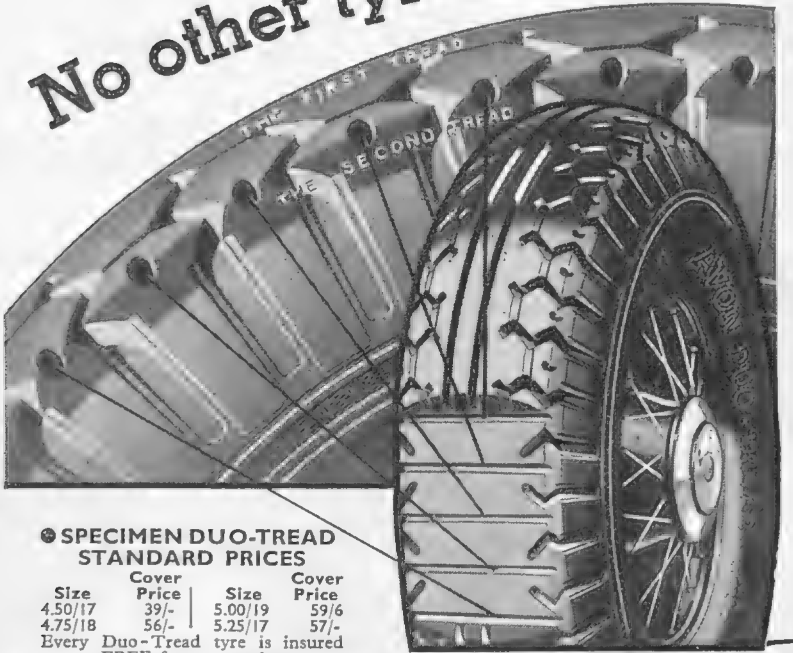
In the most competitive field of all, those under 10 h.p., an outstanding example is the new Singer "Super 9" at £165—a sliding-roof four-door saloon so much more comfortable and better equipped than any other at the price that in my opinion there is no comparison.

I took a run last week, and it was the most refreshing and encouraging experience I have had in many a day. The designers of the roomy body, with underslung chassis, have been outdone—if that is possible—by the engineers who provided the smooth, powerful overhead-camshaft engine with four speeds and remote-control clutchless change. Whether sitting in the back seat or behind the wheel, I had the sensation throughout the run of being in a far larger, more costly, and higher-powered car.

My own favourable impression is confirmed by the amazing success of this normal family saloon in the recent Monte Carlo Rally, when it ran for 2,300 miles from the Stavanger starting point entirely trouble free, and gained first prize in the Comfort Competition. (1,500 c.c. closed cars.)

I cannot advise my readers too strongly to see this £165 saloon before buying any other car on the market costing less than £225. The model I drove was provided by the London showrooms, 56-59 Park Lane. But, of course, any local Singer dealer can also arrange a trial run.

No other tyre offers these extra thousands of non-skid miles!



Thousands of extra miles of enjoyable motoring . . . complete comfort . . . freedom from punctures . . . without skids . . . defying the roughest roads. The performance of the Avon Duo-Tread, the only tyre with two treads, is unparalleled — yet it costs no more!

When the first tread wears off, the second appears, announcing its arrival with a slight hum. This is the point where the grooves, which form the second tread (as shown), come into action. Now the tyre is ready for thousands of extra miles.

Why be satisfied with single-tread mileage when double-tread mileage costs no more? Fit Avon Duo-Treads to-day.

There is only *one* Two-Tread Tyre

and it costs no more than any ordinary Tyre

● SPECIMEN DUO-TREAD STANDARD PRICES

Size	Cover Price	Size	Cover Price
4.50/17	39/-	5.00/19	59/6
4.75/18	56/-	5.25/17	57/-

Every Duo-Tread tyre is insured FREE for 12 months.

AVON

Air-cooled DUO-TREAD

TYRES

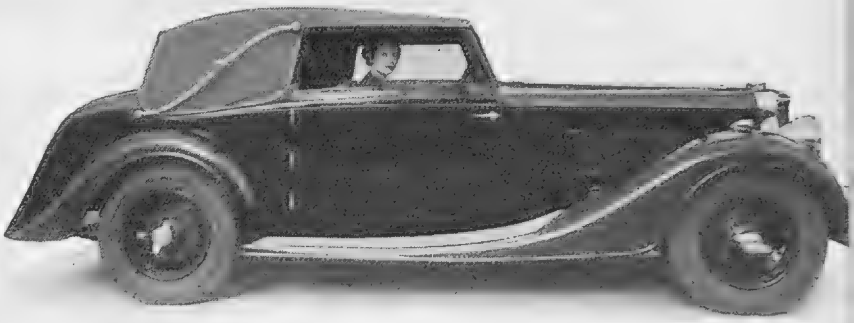
AVON TENNIS BALLS

New Avon Tennis ball—sensation of the year. Perfect accuracy in bounce and flight—longer life. Two types (hard or grass courts). L.T.A. Official Ball, 1937. 13/- per doz. Special prices to affiliated Clubs.

The Avon India Rubber Co. Ltd. (Est. 1885) MELKSHAM Wilts. LONDON: Mabledon Place, St. Pancras, W.C.1.
Branches throughout the Country.

The New 3½ Litre LAMMAS-GRAHAM

By The Earl of Cardigan



THE English coachwork of the Lammas-Graham gives the car a very handsome appearance. This is the drop-head Coupé, which ensures absolute closed-car protection when the hood is raised

THIS is the same model, with the front part of the hood rolled back. The effect is rather similar to that of a Coupé de Ville

IN this view the car is seen completely open, when it gives all the freedom of a tourer. If the cant rails are removed and stowed separately, the hood will fold down considerably flatter

QUITE apart from the fact that it is new and unfamiliar, the Lammas-Graham must be reckoned an uncommonly interesting car. Its mode of construction is something altogether novel. Messrs. Lammas—the British firm—do not, as one might suppose, take an ordinary Graham car and proceed to rebuild it in accordance with their own ideas. On the contrary, the Lammas Company import Graham chassis parts as required from the American factory, and, together with English parts and equipment, they build the complete chassis from end to end in their factory at Sunbury-on-Thames, Middlesex, having the full support and assistance of the Graham organisation behind them. The result is a highly efficient 3½ litre car, having the performance and road-holding characteristics required to suit high-speed touring conditions.

A first impression of the Lammas-Graham is that a very attractive appearance is in this way attained. The car loaned to me was a drop-head coupé, and the lines, with the hood raised, were uncommonly pleasing to the eye. The only criticism which I could make of this model in its closed form was that I found it difficult to reverse, owing to the exiguous size of the rear window, and the consequent lack of visibility.

With the head folded down in the ordinary way, the body lines are less good. It is possible, however, to remove the cant rails and to stow these separately, in which case the hood folds into a much smaller space, with a correspondingly great improvement in appearance. As regards utility, it is of course hardly necessary to point out the many advantages of such modern all-weather coachwork, especially for a climate like ours in which the open car is a delight one day and a misery the next.

The Lammas-Graham in Brief

Engine: Six cylinders with side valves, supercharged. 26 h.p.
Transmission: Three-speed gearbox, synchro-mesh second and top gears.
Performance: Second gear 60 m.p.h. or more; top gear 90 m.p.h.
Steering: Good English type.
Springing: Semi-elliptic, with controlled shock-absorbers.
Brakes: Efficient hydraulic.
Coachwork: Of popular all-weather type.
Price: Drop-head Coupé, £695.

The second impression which one receives of the Lammas-Graham is undoubtedly of its remarkable efficiency. The engine is a large six-cylinder unit, from which one would expect a high degree of flexibility, together with an ample measure of acceleration. It can be said at once that, in all such respects, the car will comfortably exceed the ordinary driver's expectation.

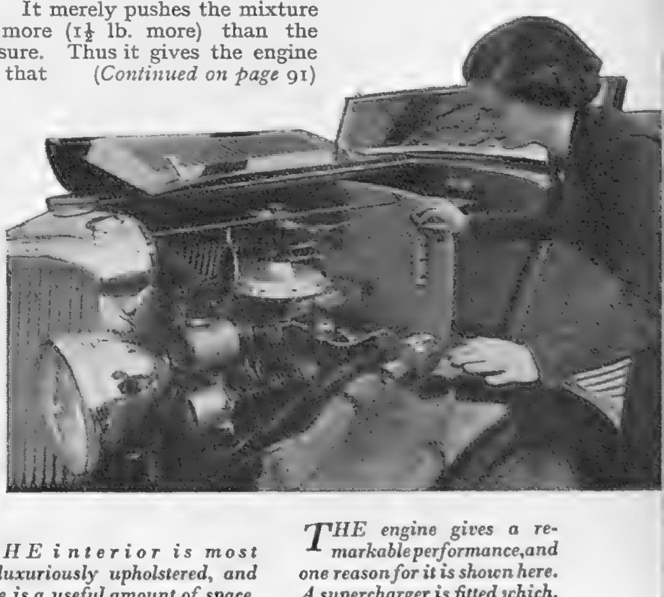
Even from the lowest speeds, the acceleration is quite remarkable. In part, this may be accounted for by the presence of a supercharger, working permanently in the induction system.

Now, to most people a supercharger is rather a fearsome device, associated only with racing cars, or perhaps also with sports cars of the more violent type. I must therefore hasten to explain that there is nothing at all "fierce" about this particular supercharger—which indeed does its work so quietly and smoothly that a non-mechanical owner might well remain unaware of its existence.

The secret is this: it is a *low-pressure* supercharger. It does not try to ram the maximum amount of gas into the cylinders. It merely pushes the mixture in at a little more (1½ lb. more) than the ordinary pressure. Thus it gives the engine an efficiency that

(*Continued on page* 91)

THE interior is most luxuriously upholstered, and there is a useful amount of space. Note the great width of the doors and the provision for getting easily in and out of the back seat



THE engine gives a remarkable performance, and one reason for it is shown here. A supercharger is fitted which, at comparatively low pressure, impels the gas from the carburettor into the cylinders

The luxury car which appeals to sporting people

For those who demand the best, there is only one car—the ALVIS. Its speed, perfect manners and instant response to every mood make it particularly attractive to sporting people. For this most discriminating clientèle, ALVIS build only thoroughbred cars.

1937 Models from £545

"The TATLER" Motoring Correspondent:

"The ALVIS Speed Twenty-Five is a car without a 'but.' I enjoyed every minute I was driving it. From a standstill to 50 m.p.h. takes about 12½ seconds. Ninety-five miles an hour can be put up on the clock when the driver wants it. It gives the most civilised form of motoring to be had for under £1,000"

ALVIS LTD., COVENTRY, and BYRON HOUSE,
ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

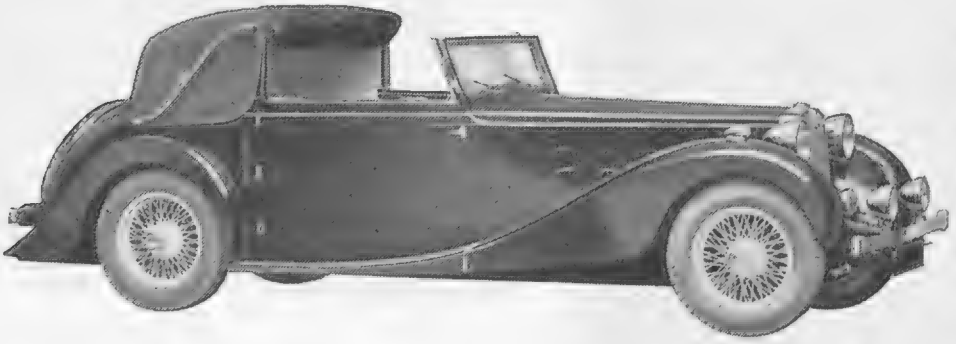
ALVIS

H.P.

TWO MG LITRE

SAFETY FAST!

A BARONET WRITES . . . *I am still a little astonished at finding myself the owner of a Two-Litre. When first my son proposed it, I strongly vetoed the idea, deeming the car too fast and 'tricky' for a man of my years. I misjudged it. Actually I handle the Two-Litre with far more confidence than I would a more sluggish type. The car has a certain demureness which attracts me. I don't doubt that it could be driven at twice the pace. Yet I find myself putting up surprisingly high averages . . .*



- *Four-door Saloon £389*
- *'Tickford' folding head Foursome £398*
- *Tourer £385*
- *(Dunlop, Triplex, Jackall)*

Buy a car made in the United Kingdom

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED · ABINGDON-ON-THAMES · BERKSHIRE
SOLE EXPORTERS—M.I.E. LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD, ENGLAND

L.15

The New Lammas-Graham

is quite out of the ordinary, without otherwise making itself conspicuous in any way.

Another remarkable feature is the high maximum speed which can be recorded. Given a sufficient stretch of straight road, the Lammas-Graham can exceed 90 m.p.h. The rate of acceleration remains as impressive as ever up to about 80 m.p.h. After that it perceptibly diminishes; but the additional 10 m.p.h. is there right enough, and can be reached whenever the road conditions are sufficiently favourable.

The gearbox provides three speeds, of which second and top can be effortlessly engaged by means of synchro-mesh mechanism. In second gear again there is no lack of speed, for 60 m.p.h. can be exceeded in this ratio. As for first gear, it is difficult to imagine that, except in starting from a standstill, it is ever needed under ordinary circumstances.

Great care has evidently been taken over the springing and steering, with the result that the car holds the road genuinely well. The steering self-centres nicely, and the springing, although perfectly comfortable, is not unduly soft. A considerable asset is the fact that the shock-absorbers can be controlled by the driver, who thus can give the suspension some extra "stiffening" for speed work.

The brakes are hydraulic, and act with very great efficiency. The hydraulic system is also used to operate the permanent jacks. The latter are of the popular "Jackall" type, and their presence exemplifies the attention to useful detail which is evident throughout the chassis.

Altogether, Messrs. Lammas are to be congratulated on having put on the road a striking and interesting car which is already, I hear, beginning to attract wide attention. With drop-head coupé body, the price is £695.

The sole distributors for London and the Home Counties are Messrs. Charles Follett Limited, 18, Berkeley Street, W.1.

A Remarkable New Alvis

(*Continued from page* 87)

was simply due to the amount of traffic encountered during daylight hours. There is no doubt that a genuine 95 m.p.h. is available.

What really impressed me—because, after all, a top speed of 90–100 m.p.h. is hardly unique—was the extraordinarily high average speed which I was able to maintain without any conscious effort. I took the opportunity to time myself on the Henley-Oxford road, again in the dark, to see what I could do over a familiar stretch of 23 miles.

Believe it or not, I travelled between the main cross-roads in Henley and Magdalen Bridge at Oxford in precisely 35 minutes. The average was 55·2 m.p.h.! I dare say that this run has often been done in better time—but I repeat that I was driving the Alvis for the first time, in the dark, and without any idea of "busting myself" in order to break a record. If this is firmly borne in mind, something of the merit of this car may be recognised.

Incidentally, on the following evening I repeated this run much more slowly, owing to heavy and continuous rain. On the latter occasion an American car followed me for some way, and could not be shaken off by speed alone. It would have stayed with me indefinitely had we not come to a hill which gave some scope for the use of third gear. I changed down, and ran up to 60 m.p.h. in this ratio—there is a 70 m.p.h. maximum—and thenceforward the other car was seen no more!

Having said so much, I hope I shall be excused for failing to allude to the excellence of the steering, braking, road-holding, etc. If I can talk of having averaged 55·2 m.p.h., and can add that I did this without having at any time frightened myself or added a single grey hair to the present selection, I think it should be accepted that the car behaved in an impeccable manner from every point of view.

Certainly I have no recollection, after perhaps 200 miles of give-and-take going, of having had to "hang on to the wheel" for a single moment.

To return to a "luxury" characteristic, it is noteworthy that the Alvis gearbox (four speeds, all-synchro-mesh) is of a curious elliptical cross-section. There is a reason for this—and it is *not* that the trains of gears conform to this general shape. It is simply that greater silence—almost complete silence—is secured by this unexpected means.

With so much attention to detail, and so much sheer, unadulterated efficiency, the "Speed Twenty-five" Alvis must be reckoned a cheap car, in saloon form, at £850. Indeed, in the under £1,000 class, it is hard to imagine better value for money.

The Cars of 1937

(*Continued from page* 85)

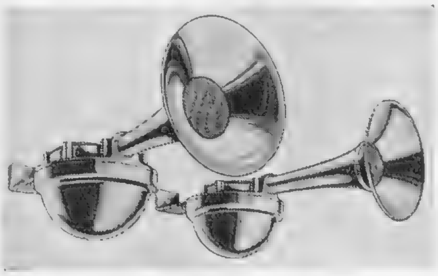
lubricant. This is mixed with the petrol whenever the tank is filled.

A popular upper cylinder lubricant is Castrollo. The use of this has been proved to be most efficacious, and only a small quantity is required. One measure—the cap of the Castrollo tin forms a measure—should be allowed to each four gallons of fuel.

As the name implies, this lubricant is sold by the makers of patent Castrol oil, who also do a great service in providing oiling charts for cars of all types. With any given car, the Castrol chart shows exactly what points require to be lubricated, at what intervals and with what particular variety of oil or grease. A free chart can always be obtained on application to Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Co., of Wakefield House, London, E.C.2.

WHEN one buys a modern car, one seldom or never is compelled to purchase any "extras." (It was not always so. I can remember, in early post-war times, when a separate charge was made for—let us say—the clock on the facia board. It was not a part of the car. It was an individual purchase!)

Now cars are supplied with full equipment. At the same time, it is sometimes well worth while to buy an especially good "extra" to substitute for the standard article.



A GENUINELY worth-while addition to any car. These Lucas "Mellotone" Wind-Tone horns are sold as a matched pair at five guineas

Messrs. Joseph Lucas, Ltd., make several such "extras," which are definitely superior to similar accessories which are fitted as standard. As an example, few will deny that a matched pair of "Mellotone" wind horns is a real improvement over the usual single electric horn, with its single unmelodious note.

A pair of horns produces a pleasant sound, and the Lucas system enables it to be transmitted either softly or loudly. Such an "extra," at 5 guineas for the pair, is really quite an investment; for it is a permanent asset to the car, and a source of pleasure both to the driver and to those at whom he may have occasion to direct his "audible warning of approach"!

BUDS ON THE TREES—
AND MUSIC ON THE ROAD

Spring will soon be calling us outdoors. Cars and country-side are waiting. So is Philco Car Radio... to make your motoring this season more fun than it has ever been. 19,000 British motorists now ride to music with Philco Car Radio. They know that Car Radio is no fad, but a natural and invaluable development of motoring. For as little as 14 gns. you can enjoy drawing-room reception on any make of car, open or closed. All the great European stations. Installation stations everywhere. Two wavebands. Illuminated dial.

PHILCO
CAR RADIO

19,000 BRITISH MOTORISTS
CAN'T BE WRONG! FROM 14 GNS.

Philco Radio & Television Corporation of Great Britain Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex.

"'Thank you so much for your kind invitation..'"

Such a pleasure to acknowledge letters when you have a Remington Home Portable! So much quicker and more convenient than writing with a pen. The Remington Portable is delightfully easy to use—simplicity itself. And convenient—it weighs only 11 lb. Size is only 12¼ in. x 12 in. x 5 in. complete with handsome, sturdily built carrying case. For full particulars send Coupon to-day—or apply to your local Dealer or Stationer.

REMINGTON
HOME PORTABLE

Assembled in Great Britain by British Labour.
£9 9 0 Cash, or 10 monthly payments of £1—complete with case and simple Home Instructor.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO. LTD.
100 Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3.
(Phone: Mansion House 3333.)
I should like to know more about the Remington Home Portable—without any obligation on my part.
Name ....
Address ....
.... C66S

IN *Every* WAY *this* FAMILY CAR EXCELS . . .

For the driver—a smooth and powerful 14 h.p. engine that provides an effortless 68 m.p.h.—with a moderate consumption—26 m.p.g. For the family—a sumptuous yet gracefully streamlined body seating four passengers *within the wheelbase.* A car of most elaborate equipment—with folding tables, adjustable steering column, four-speed synchromesh gears, enclosed luggage locker, front torsion bar for stability and control, etc. This true "quality first" model costs only £249 ex works.

Also available with 12 h.p. engine.

Flying Standard

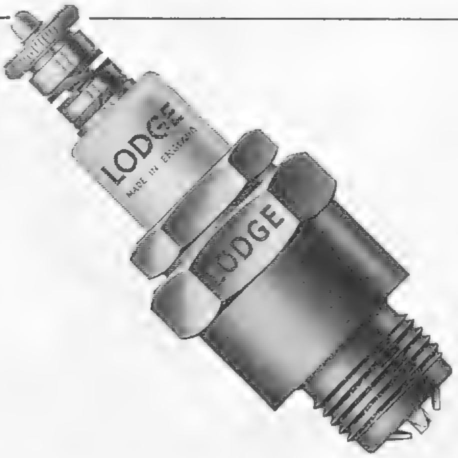
OTHER MODELS

£149—£349 (ex works)

FLYING STANDARD "FOURTEEN"

For literature apply: THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD., CANLEY, COVENTRY.
West End Showrooms: "STANDARD CARS," 37, DAVIES ST., GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1.

Renew engine vitality!



fit a new set of

LODGE

THE BEST PLUG IN THE WORLD

Unbreakable mica insulation and fully detachable. Obtainable everywhere from 5/- each in sealed metal boxes.

Made completely in England by Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby

Remember CORONATION YEAR as the year you started CARAVANNING

If you have a car, get twice as much out of it by owning a caravan too. At present your car takes you to places—and brings you rushing home again at night. A caravan will enable you to *stay* at those places, many a week-end, for many a glorious holiday—without extra cost. There is as much comfort, luxury and convenience in an Eccles Caravan as in a cosy flat—and there's only a quarter the work. Once you own an Eccles you can spend every free hour at your favourite spot and enjoy unrestricted freedom—freedom from set programmes, hotel meals, and, most important, freedom from expense. Send for the Eccles Catalogue and learn more on the subject.

ECCLES MOTOR CARAVANS LTD.
Hazelwell Lane, Stirchley
Birmingham

fbl

I Learn to Drive a Car

at The British School of Motoring

WHAT with Mr. Hore-Belisha and the Government Test, and one thing and another, learning to drive a car isn't the easy-going affair it used to be. And quite right too, we say.

A few haphazard lessons from father, brother, or friend no longer qualify the little woman to hold a driving licence—before she tucks *that* coveted bit of a card into her vanity-bag she has to be able to *drive*.

This is where the British School of Motoring (Central Enrolment Dept., 5, Coventry Street, W.1) is of inestimable value to the would-be woman driver, for here at last she finds her special requirements carefully considered, and not a detail overlooked. Instead of picking up goodness-knows-what bad habits along with her driving in the bad old way, the woman learning at the B.S.M. is taught carefully and thoroughly to the standard of the Royal Automobile Club—and the course includes the examination for the R.A.C. Certificate.

The cleverly picked instructors and the dual control cars of the British School of Motoring inspire even the nervous woman with confidence—and she finds learning to drive a car an unexpected, natural, pleasant and interesting affair.

Take my own case.

I wished to learn to drive one of the new Ford Eights—and to drive it well, if not superbly. Not only that. Although with but the foggiest ideas of combustion engines and mechanics generally, I wanted to find out all about "the works," *and* how to tackle simple running repairs. What to do about permanently open or closed valves, for instance, or for failures in the lighting system or petrol supply. And lots of other things.

In fact, I was determined to take my place on the road as a sensible driver, and not just another "Look out—it's a woman!" kind of road encumberer—the joy of the garage proprietor's heart.

So along I went to my local branch of the B.S.M. and enrolled for the special woman's course.

My first lesson dealt with the mechanism of the car and the principles by which it worked. On cut-away sections of motor engines, the instructor showed me just what happened "under the bonnet," when gears were changed or brakes applied, and a score of other things. This was all very interesting and gave me a lot to think about before my lesson on the following day.

The open road this time—that is, as open as a busy suburb will allow.

Was I nervous?

Not a bit. My quietly authoritative instructor and those dual controls gave me confidence from the first 50 yards. The end of the first hour found me a bit tired, I must confess, but able to start, stop and guide the car with more than looked-for ease.

So far so good. A little more back-street driving, and I was turning right and left hand corners, and starting off and stopping, with fair technique; but that right foot of mine, the instructor said, was much too heavy on the accelerator—and my road signals weren't all they might have been. *And* I had a tendency to stall my engine on a hill.

At the end of each lesson we discussed my faults carefully and dispassionately and with little diagrams, not forgetting full marks for all improvements shown. This kept me continually determined to do better "to-morrow," and this ideal I always managed to realise, even though "to-morrow" brought its own new test. Soon the steepest hill held no terrors for me—but turning neatly in a normal or narrow street was another story. It took me the better part of two lessons and lots of little maps to get that right. But this particular success gave me a pleasant sense of accomplishment.

Next came reversing, not nearly so difficult as I imagined it would be—just a case of keeping calm and going dead slow and turning the wheel sharply at just the right moment. My instructor warned me that the Government examiner, putting me through my paces, would stand in just such and such a position in the road and I would have to get round neatly in just that area. No hope if I went ever so slightly over his toes!

Driving through traffic was the next big thrill. All one's wits needed here, and the ability to use them quickly. Exhilarating mental exercise this, and not at all alarming with the quiet voice of the instructor occasionally admonishing me to "Watch those lights now," or "Steady on that accelerator."

And this is round about where I began to feel myself a driver and, as such, a critic of that other kind of animal on the road—the pedestrian. Dreadful people I found them, simply asking for annihilation all the time. The things they did! Such as popping out from behind a bus or stepping off pavements without looking any way at all or tortuously crossing the road when the lights were against such a project and the traffic beginning to move.

And then, of course as far as London goes (which is a long, long way), there is the taxi. They stop without giving you a hint of their intentions. They execute figures of eight right under your bonnet and then they decide to *come* the way you are *going*—and they yell at you if you don't get out of the way. In fact, taxis represent the unknown quantity on the road and they keep you guessing all the time.

But these reactions are a healthy indication of growing road sense and a deepening of that feeling of responsibility so necessary on the congested roads of to-day.

And this is about the time, conscious perhaps of fair progress, I asked my instructor whether, in his opinion, women were as apt pupils and subsequently as efficient drivers as the men. His answer was definite and affirmative and very cheering to the feminine heart. The average woman of to-day, he said, has plenty of road sense, and is as quick at learning to drive as the average man. Much of women's bad driving in the past, he considered, was due to bad or inadequate instruction. Such an organisation as the B.S.M. had altered all that.

The Government Test

The funny thing about the Test, so far as the pupil of the B.S.M. is concerned, is that the closer it comes the less you bother about it. At first, the idea of ever having the skill plus the nerve to manœuvre a car to the cold, critical direction of an *Examiner* (simply nothing short of an ogre to beginners!) seems wildly improbable.

"I've got to do it," you say to yourself, "but I know that I shall fail."

Actually each lesson finds you obeying with growing ease the commands of your instructor, and this gradually allays your fears. He's so firm and exacting that if you can satisfy him, you feel you're up to anybody.

Also, of course, your last lessons concentrate on coaching you for the Test, and when your instructor finds no fault with you, you may be pretty sure of passing through the first time with flying colours.

Here again the B.S.M. offer you a very useful service. They arrange all official formalities of the Test—and you use the car you've learnt in. A great help. And when the Examiner does appear—well, you find he isn't an ogre after all. Not that you'd mind much even if he were. For you feel there isn't a single point he can catch you out on, and you know the Roadway Code by heart.

And so off you go. One more pupil of the B.S.M. who means to get her licence the first time up. And if you go carefully and keep calm—you do.

I did!

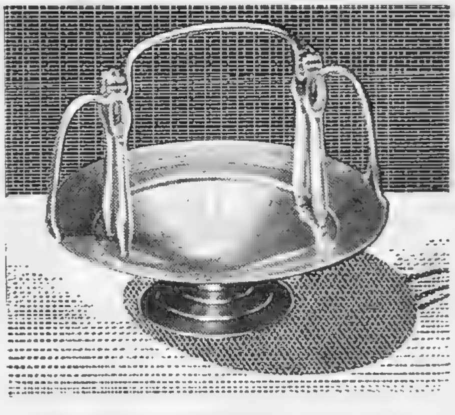
LAUREL PASCAL

WEDDING GIFTS

that are . . .

beautiful . . . useful . . . lasting

Sterling Silver Tankard, 1 pint £5 5 0
Cocktail Shaker, ½ pint £4 15 0; 1 pint £6 10 0



Prince's Plate Nut Dish with 2 pairs Crackers
£2 7 6

Sterling Silver Tea Service, 3 pieces £7 15 0
(Teapot holds 1 pint)
Hot Water or Coffee Jug to match £5 5 0

IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION

A full range of Prince's Plate and Sterling Silver articles suitable for Wedding Gifts is available at our STAND No. 8, GROUND FLOOR, GRAND HALL, or a catalogue will be sent upon request.

MAPPIN & WEBB LD.

LONDON

172, REGENT STREET, W.1
156-162, OXFORD STREET, W.1
2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4

This is the weather I love.

COLD, CRISP, DRY WEATHER IS A JOY TO THE **NERVE-HEALTHY**

If the healthy fresh crispness of a dry cold day merely drives you back to your fireside, you can be sure your normal nerve activities are impaired. Your nerves supply you with that vital energy which 'puts you on top of the world', which resists illness and promotes sound health. Tired, sun-starved nerves are bound to make you feel off-colour. The remedy is obvious—take Phosferine. It will stimulate and rejuvenate the whole nervous system. It is absolutely safe, it has brought better health to thousands of men and women of all ages—try it for yourself.

Mrs. H. Canham, writes :—

"I have derived great benefit from taking Phosferine. My work is carried on in the open, exposed to all weathers in open markets, and I have always made it a practice to carry a supply of Phosferine with me, and when I feel run down I fall back on it, and it never fails me. A few drops soon revive me, and I find Phosferine such a 'buck-me-up' during cold, rainy or sunless weather."

114, Blackstock Road,
London, N.4.

TO ENJOY NERVE-HEALTH—TAKE

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

for	*for*
DEPRESSION HEADACHE INDIGESTION	BRAIN-FAG NEURALGIA SLEEPLESSNESS
for	*for*
INFLUENZA RHEUMATISM SCIATICA	ANAEMIA DEBILITY NEURASTHENIA

From Chemists,

TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-.

WARNING—The Public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations.

A Man's Worst Enemy

(*Continued from page* 45)

black-soil plain. The men jogged along side by side in silence.

The pitiless rays of the overhead sun created an oven-like heat. Shimmering lines rose from the sun-baked ground as from the top of a hot stove. When a low, dancing timberline, half-veiled in a swath of blue haze, showed on the horizon, Hamlin spoke.

"Creek ahead," he announced surlily. "If there's water, we better stop for dinner. The horses need a spell."

Carew let the end of his whip fall lightly over the rump of a lagging packhorse. He nodded. A trickle of sweat dripped from his bronzed chin.

Another hour's ride brought them to the creek that wound across the plain. A narrow ribbon of water lay at the bottom of a long waterhole. The horses stumbled in their eagerness to reach the water, their hoofs sinking deep into the thick, black mud surrounding the edge.

They unsaddled for dinner in the shade of some paper-bark trees on top of the opposite bank. The last horse was being hobbled out when Carew, gazing out across the plain that lay ahead, uttered a cry of surprise.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "Someone's coming across the plain!"

Hamlin saw a lone rider, leading a single packhorse, coming toward them.

Fear gripped the bushman. This was the last thing he had expected—or wanted!

"Looks like a police trooper!" the Englishman was saying.

Hamlin strained his bleared eyes again, gazed out across the plain. The horseman was still far off—but there was no mistaking the white pugaree around the wide-brimmed hat. It *was* a trooper!

Without hesitation, Hamlin jerked out his gun. He was suddenly facing the Englishman, eyes ablaze.

"Get this!" he snapped. "Unless you want a bellyful o' lead—be mighty careful what comes out of that mouth of yours when this john gets here!"

Carew stared at the bushman. "What in hell's name is eating you?" he demanded. "Put that gun away!"

"Don't bluff, Carew!" Hamlin ground out the words between his teeth. "You talked in your sleep last night. I know you saw me kill McCulloch!"

The Englishman opened his mouth, then closed it again without speaking.

Still keeping the revolver levelled, Hamlin dug his left hand into his trouser pocket. The hand came out grasping the oblong piece of translucent stone he had taken from McCulloch.

"See this?" he breathed. "Fire opal! Worth a fortune."

"So that's why you killed him—you swine!"

Ignoring the epithet, Hamlin continued: "Play square with me and I'll give you a half-share. But remember—as long as the trooper's around, I'll be watchin' you every second. My hand'll be close to my gun. One suspicious move and I put lead into you—I'll take my chance of gettin' the trooper as well, afterwards."

Hamlin put the piece of opal away.

Carew remained silent. A queer, hard look crept into his grey eyes.

The horseman proved to be Trooper Dixon, the policeman from Polly's Lagoon. A tall, sunburned man in khaki.

As he rode up he flung a cheery greeting at the two men.

"Didn't expect to meet anyone along this God-forsaken track," he said, grinning. "Guess I'll spell my horses awhile and eat dinner with you chaps. Can't stay long, though. Trouble out at Woomera Downs—blacks spearing cattle again."

Carew said, "I'll go down and get water for tea."

Hamlin's eyes were on the Englishman. He hesitated a moment and then nodded. If they appeared anxious to get rid of Dixon he might become suspicious. After Carew had gone he helped the trooper unpack. They hobbled out his two horses.

"Lucky we bumped into you, Dixon," Hamlin stated seriously. "We got something to report. A mate of ours was killed back at the last camp."

The trooper let out a low whistle.

"That's bad," he said. "How did it happen?"

Just then, Carew reappeared above the bank of the creek. He was carrying a small black billy of water. Soft black mud adhered to the sides of his boots. He set about lighting a fire, while Hamlin told his version of how McCulloch had been thrown from his horse. He called upon the Englishman to verify the details.

The trooper asked questions—many of them. He jotted down particulars of the affair in a black-covered notebook.

The water on the fire was boiling. Carew threw in tea and carried the billy over to where tin pannikins and plates had been set out on a saddle-cloth.

The three men pulled up packbags and sat down to a meal of cold meat, damper and tea.

Suddenly Carew leaned over to fumble in a half-filled packbag nearby. Hamlin's bleared eyes followed his every movement. The Englishman drew out a glass jar and began to untwist the screw-top.

"Nearly forgot," he said, smiling. "The last of our mustard pickles. We may as well finish 'em." Leaning forward, he held the glass jar over Dixon's plate and began fishing inside with a fork.

Hamlin's hand hovered close to his revolver. The Englishman was very close to the trooper. If he tried to whisper anything——

Suddenly the fork in Carew's hand jerked out of the bottle. A big blob of mustard pickles was flicked up into the trooper's face.

Hamlin was on his feet instantly, hand ready on gun. Dixon rose more slowly, wiping his face.

"Holy smoke!" he spluttered. "You didn't have to throw 'em at me!"

Carew offered his apologies.

"The fork slipped," he explained. "You better go down and rinse that stuff off your face before it gets in your eyes."

As the trooper walked away, Hamlin turned on the Englishman. "If I thought you was up to somethin'—I'd put a bullet through your guts right *now*!" he snarled.

A few minutes later, Dixon came up from the waterhole, mopping at his face. Carew shot a quick glance at Hamlin. The bushman was pouring himself a pannikin of tea from the billy.

In order to return to his place, Dixon had to go around the two seated men. As he stepped behind Hamlin he halted.

Whipping out his automatic, he jammed the muzzle between the bushman's shoulder blades.

"Get your hands up!" he clipped. "You're under arrest, Hamlin, for murder!"

Hamlin froze with the pannikin of tea halfway to his lips. Then, raising his hands, he rose slowly. As Dixon leaned forward to remove the bushman's gun from its holster, Hamlin suddenly threw the pannikin of hot tea back over his shoulder. The scalding liquid caught the trooper full in the face.

Temporarily blinded, Dixon staggered back. Hamlin spun around, reaching for his gun. Before he could get it clear of the holster, Carew lunged, arms circling the bushman's thick neck. Hamlin was jerked over backward. The revolver exploded into the ground.

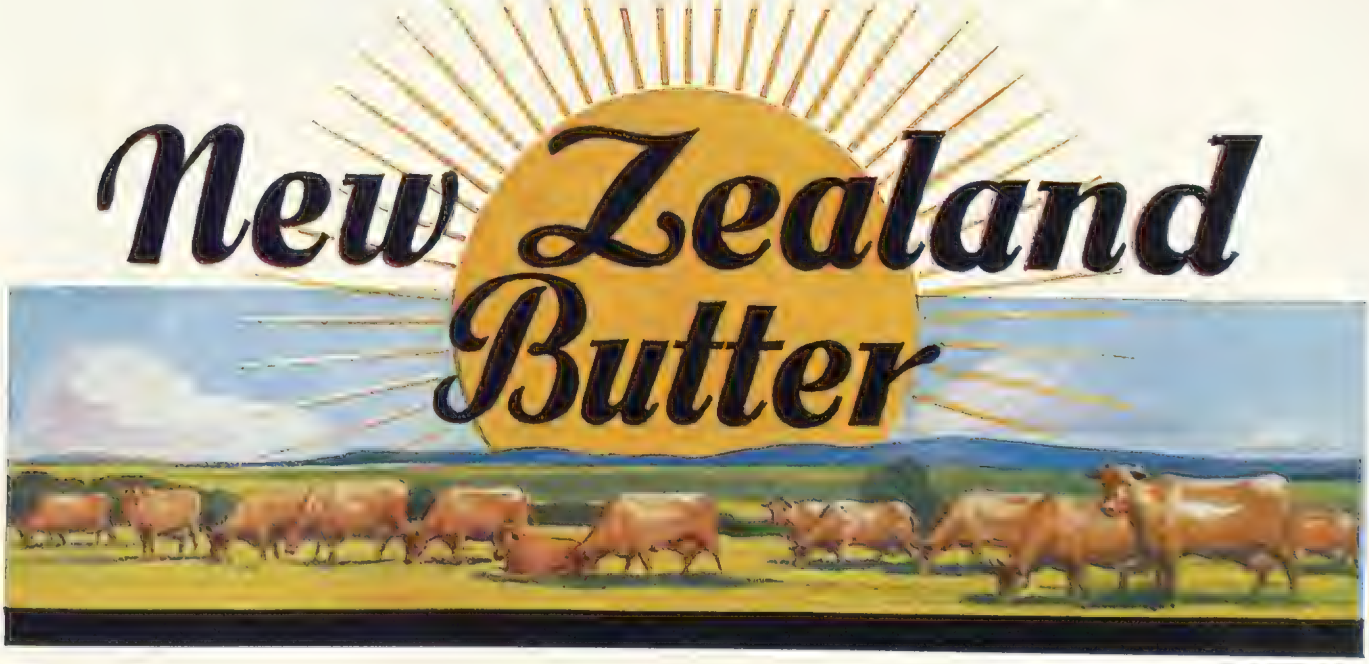
The trooper had recovered himself now. He sprang forward and landed with both knees on the bushman's chest. After a brief, hectic struggle, Hamlin was disarmed. Carew fetched a pair of handcuffs from the trooper's saddle. They rolled Hamlin over and manacled his wrists.

Straightening up,

(*Continued on page* 97)

Welcome as the first Primrose

Delicious sweet-cream butter, with all the health and vitality of warm summer sunshine and fresh green pasturelands — a luxury with every meal If you *must* have the best, be sure you always get



For FRESHNESS AND FRAGRANCE

DUBARRY
VANESSA
TOILET
SOAP
THE ACME OF LUXURY AND FRAGRANCE
DUBARRY
VANESSA
BATH
CUBES
IN SIX
DELIGHTFUL PERFUMES
REFRESHING, WATER-SOFTENING
TALCUM
POWDER

For those who long for lovelier skins the new Dubarry Vanessa Soap contains Vitamin F, to make the skin grow clearer, brighter, smoother. It nourishes the under skin, coarse pores disappear, blackheads vanish. Vanessa Soap has a wonderfully rich, creamy lather with the realistic fragrance of Lilac. It cannot irritate the most sensitive skin. Per tablet 6d., bath size 1/-.

Fragrant, tonic, water softening and refreshing, Dubarry Vanessa Bath Cubes are compactly presented in boxes of 6 and 12 assorted perfumes. They diffuse a wealth of fragrance, leaving the skin delicately and fascinatingly perfumed. Unlike most, Vanessa Bath Cubes do not melt or fall to powder. Ideal for travelling. Box of 12, 2/-. Box of 6, 1/-.

Used when dressing for the theatre, dance, or dinner, Dubarry Talcum is the finishing touch, giving that desirable feeling of soignée perfection. After outdoor exercise it is cooling and unbelievably refreshing. After the bath its satin-like, caressing softness is a luxurious delight, imparting the freshness and fragrance of a newly opened flower. 2/- per flask.

TOILET LUXURIES

by Dubarry

*From
Chemists
and Stores.
If any difficulty, post free
from DUBARRY,
81 Brompton Road,
LONDON, S.W.3.*

sweating, the trooper said, "Nice work, Carew. Thanks."

Carew grinned. He was a little breathless. "Sorry about the pickles! It was the only way I could think of to get you down there."

Dixon brushed dirt from his khaki slacks and nodded. "It was smart all right. I thought I was seeing things at first when I looked along the edge of the waterhole and saw where you'd written your message in the mud with a piece of stick. But the words were plain enough—'Arrest Hamlin—he killed McCulloch.'"

Hamlin struggled up into a sitting position. He let loose a volley of oaths at the Englishman. "You damned spyin' hound!" he finished up. "I oughta have put a bullet through you last night!"

Picking up his battered hat, the Englishman dusted it off by slapping it against his thigh. "No," he said. "You made your little mistake just now—when you told me you'd killed McCulloch. I never had the slightest suspicion until then!"

Hamlin stared at Carew in amazement. Then he burst out.

"That's a damn lie! I heard you talkin' about it in your sleep last night!"

"You're wrong," reiterated the Englishman quietly. "If I mentioned murder in my sleep last night—it was because I was thinking of that brown mare you killed. I couldn't get it off my mind. It was murder in my eyes—the way you stood there and shot her down in cold blood!"

END

In Training With the Rescue Men

(*Continued from page* 13)

galleries, for the Captain was testing the floor, roof and walls with his stick at every step. They tested for gas by holding up the canary and also an oil gas-detecting lamp, and presently a notice on the wall read "Gas." Immediately the canary was treated as a theoretical casualty, the respirators were strapped on, and the Captain again checked the oxygen gauges.

Clouds of fine black dust rose in the dim light of our lamps, and the only sound of our slow advance was the clicking of the breathing apparatus and the scraping of boots.

"Pip—Pip." The first signal from the Captain's motor-horn. This signified "Halt"; three hoots is the code for "Retire," four for "Advance" and one for "Distress." As talking is not possible in the respirators and the brigade may be working in blinding smoke, some such clear signalling method is essential.

The Captain had signalled a halt as he discovered the first of the six "Missing" men for whom the brigade was searching. One of the Superintendent's assistants lay motionless on the floor with a label tied on him describing the extent of his injuries, and first aid was applied as speedily as possible in that very restricted space.

In the light of our lamps the spare breathing apparatus was strapped on the "victim" and a mixture of oxygen with 7 per cent. of carbon dioxide was administered. Then picric acid dressings were applied to the burns and the man was strapped to the stretcher. The whole brigade retraced their steps, bringing the rescued man back to the pit bottom for medical attention.

A rescue brigade always works together in this way, as it is unsafe to separate. Six men work together, and if one is injured or feels unwell the distress signal sounds and the whole party is withdrawn from the mine and a reserve brigade is sent in to replace it.

Back into the mine again, and a second "injured" man was located, given first aid and brought out. The other four missing men were later found in another part of the mine—each was a stuffed figure bearing the laconic label "Dead."

EVERY ten minutes during the long, slow progress through the mine a halt was signalled and the Captain read each oxygen gauge and recorded the figures on a card. This is to ensure the whole brigade being brought out of the mine before anyone's oxygen supply is exhausted.

By shouting loudly through the mouthpiece the men can make themselves heard, and so, as an additional precautionary measure, every three or four minutes the Captain started a muffled shout that ran back down the line: "Number—One—Two—Three—Four—Five—Six." No rescue man should be more than two yards from the next member, and this numbering-off keeps the brigade together and inspires confidence. The condition of the men is verified by the strength of their response, and if any one member (who may be invisible in smoke) fails to give his number loudly, this automatically constitutes a "distress" signal, and the brigade withdraws from the mine.

It took us a full hour to go right through the model mine, for the Captain stopped at every object found and noted it at the appropriate place on the mine plan. He marked the state of roof and walls, excessive coal or stone dust, a tub of coal, the dead pit pony, burst cables, a miner's coat or pick, the number of any lamp found.

Accurate details of this nature are important, for the direction of an explosion and its force at a given point can be estimated from the distance that a lamp was found from its owner's body; and these details on the mine plan, combined with the Captain's written description of the conditions, enable Mines Department officials and the management to form an early opinion of the cause and extent of any disaster.

WHEN we finally emerged from a circuit of the mine the rescue brigade spent the next half-hour dismantling and cleaning their breathing apparatus, refilling the oxygen cylinders, and replacing the apparatus on the racks ready for immediate use at any moment.

During their training with this breathing apparatus the rescue brigades have a pretty strenuous time. They have to walk at a brisk pace for half an hour and take an adult on a stretcher along low galleries and through an opening four yards long, three feet wide by two feet high. They also have to raise and lower a 56 lb. weight repeatedly by rope and pulley, and can be seen building and removing barriers of sandbags and stone and shovelling sand to put out an imaginary fire.

The Hednesford Rescue Station serves the mines within a twenty mile radius, and an official is always available by the telephone. A dull rumble from the bowels of the earth, the shrilling of a telephone bell, and in two minutes a motor van laden with breathing apparatus, medical supplies, stretchers and canaries, is tearing through the streets on its way to the pit. Here the trained rescue men in the neighbourhood, called by three blasts of the hooter every thirty seconds, are assembled in their brigades at the pit head ready to commence work under the direction of the Rescue Station Superintendent.

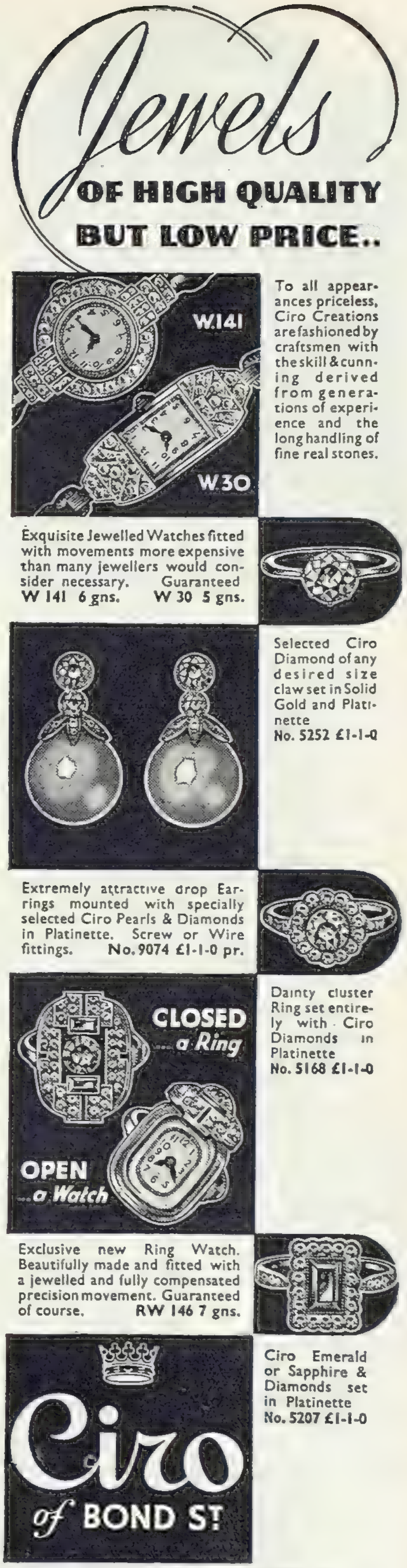
It is usual for three brigades to be equipped, one to enter the mine, the second to wait as near as possible in fresh air, the third to be resting in reserve. It is in the sole discretion of the Captain to decide how far his brigade shall go and what he will and will not permit his brigade to attempt.

The rescue men are not great talkers. Of the brigade I witnessed in training each man had risked his life, not once, but a number of times, carrying out work which would bring him a V.C. on the field of battle, but they would not talk of their exploits.

Sometimes a glimpse can be seen of their work in a coroner's court, as in halting words a rescue man will mutter something of the conditions "down there."

The toll of death in the mines averages something like a thousand a year—man's reply is the rescue brigade, ready to brave everything for comradeship born in the darkness of the pit.

END



Jewels OF HIGH QUALITY BUT LOW PRICE..

To all appearances priceless, Ciro Creations are fashioned by craftsmen with the skill & cunning derived from generations of experience and the long handling of fine real stones.

W.141 W.30

Exquisite Jewelled Watches fitted with movements more expensive than many jewellers would consider necessary. Guaranteed
W 141 6 gns. W 30 5 gns.

Selected Ciro Diamond of any desired size claw set in Solid Gold and Platinette
No. 5252 £1-1-0

Extremely attractive drop Earrings mounted with specially selected Ciro Pearls & Diamonds in Platinette. Screw or Wire fittings. No. 9074 £1-1-0 pr.

Dainty cluster Ring set entirely with Ciro Diamonds in Platinette
No. 5168 £1-1-0

CLOSED ...a Ring
OPEN ...a Watch

Exclusive new Ring Watch. Beautifully made and fitted with a jewelled and fully compensated precision movement. Guaranteed of course. RW 146 7 gns.

Ciro Emerald or Sapphire & Diamonds set in Platinette
No. 5207 £1-1-0

Ciro of BOND ST

LONDON: 48 OLD BOND STREET, W.1
178 REGENT STREET, W.1 120 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2
LIVERPOOL - 23 Church St LEEDS - 38 Briggate
M'CHESTER 14 St. Ann's Sq EDINBURGH at Jenners
BIRMINGHAM 121 New St BRISTOL at Taylors
SHEFFIELD - 23 Fargate CARDIFF at Howells
GLASGOW 95 Buchanan St DUBLIN at Switzers
BELFAST - at Robinson & Cleaver Ltd.

CIRO, 48, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
Please send me your FREE Catalogue

NAME

ADDRESS

15-4/37

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Her husband
gave her a
SHORT HEAD

He wanted her teeth to be white and beautiful so he gave her a Tek Shorthead Toothbrush. Cut to measure and cut to clean, the Tek fits right inside the arch behind the teeth.

The Tek was approved *in writing* by 96% of dentists to whom it was sent. You can't get a substitute for Tek. Tek is registered—legally protected from imitation. To clean your teeth *from behind* as well as in front, you must get Tek, the original shorthead toothbrush.

BETTER TAKE TO A

Tek

SHORTHEAD TOOTHBRUSH 2/-

IT FITS THE ARCH

Prices do not apply in Irish Free State

Tek is sold surgically clean in a sealed carton. Six colours ; hard, extra hard, and medium bristles.

MADE ONLY AT SLOUGH. Guaranteed Product of Johnson & Johnson (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

ALSO TEK JUNIOR FOR THE CHILDREN 1/3
made to fit the arch of their little teeth

A Place at the Sea

(*Continued from page* 65)

Built entirely of sheet steel panels welded together, the house is without a single nail. The panels are fabricated at the factory, taken to the site and quickly erected. A thick blanket of insulating material in every panel and over the ceiling sections insures complete and perfect insulation.

Some of the luxuries included in this house are heating by a forced-draught system ; filter and air conditioning, which can be used in summer for cooling ; modern plumbing ; shower ; hot water heater ; water softener ; electric light ; gas stove ; radio ; electric clock —in fact, every modern device, and all included in the price.

Steel walls sound odd, but this house, when complete, looks like any other erection of brick and plaster. This is how it is done.

Interior and exterior walls are finished by applying a special coating of paint to the steel surface. A layer of white silica sand is then sprayed on to the paint, giving it an appearance that resembles stucco. Any colour can be applied to this surface by the paint spray method, and by this means the makers have been able to eliminate the use of an outside veneer and plaster or of wallboard materials on the inside.

America is giving ample proof of the all-round excellence of the steel unit house, and there is no doubt that this country will soon follow suit.

Returning to English holiday homes—this time on a very modest scale—take a look at the smaller thatched house we have illustrated.

This picturesque retreat was never intended for more than a "week-end hide-out" ; but, as such, it has fulfilled its purpose admirably.

Erected on a minute portion of land, it has one all-purpose sitting-room with a recessed kitchenette. Upstairs there is one quite large bedroom approached by an outside staircase (much cheaper than an inside one). A lean-to bathroom on the near side provides the requirements of people of simple tastes quite adequately, and lighting, cooking and heating are by electricity. A doll's house, perhaps, but a source of much pleasure to the owners.

Another very inexpensive venture was the timber bungalow shown on page 65. This was bought at a cost of £230, to provide four small boys with a summer paradise at a low cost.

Cooking and heating by oil in this bungalow, which is remote from "main services," is found to be no disadvantage with modern oil cooking and heating apparatus, whilst the very absence of amenities of equipment is an appealing feature of "happy-go-lucky" as well as a valued means of economy.

End

What to Eat with What

(*Continued from page* 68)

salad. The garnish of water-cress which completes a chicken or game dish is also greatly improved with a dash of vinegar. Mayonnaise is a little more substantial, but any of these acts as a solvent and helps to make the salad, the salmon, the lobster and the crab more easily digested.

Condiments have little or no value in repairing the waste of the body. To jaded appetites, however, they are a necessity. Used in moderation, they assist in making food more palatable. Salt, mustard, relish, chutney will not only add to the piquancy of a dish but, by speeding up the digestive system, will often prevent aches and pains.

For this reason we serve our grilled herring—a rather heavy dish—with mustard sauce. Sole, a rather insipid dish, is turned into something more interesting by the accompaniment of a highly seasoned tartare sauce.

Hors d'œuvre dishes of olives, a piquant fish salad or a fruit cocktail are all colourful preliminaries to a meal and act as a fillip to dulled appetites. Apart from being decorative, their main purpose is to tickle the palate and so excite the digestive juices, in preparation for the more substantial courses to follow.

The practical deduction from all this is that a diet, to do full justice, must be a mixed one. To balance the meal, one type of food should be played up against another. In this way the perfect meal is evolved.

They Vanished into Thin Air

(*Continued from page* 9)

A shadow in that quiet town of shadowy sleep, at an hour when only a policeman or two roamed abroad and an occasional lorry broke the silence of its main street, she stole into the church in flying kit and knelt before the altar. One or two lamps were burning dimly ; the rest of the church was in deep gloom. When Holy Communion had been administered, she knelt a long time in prayer. Then Father Arendzen extinguished the lights, and she took farewell of him in his study.

"I am going on a journey across the Atlantic," she said, "but I want no word of it to get to my people until it is all over. As soon as we reach the other side I will send you a cable."

"And if we hear nothing at the end of forty hours?" asked the padre gently.

She shrugged, half-smiled. He wished her good luck. She was gone.

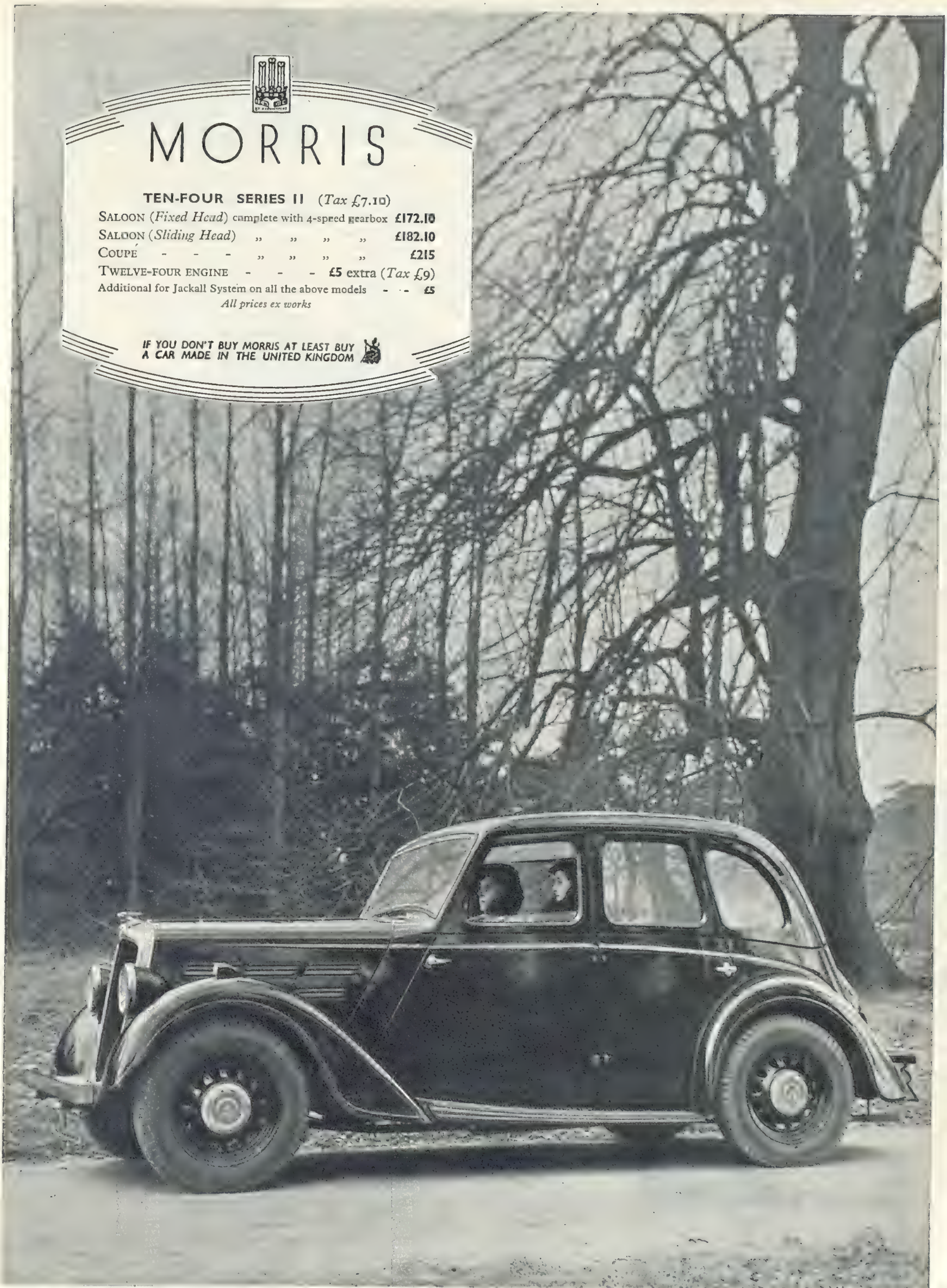
"She was obviously excited, and deeply affected by the step she was taking," he said. "I was impressed by her extreme piety and devotion. A strong-minded and courageous woman, she seemed also to have the faith of a simple girl. Once or twice she seemed to be on the verge of tears, but her only retort was a courageous smile. With a wave of the hand she left me. In mid-Atlantic she must have remembered the peace and consolation of that last Communion."

The Silence has claimed other women who took off on hazardous flights. Mrs. Grayson, an American pilot, vanished with three companions after waving good-bye to New York. Edna Newcomer was similarly fated when she set off with Dr. Leon Pisculli and William Ulbrich on a flight from New York to Rome. Mildred Doran, with six others, disappeared on a flight from California to Honolulu in 1927.

These flights into the Silence are tragic enough when you read of them in your morning paper ; when your contact with them is more personal, they touch on the raw. I met one evening, in my club in the West End, an interesting little woman who sat at a table by the dance-floor with a man friend, but did not dance. All the time we talked she was anxious, preoccupied, jumpy ; sociability cost her an effort ; she had only come there because she dared not be alone with her fears. After a short stay she rose from her seat impulsively and left with her escort. Obviously, she could not remain still anywhere for long.

I knew her trouble. She was Mrs. Keith Miller, the friend of Captain Lancaster, who had been "missing" several days on a flight to the Cape. Way back in Miami, you remember, there had been trouble. Her fiancé, a young journalist, was shot dead in mysterious circumstances ; Lancaster, a mutual friend, suspected of having shot him in a fit of jealousy, had been tried and acquitted after lengthy and dramatic proceedings.

(*Continued on page* 100)


MORRIS

TEN-FOUR SERIES II (*Tax £7.10*)

SALOON (*Fixed Head*) complete with 4-speed gearbox	**£172.10**
SALOON (*Sliding Head*) " " " "	**£182.10**
COUPÉ - - - " " " "	**£215**
TWELVE-FOUR ENGINE - - -	**£5** extra (*Tax £9*)
Additional for Jackall System on all the above models - -	**£5**

All prices ex works

IF YOU DON'T BUY MORRIS AT LEAST BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD

(Sole Exporters: Morris Industries Exports Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England) **M156**

MANSION POLISH

The BRIGHT way to lovely floors

The long-lasting brilliance of "Mansion" is saving time and trouble in millions of homes. Housewives find that a single application of this fine wax polish keeps a floor looking bright for days and days, only a dust over being necessary to bring up the brightness as fresh as ever. Polish your floors with "Mansion." You'll find it

So quick! So easy! So economical!

MANSION POLISH

For Floors, Furniture & Linoleum

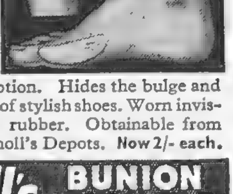
Tins 6d., 10½d. and 1/9.
Large Household Tin, containing 2 lbs. net, 3/-.
Chiswick Products Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.4
MP. CO. 61

BUNIONS RELIEVED REDUCED

Stops Shoe Pressure

For immediate relief from bunion pain use **Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer.** It stops shoe pressure; reduces the enlargement by the natural process of absorption. Hides the bulge and preserves the shapeliness of stylish shoes. Worn invisibly; made of pure, soft rubber. Obtainable from all Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. Now 2/- each.

Dr. Scholl's BUNION REDUCER



He came to England, eager to live down the memory of this tragic experience, to do something that would help him get a grip on life again and turn his mind from the past to the future. This attempt to break the Cape record was in the nature of a "come-back," and he went into it heart and soul, with that recklessness men feel when they have passed through an emotional crisis. He was last sighted roaring off over the Sahara; night descended on the desert; he was never seen again.

And in that little woman sitting restlessly by the dance-floor, while the band jazzed merrily and the drinks circulated, one sensed all the tragedy of the great adventure which ends in—Silence.

In the same club, shortly before his last flight, I met Bert Hinckler. Modest, quiet-voiced, with a hint of sadness and disillusion in the shrewd eyes, he talked to me of his recent achievement: the west-to-east flight over the South Atlantic, the first undertaken in a light 'plane, the first solo one of the kind since Lindbergh's.

This final attempt to break the England-Australia record was also, in a way, a "come-back." In a life dedicated whole-heartedly to pioneer flying he had sacrificed a great deal of money, and was comparatively poor. This flight would help to restore his fortunes. On his first hop to Athens he just vanished into the void. Not until three months had gone by did charcoal-burners in a mountainous gorge of Tuscany, among the Apennines, stumble on his body and the wreckage of his machine.

When the Silence swallowed Air Commodore Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith on another attempt to beat the England-Australia record in November, 1935, it ended the career of one whom Lindbergh regarded as the world's greatest airman. "Smithy" devoted half his life to air development. Joining the R.F.C. during the war, he was wounded at 12,000 feet in a duel with a Bosch, and fainted on landing. In 1919 he went into commercial aviation; in 1927 made a record flight round Australia; and thereafter, almost year after year, set up a record—some years, two. Melbourne to Perth, Australia to America, Australia to England, east-to-west Atlantic, England to Australia solo, Air Mail to England and back to Australia, England to Australia again, Australia to California via the Pacific—there was no holding him down: he was the Icarus of the Southern Cross.

But, like Hinckler, he was seldom in funds at the end of it all, always had to beat up support for his flights, and in his later years took chances in single-engined machines on routes he had conquered with triple. Sir Hubert Wilkins had to give him credit on the purchase of a machine which had done Polar exploration. He sank money in commercial flying in Australia and lost it. At one time he had to resort to selling flips in the *Southern Cross* at ten shillings a head. On an attempt to carry the Jubilee mail from Australia to New Zealand in 1935 he was compelled to return over 600 miles of sea with a broken airscrew; his navigator, Taylor, crawled on to the wing to transfer oil from the dead engine to the other, which lacked it.

His fateful departure from Lympne that early November morning was the second within a fortnight; he was going back to the old country to set up regular flying-boat services between Australia and New Zealand in the hope of enjoying fruits of his great labours long overdue.

"There'll be no turning back this time," he said. "We shall plod on. I want to see sunshine again, but, most important of all, to get back to my family."

With John Pethybridge as co-pilot in the *Lady Southern Cross*, he made brief halts at Athens and Baghdad and reached Allahabad the evening of the second day, having flown 4,800 miles in 1 day, 5 hours, 28 minutes. When he took off for Singapore, he was only two hours behind the Scott-Black timing and looked like beating the record. Somewhere over the Bay of Bengal or off the Malay Peninsula coast . . . *Finis*.

"I want to see the sunshine again . . . get back to my family . . ." Unlucky at the last. But an inspiration to air-minded youth for generations to come.

Sometimes men come back from the Silence with strange tales to tell. In May, 1932, Hans Bertram and a companion, Klausmann, set out from the Rhine in the seaplane *Atlantis* to fly across Asia and India to Australia. Crossing the Timor Sea by night, they drifted south from their Port Darwin course, landed on uninhabited coast south-east of Cape Bernier, trudged off without food or water in search of some outpost of civilisation.

For forty days they wandered the bush, suffering hardship and privation, before encountering an aboriginal native by a miracle when they were at their last gasp. Fifty-three days had passed before they saw another white man.

Swimming a creek, crocodiles made for them; they lost the clothes and shoes on their backs and had to resume the trek naked and barefoot. Tormented by mosquitoes and flies, they lay down at night buried in sand for protection. For over a week they were without water, mad with thirst, and again when they fashioned a boat from odd garments left in the 'plane and sailed down the coast.

A ship came within six to seven hundred yards—and passed. They could actually distinguish the name on the lifeboats. A search 'plane zoomed over, high in the sky—and missed them. For a whole month they subsisted on fish, leaves, berries, and two lizards. Bertram has told the epic story in *Flight to Hell*.

One of the earliest "missing" was Gustav Hamel, who took off from Paris for London in May, 1914. After his disappearance, rumour connected him with espionage, but his fate remained a mystery. Even prior to that date at least seven flyers had been lost at sea.

When the Atlantic became the great lure, it claimed, besides those already mentioned, Captain St. Roman—who took off for South America from Senegal and was last sighted 600 miles east of Pernambuco—Sir John Carling, three men who set out from Maine in *Old Glory* to fly to Rome, and Captain Nungesser and M. Coli in *White Bird*.

Nungesser was a noted French war-time pilot who received nearly a score of wounds in fights with aces of the German squadrons. They left Le Bourget for New York in May, 1927, with a two-and-a-half-ton deadweight load which only just permitted them to take off without crashing. There was fog over the Channel. They were last seen by the Fastnet lighthouse-keeper heading for the Atlantic.

An adventure similar to Hans Bertram's befell Eric Hook, an Australian, and Jack Matthews when they left Lympne for Australia in June, 1930. Calcutta saw them, and Akyab two days later, after which the Silence got them. Mid-July, Matthews turned up exhausted at Padaung, 150 miles from Rangoon, and spluttered the news that they had struck a monsoon shortly after Akyab and landed in the jungle on a bamboo plantation. They trekked off to seek help; Hook was taken ill, collapsed, and begged Matthews to press on alone and come back for him. He did so, encountered two Burmese peasants who took him to their village, then made his way to Padaung. A search-party went out and found Hook dead.

Lone flyers have been lost in the earth's remotest places, from the Arctic to the Andes, from Mongolia to the isles of Japan.

In March, 1931, William Brophy started from Shanghai on a flight to Manila, and was last seen at Hong Kong. He took a puppy with him as mascot. The crew of a fishing boat from Luzon Island reported that they had seen a white man waving to them with a piece of rag from a lonely island, Yami; he had a dog beside him. They could not get to him on account of rough seas on a dangerous coast. Yami was on his route;

(*Continued on page 102*)

A MILEAGE-BONUS

with every gallon

NATIONAL
BENZOLE • MIXTURE
FREE !
EXTRA MILES

The number of miles you can get out of a gallon of fuel depends on what is in the fuel. If there is British Benzole in it, blended with first-grade petrol, then you will get extra mileage out of it, free. That is how National Benzole Mixture gives you a bonus of more miles for your money. Fill up with 'National,' and go farther.

more miles per gallon

NATIONAL

BENZOLE MIXTURE

NATIONAL BENZOLE CO., LTD., WELLINGTON HOUSE, BUCKINGHAM GATE, LONDON, S.W.1.

(The distributing organisation owned and entirely controlled by the producers of British Benzole.)

it was thought he might have made a forced landing there and been held by the savage islanders. But search was made for him in vain.

Paul Redfern, an American, disappeared on a flight from Georgia to Rio de Janeiro in 1930. Indians talked of a white man who had landed in the wilds in an aeroplane and been adopted by a tribe on the Brazilian frontier. A rescue expedition was sent out, but found no trace of this "Colonel Fawcett" of the air. One of the searchers was drowned when a boat capsized on a dangerous stream in the interior.

Sir Harry Brittain has recorded many remarkable exploits of lost flyers in *By Air*. Mermoz, a pilot who crossed the Andes regularly at 15,000 feet, was lost for three days in 20 degrees of frost, with his mechanic, patching up a disabled machine, with no provisions or wireless. It took them eight hours to push the repaired machine to the top of a 2,000 feet slope in order to take off over a precipice. When they eventually reached Buenos Aires, Masses were being said for the repose of their souls.

Flying over these grim mountains with the Count de la Vaulx, he was forced to land on the edge of a precipice. The passenger, lame from a recent accident, could not jump from the machine while it was still moving, so the pilot flung himself under the wheels, using his body as a brake, and broke two ribs.

Guillamet, another South American pilot, crashed in a hurricane over the Chilean craters in the desolate Laguna Diamante region. He had no food; he lost his shoes, and had to wrap his feet in strips of parachute fabric. With the door of the machine he scooped a shelter for himself in the snow. For four days and nights he stumbled about the steep ravines searching for a path, his only light a pocket-lamp. Giving up hope, he dragged himself on to a rock where searchers might find his body, so that his wife could receive insurance money. From this eminence he espied an Indian cabin, and was saved.

In the Canadian and Yukon snow-wastes, where gold prospecting is now done mainly by air, pilots have been swept down in sudden snowstorms, and compelled to fight for their lives and those of their passengers, in temperatures ranging from 60 to 70 degrees below zero. It has taken an hour to warm the engine into life with a spirit-stove shielded by a tarpaulin; another hour to warm the oil, one hand ready on the fire-extinguisher in case the stove set fire to the machine. Often the flyers were given up for lost.

Up in the bleak Arctic vanished Amundsen, the Scandinavian explorer, when he flew off to search for the crew of the ill-fated dirigible *Italia*. At the other extreme, three flyers named Pintabo, Arable, and Gourp were lost in the tropic Sahara and attacked by Arabs. After his two comrades had been shot dead, Gourp, with bullet and dagger wounds, was tied to the hump of a camel and taken to Cap Juba, on the coast, so that his countrymen might ransom him. The sufferings on the journey so unhinged him that he swallowed a dose of iodine and carbolic acid and died just as the French came to reclaim him from captivity.

Many pilots crossing the desert have succumbed to a sudden dementia known as *cafard*, and crashed or been lost. Sir Robert Alan Clayton, the young explorer, who died after a flight over the Libyan desert, said that in the heat and glare he lost all idea of height, position and speed; his head began to swim, and he was seized with an almost irresistible urge to dive the machine into the ground and finish everything.

"Good-bye and good luck! . . ."

So many times those words have been spoken to men and women who were never to hear them again.

Let us salute the Lost Legion of the Air. They dared—and died—valiantly; they were a gesture in the face of danger, a symbol of the indomitable human spirit which is for ever challenging the unknown, blazing the new trails of progress.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 41*)

Money poured into Babylon from the vassal states; more and yet more building works were engaged upon, and the land prospered as never before.

Semiramis was intoxicated by success, and in her thirst for new conquests she looked, Alexander-like, eastwards to India—that vast, little-known land whose fabled wealth beckoned her irresistibly, setting her imagination afire.

With a monster army of three million infantry and half a million cavalry, she crossed Persia and Afghanistan, only to find at journey's end an enemy prepared and waiting. Scores of battles were fought, the fortunes swinging this way and that; but for a long while the result was indecisive, though the death-roll reached staggering proportions.

Semiramis, ever in the forefront of the battle, fought with boundless courage, running the risks of the common soldier and twice falling wounded in one engagement alone, only to rise and fight on undaunted.

At the passage of the River Sind she beat the powerful Strabolate, but a return encounter ended in complete defeat, only a million men of her once glorious army surviving to tell the tale.

And here the drama of Semiramis ends. History, in one of its tantalising silences, tells us no more of the shepherdess who by her beauty, wisdom, and courage rose to supreme power, lording it over the world of her day and founding a city the very name of which remains even now a symbol of might and grandeur.

The rest is all surmise. Some may like to believe the legend that a cloud wafted her away from the field of battle, others that she died fighting desperately to turn the fortunes of the day, and yet others the story that she returned home to meet her death at the hands of her son. Certain it is, though, that all is conjecture; and so we leave this masterful woman who, despite the mystery that surrounds her and the past romancing that has substituted so much fiction for fact, remains a colourful, unforgettable figure, her place secure in history.

SIMPSON BRAND
IODINE SOAP

MR J. W. SIMPSON, M.P.S.
Chemist. The Iodine Specialist
SIMPSON
IODINE SOAP
from Seaweed Iodine

THIS is really the loveliest soap you have ever used! A great big foaming lather with the "Smell of the Sea" in its creamy bubbles.

Which is actually true—because SIMPSON IODINE SOAP contains pure Iodine made from Seaweed. Almost magically your skin is cleared of *every* impurity and beauty blemish. *Within ten days* you have a skin texture ten years younger. The more you use this Iodine Soap, the creamier and clearer and more velvety your skin becomes. Wrinkles and signs of age are gently eased away. And in the bath—you emerge with a glowing body as sweet and fresh as a dewy rose. Sweet all day—however much you perspire from dancing or exercise.

EPIDEMICS, DIRT & GERMS What a safe-guard for yourself and the children against the dangers of dirt and germs and when any epidemics are about! A bath with Simpson Iodine Soap and you and all the family can really *laugh* at dirt and germs and contagion.

DANDRUFF is caused by tiny germs in the hair roots, these germs are destroyed instantly when you use Simpson Iodine Soap as a shampoo. Your hair takes on a new brilliance—becomes "live" and strong, and does not fall out.

RHEUMATIC PAINS Seem to melt away in the bath when you lather freely with Simpson Iodine Soap.

FOR BABY Charms away chafes, caresses and brings wonderful ease and comfort.

FALSE TEETH How clean and fresh your mouth is after cleaning your dentures with this Soap.

Sold Everywhere
including BOOTS
6d. Tablet
BOX OF THREE - - 1/5

Let "RANEE" *read your character from your* Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

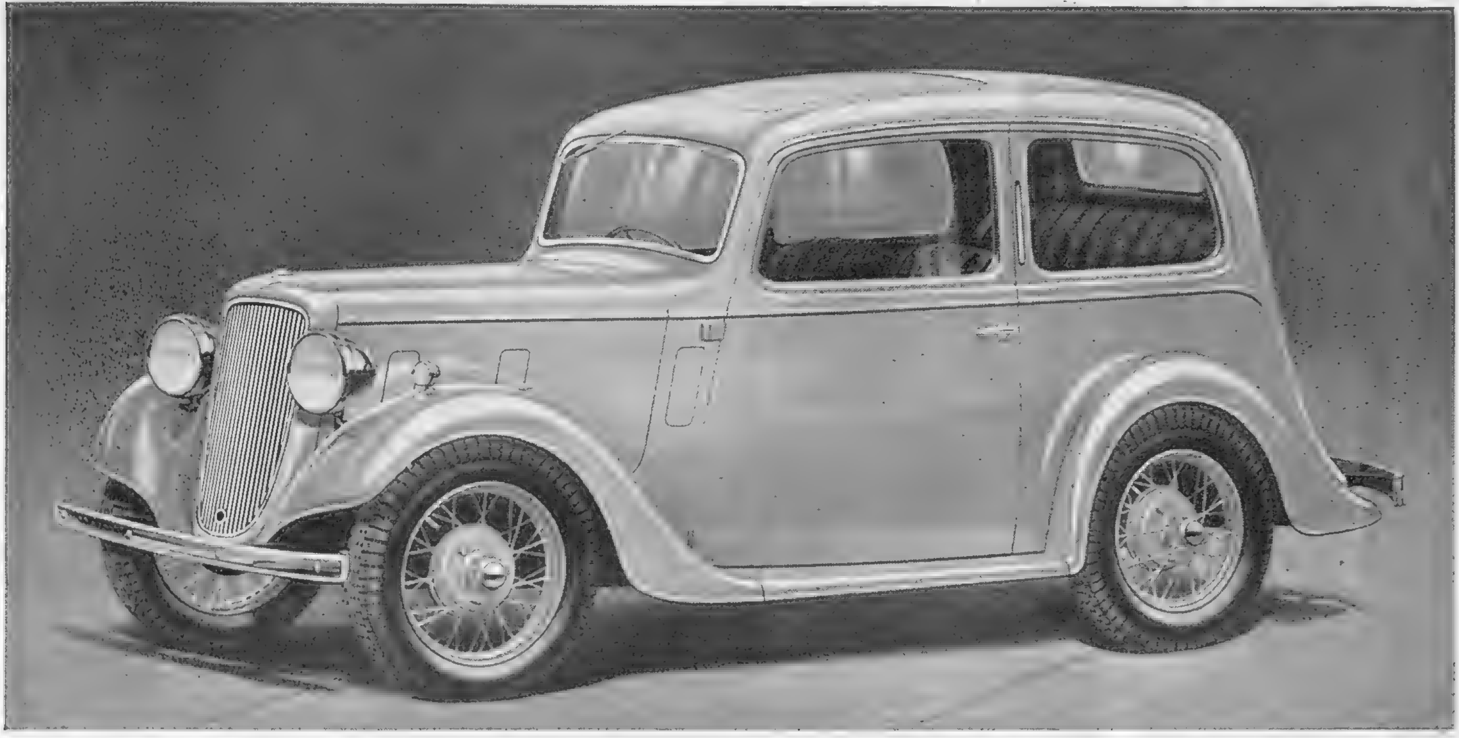
The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and the month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply*.

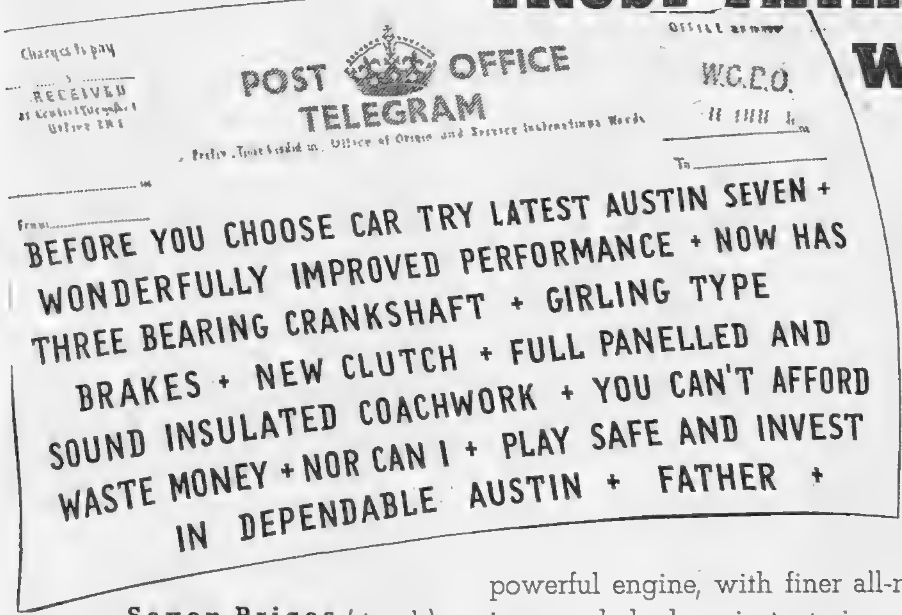
In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

BE SURE YOUR CAR IS MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM



The New Austin Seven Saloon price £125 at works

TRUST FATHER TO KNOW WHAT'S WHAT



Charges to pay

RECEIVED

POST OFFICE TELEGRAM

W.C.D.O.

To

From

BEFORE YOU CHOOSE CAR TRY LATEST AUSTIN SEVEN + WONDERFULLY IMPROVED PERFORMANCE + NOW HAS THREE BEARING CRANKSHAFT + GIRLING TYPE BRAKES + NEW CLUTCH + FULL PANELLED AND SOUND INSULATED COACHWORK + YOU CAN'T AFFORD WASTE MONEY + NOR CAN I + PLAY SAFE AND INVEST IN DEPENDABLE AUSTIN + FATHER +

The new Austin Seven has, of course, all the qualities of the old. It is the cheapest form of mechanical transport, with its running cost of less than a farthing a mile each for four people. It is the ideal car for the beginner or the driver without mechanical knowledge, because of its acknowledged safety, its great driving-ease and its outstanding dependability. And it is built to stand up to year after year of gruelling wear. Now it has a more powerful engine, with finer all-round performance and better acceleration; improved brakes, instant in action and free from skidding; a new flexible clutch; and full panelled coachwork that is not only smarter but is SOUND-INSULATED, the sides, scuttle, dash, rear panel and floor being lined with sound damping material to ensure quiet running. Invest in the new Austin Seven and you have quiet, safe and dependable motoring at its lowest cost.

Seven Prices (at works):

NEW RUBY SALOON	£125
NEW RUBY Fixed-H'd SALOON	£122
NEW PEARL CABRIOLET	£128
OPEN ROAD TOURER	£112
TWO-SEATER	£102.10

You buy a car—but you invest in an

AUSTIN SEVEN

Have you seen the Austin Magazine for April?

Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham and 479 Oxford St., W.1. London Service Depots.: 12, 14, 18 & 20 h.p.—Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p.—North Row, W.1. Export Dept.: Birmingham

FREE!
CORONATION SOUVENIR

E.P.N.S. CHUTNEY SPOON with beautifully designed top showing H.M. The King in full Coronation Robes. Spoon is 11 inches long, hooks on to side of bottle. Valued at 3/6. FREE with 3 printed discs from inside the lids of 3 bottles of 'green label' Chutney (1/5½d size upwards), bought in April and May. Send before June 5th with name and address to J. A. Sharwood & Co. Ltd., Offley Road, London, S.W.9. One spoon only to each applicant. After June 5th 12 discs must be sent, as conditions printed thereon.

'green label' Chutney makes every dish a tempting treat. Try it with stews, curries, cheese, sausages, and cold dishes; it is simply delicious. Contains quantities of selected ripe Indian mangoes Price 1/- to 2/6.

Look for the "Tom-Tom Man" and the name J. A. Sharwood & Co. Ltd. on the green label — *your guarantee of quality.*

'green label' chutney
INDIAN MANGO

13.37

Cash's NAMES

safeguard your children's linen Leading schools insist on all garments being marked with Cash's Names

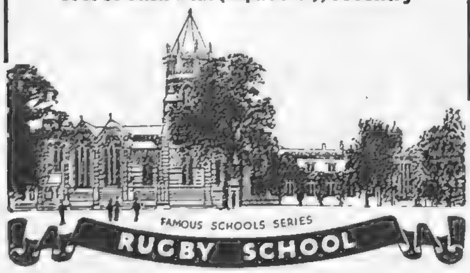
FROM ALL DRAPERS and STORES
12 doz. 5/- 6 doz. 3/9 3 doz. 2/9

Orders should be placed early during school holidays, to avoid disappointment.

Write for FREE booklet—"Lose Less Linen" —showing full range of styles and colours.

CASH'S ADHESIVE SOLUTION.
With Cash's new waterproof adhesive you can fix Cash's Names to brushes, combs, boots and shoes, and dozens of similar articles. Quick-drying, easily attached. 9d. per tube.

J. & J. Cash Ltd. (Dept. N.D.3), Coventry



A Bachelor's Pearl

(*Continued from page* 23)

and the beautiful Russian woman was, presumably, free.

Maurice did not call that night after the performance. He and Lamonte were deep in absorbing calculations which defeated the tyranny of the clock. Neither had any sense of the hour or the passing of time. Imperiously the telephone bell rang. Lamonte's sensitive face showed his deep annoyance. Maurice reached for the instrument with a sense of shock.

Felice's voice came to him, coaxingly tender. "Aren't you coming in to-night for supper?" She was relieved to find him at work.

"I'm so sorry, Felice, but I can't. I'm working."

Her voice grew imperious. "But it's time you stopped work. Put it away and come along."

Lamonte drummed impatiently on the high desk with a pencil. The desk lamp threw a bright blade of light across his jaw. Maurice thought he saw scorn curl the expressive lips. He burned with embarrassment.

"Really, it's impossible," he said. "To-morrow, perhaps, if I may?"

Her voice sharpened. "You're a fool to let that man Lamonte tyrannise you. Everyone knows he's mad, working all through the night. But why should you submit to someone else's domination?"

"Why, indeed?" murmured Lamonte, without looking up. Maurice hung up the receiver in an agony of shame. Had Lamonte heard all of it or just the last sentence?

But the older man softened as they returned to their figures.

"It would be fatal for you to marry a woman jealous of your work," he said. "You're going to do brilliant work, but you want a background of peace and comfort, not a siren."

They resumed their absorption with difficulty. The interruption had cut across and separated delicate lines of thought, but concentration gradually restored the inspired creative atmosphere. Lamonte sat up suddenly with his head back, his eyes half-closed—a characteristic attitude when something trembled on the edge of realisation. Maurice waited, pencil ready. Suddenly, stridently the telephone tore the silence.

Felice was not the woman to brook high-handed treatment. She was accustomed to holding the stage. Lamonte's look of distant absorption gave way to a fleeting moment of savage anger. "I can think no more to-night," he said, in a quiet, controlled voice. It was in that moment that Maurice's infatuation for Felice died.

Her jealousy, her denunciation of "that Russian woman," and her pleadings to be reinstated in his regard came as an anti-climax. They fell on deaf ears, for Maurice was looking at life with new eyes, finding a new meaning in it, realising that no man can serve two masters. He remembered Constance again, how all her plans for the future led up to and around his work. Whether conscious or instinctive, she had some wisdom which might have meant happy living.

A WEEK later Lamonte told him that they were going to work in the South of France. The company was to build new amphibians and later develop into an airport for a big Mediterranean passenger service linked with London and Paris. Maurice's joy in the fruition of work and the widening of opportunity contained no element of relief that he was leaving Paris. Felice had successfully dismissed herself from his mind, and, when he stopped to think about it, it had all started over the pearls his mother had left him.

Maurice had given up the hope of finding a genuine and unselfish love when he met Rosamund Page.

She emerged from the blue rim of the Mediterranean and sat down on the warm *plage* only a few feet from where he lay. As her hair dried in the sun it blew in silky brown wisps across her face and displayed long gleams of gold where the sun had bleached it fair.

The place was crowded with sun-bathers, but Maurice was alone. Lying on the sand in exquisite physical comfort, he longed for companionship. Everybody was with somebody else—except Rosamund. She sat alone, contentedly drying her hair.

An American lady called her child in drawling tones, "Win—chest—er, Win—chest—er."

Winchester advanced, a diminutive scrap of humanity so small that Rosamund laughed aloud. Maurice looked at her and laughed too.

"It's so absurd," she said, "with such a long name!"

Then she watched Winchester being rubbed down and changed into dry bathing shorts. "Waste of time," she said, with a tender smile. "He'll be in the water again in two minutes." Turning back to Maurice, she asked "Where did you drop from—the sky?"

The *plage* was very small and belonged—as far as was possible—to the long, white, isolated hotel standing among pines and palms. It was not a fashionable place Maurice had dropped into, and for that reason it had an air of simple charm. Everyone seemed to know everyone else. He answered her question.

"In a way I did. I swam in from the seaplane."

Her grey eyes followed his pointing finger. "Which one, the little fast one?"

"No, the big passenger plane. She's new. I'm trying her out."

"How exciting!" she said, and in the soft, slow Southern voice which Maurice found a compelling charm she explained that she and her mother flew everywhere they could. It saved so much time and fatigue and worry. They had been all over Europe and were staying here for the hot weather before they went home.

"We're American," she explained, quite unnecessarily, "but I'm not a millionaire's daughter." Still, Maurice reflected, one was not exactly poor to be able to travel Europe by air.

THE day Maurice told her he loved her he felt that all his life had been leading up to that moment. He had never loved anyone so much nor so overwhelmingly as he loved Rosamund. And she had no ambition but to go wherever his work led him, no reservation to make with regard to her love for him. Suspicious of so flawless a happiness, so clear-seeming a future, Maurice took the joy of the summer days with both hands.

"Why shouldn't we be married at once?" he said. "Why waste one heavenly minute?"

Rosamund's mother wept a little at the thought of going back alone, but she did it in private. Rosamund comforted her. "I'm safe, darling—don't worry. And Maurice says as soon as Lamonte—that's his chief—has achieved his object here he'll be looking for new worlds to conquer. We'll probably be over before long—Maurice hasn't been back since he was there in college." But it was clear that without a look back over her shoulder Rosamund was going out to fulfil her fate. Maurice was her world, her life, her reason for living.

Maurice told himself that it was not deliberate—that he had not even thought about it—but he did not give the provocative pearls to Rosamund until they were safely married.

"I like these better than these barbaric little necklaces you always wear," he said.

She smiled at him. "They're fashionable, darling, and you must admit they're very effective."

"Perhaps," he admitted, "but these are better."

He watched her anxiously as she stood in her backless bathing (*Continued on page* 106)

A pennyworth of Patent Castrol

oils your pistons for 744,000* strokes

—and reduces cylinder wear

It doesn't take long to see that here is economy of the first order. The secret of Patent Castrol economy lies in its chromium and tin content which reduces cylinder wear to a minimum and so automatically keeps down oil consumption.

★ *The engine of the popular 8-10 h.p. cars makes 4,000 revolutions to the mile or 8,000,000 revolutions in 2,000 miles, i.e., 16,000,000 strokes per piston or 64,000,000 strokes of the four pistons in two thousand miles. If one gallon of Patent Castrol (price 7/2) is used in this distance your lubrication costs only one penny per 744,000 strokes.*

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., All-British Firm, Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

SUEDE
SHOES
need
MELTONIAN
Suede cleaner
in bottles, **6d.** Black, Brown, and colours
THERE ARE MELTONIAN
DRESSINGS FOR EVERY TYPE OF SHOE

Suede Shoes 6d.
MELTONIAN
Meltonian for Suede Shoes
Made by the Makers of Meltonian Cream
BLACK

suit before the glass and clasped them around her neck. " Yes, they're lovely," she agreed, " but a little old-fashioned."

He was going to tell her that from the dawn of history women had sold their souls and broken men's hearts and ruined empires for pearls. But Rosamund had picked up her bath wrap and thrown open the door.

" Let's hurry and swim," she cried. She waited poised on one foot, her tanned young face alight with health, her eyes shining with happiness and with love for him. When she saw him rise to follow she leaped in the air like a child and then raced down the stairs.

She was already swimming with a shouting, laughing party when he reached the water's edge. He swam out a long way alone with lazy, leisured strokes, and he thought about Josephine, his mother, and about Claire and Felice and Rosamund.

Rosamund had taken his princely gift and thanked him with a wild hug and a swift kiss on his cheek, had clasped a baby fortune around her neck, and said it was " lovely, but old-fashioned." Maurice knew it would not have mattered if Rosamund had been mean or greedy, jealous or possessive, or all of these things. He would have gone on loving her because he couldn't help it. That was love. And his mother was all wrong. It didn't matter what anybody was or did. If you loved them, there was no help for you. You weren't perfect yourself and you had to bear it. Or perhaps Josephine had been right. It was only when you didn't love that you attached such importance to character and temperament.

Rosamund was sitting on the sand, wringing the water from her hair, when he came out for his sun bath. He lay down beside her and looked up. There were the glorious pearls lying wet around her neck. If Maurice could have felt angry with anyone he loved so much and who was so utterly lovable as Rosamund, he would have felt it then.

As it was he said in a quiet voice, " I wouldn't wear the pearls in bathing, my dear."

" Why not, my Maurice ? It won't hurt them, and everyone wears a necklace on the beach."

That was true. They did wear gay little necklaces of wood and glass and enamel.

" I don't suppose it will hurt them, honey, but it's dangerous while they're not insured. They might be lost."

Rosamund stared at him. " Do you mean that these big pearls are real ? *Real* ? " There was awe in her voice.

" Of course they're real, darling. Do you think I would give you imitation pearls ? "

It was obvious that she did think so, but she did not answer his question. She removed the necklace and looked at it with a cryptic expression on her face.

" I might have known," she said in a hushed voice. " They're like milk with a light inside. They must be worth a lot of money ? "

She was looking at him with interrogation. The price—she wanted to know the price. Maurice wept within himself, but he answered, " Their value, so far as I know, is roughly about seven thousand dollars."

Her eyes were incredulous. " I didn't know you could afford that."

" I can't," he admitted miserably. " I didn't buy them. They were my mother's pearls." He went on hastily, remembering Josephine's instructions. " But it is not for sentimental reasons I want you to wear them. My mother would not have liked that. Just because they're beautiful."

Rosamund looked down at the limpid pool of gems in her brown hand, the diamond clasp flashing blue fire in the sun. She said firmly, " It's against my principles to wear them. I couldn't endure having all that money around my neck."

" You have moral scruples against valuable jewellery ? " Maurice was bewildered.

" No, silly. I adore beautiful, expensive things, but this is out of all proportion to our means. I couldn't yearn for distant mountains and far cities without grudging the airplane and steamer fares hanging around my neck. And I couldn't look at you and know there were things you needed . . . things for your happiness." She went on earnestly: " Mother and I . . . you don't know how we saved, what we went without, how we worked to take this trip. Father would have slaved for us, worked overtime to make more money for us to come, but we love him. We wouldn't let him. There were people at home who knew our circumstances who thought it was almost immoral to spend the savings of years on a few months of happy living. But we were entitled to do it after what we did. So, you see, I could never look at things like this with the same eyes, without forgetting its beauty and thinking of its money value—what it could buy of life instead of lying cold and useless on somebody's neck."

Maurice did not speak when she paused and looked dreamily out to the horizon.

" If I could only make you see what I mean," she said. " You should never have kept these pearls all these years. You should have used them to climb to the stars."

She was putting them into his hand. " Perhaps I did," he said in the old tender voice.

END

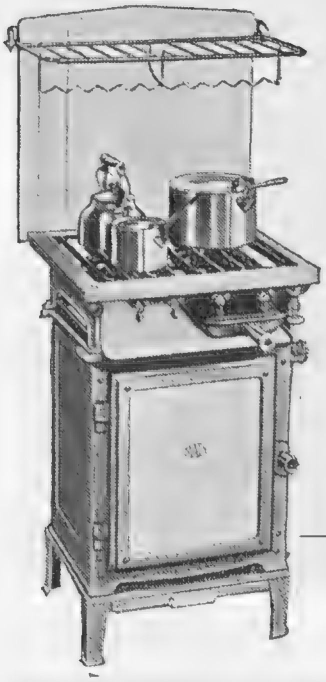
KEATING'S
KILLS
ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.*
Cartols: 2d., 6d., 1/-. Powder Flask 1/-

KEATING'S POWDER

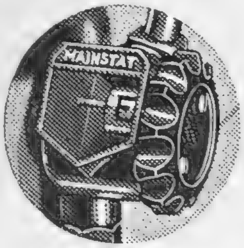
Potter & Moore's Mitcham Lavender, the distilled fragrance of specially selected blooms, has now enjoyed nearly two hundred years of ever increasing popularity. Special presentation flasks and bottles of this delightful perfume have been designed as Coronation souvenirs. These bear bijou bronze plaques of Their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth, which are kept in position by red, white and blue ribbons. The flasks are 1/3 and the bottles in boxes are 1/6, 2/6, 4/6, 6/6 and 10/6, and are obtainable from all leading chemists and stores

A Woman's Background

A woman's proper background is the food she puts before her family and her guests. This does not mean she must devote herself solely to her kitchen. To-day Main Cookers come to her aid with the "Mainstat" Automatic Oven Heat Control, ensuring that food is cooked to perfection without guesswork or attention, leaving the owner free for other activities.



Your local Gas Showrooms will be pleased to introduce you to these cookers, which have not only banished cooking failures, but have brought a new era of beauty and easy-cleaning to the modern kitchen.



If you would like to know more about these delightful cookers write us for our free recipe book, which not only gives you many interesting dishes, but shows Main cookers in colour and tells you all about them in detail.

MAINSTAT MAIN CONTROLLED

Gas Cookers

See them at the Gas Showrooms—in Deluxe Colours and in Dapple Grey Enamel Finishes

---

To R. & A. MAIN LIMITED, (Dept. 40), 48 Grosvenor Gardens London, S.W.1.

Please send me a copy of your FREE RECIPE BOOKLET (containing coloured reproductions of Cookers in kitchen settings).

Name ....

Address ....

....

For FACE and HANDS you need Larola

Massage with Larola complexion milk is the finest skin tonic possible. The delicate stimulus, the feeling of freshness and the new life it gives to the skin are vital to real beauty, for with an imperfect skin you can never hope to be lovely. Larola is supreme for softening the face and hands, making them white and smooth, removing spots and blemishes and protecting the skin from the ill effects of exposure to the elements. With Larola as your constant companion, expensive visits to beauty parlours are unnecessary—write to-day for the "Cult of Beauty" booklet and learn how to gently massage your way to skin beauty at home . . . easily, economically.

BEETHAM'S

Larola

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle

From Chemists & Stores, or Post Free in U.K direct from

M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham.

(SELLS)

ALURA

Sets the wave-gives colour brilliance!

COLOUR WAVE SET

15

COLOUR WAVE SETS

1/-

IN FIVE COLOURS—
BLACK, BROWN, AUBURN, LIGHT CHESTNUT, BLONDE, & NATURAL—FOR PLATINUM, BLEACHED OR WHITE HAIR AND WHEN ADDITIONAL COLOUR BRILLIANCE IS NOT REQUIRED

Get ALURA from your Chemist or Hairdresser. If any difficulty send P.O. for 1/3 stating shade required to:—C. Nestlé & Co. Ltd., 48 South Molton Street, London, W.1

Paris Fashions

(Continued from page 48)

of an overskirt in tulle or organza or net, dark over a bright or pastel colour. Any mixture goes. Rochas mingles white piqué and lace, and it is nice. There is shadowy lace over satin, taffeta, moiré, organza, over stiff silk.

Evening prints are large, gay, with splashy flowers, large butterflies, birds. Schiaparelli does a white chiffon printed with one enormous pink lobster. She also offers us full skirts ballet-dancer above the ankles. Young girls can take it.

Patou's Eastern draped skirts end in turned-under Turkish hems. Jodelle puts large chiffon waitress bows with long ends halfway up the backs of slender evening gowns. Patou puts pale pink chiffon shoulder straps on to black crêpe gowns.

Favoured fabrics are lace, romaine, silk jersey chiffon, organza, slipper satin, mousseline de soie, taffeta, crêpe, a sort of Eastern gauze, printed crêpes and satins. Lamés and cloqués are practically out. Transparent evening wraps are a rage. They are made of tulle, organza, coarse net, or crinoline. Otherwise, there are flowing Eastern draped capes, or loose-hanging coats, or full-skirted coats, with tight tops and waists.

Molyneux's full hooped skirts in ruched chiffon are like old-fashioned lampshades. He has a new line, the corsage coming tightly round beneath the arms, and staying up by the stiffness of the fabric, without shoulder support. (Nothing could be more uncomfortable in wear, unless you were sure of the staying up powers.) With this goes a very full skirt, lifting in the front from ruchings.

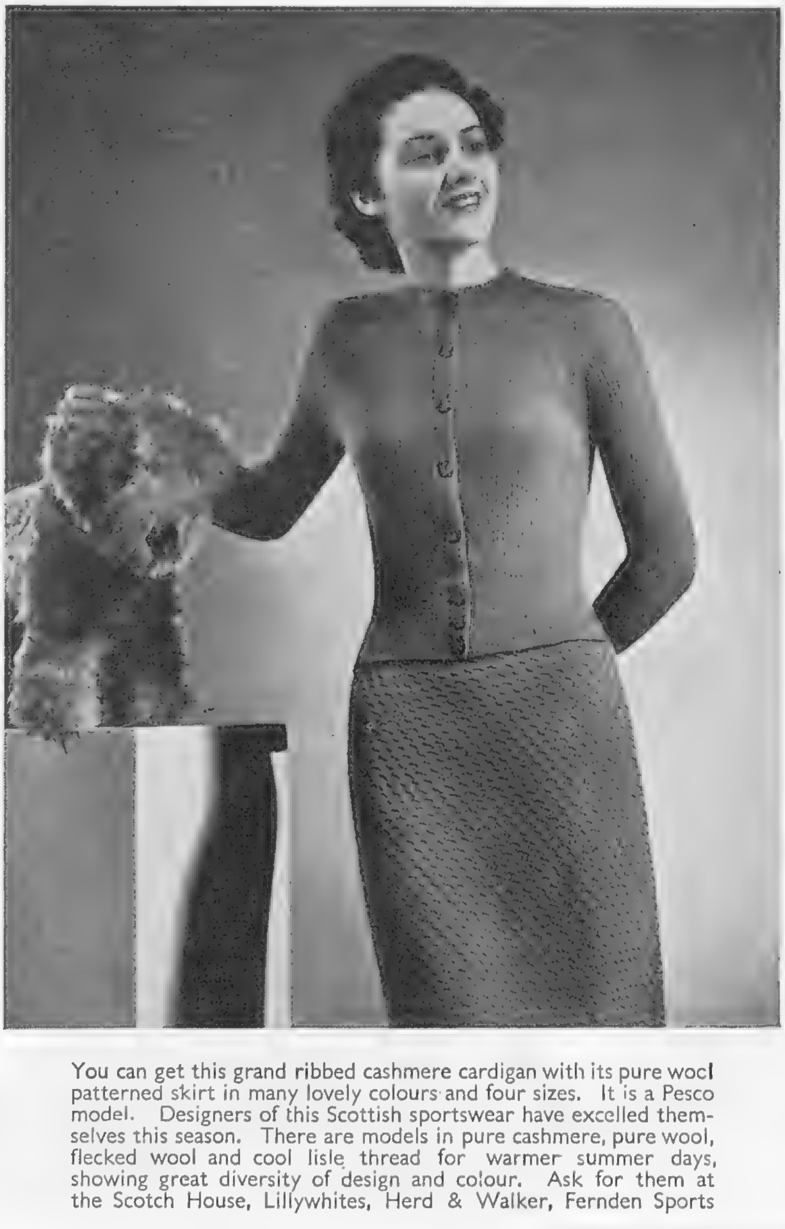
We are probably in for a run of "Camille" dresses, after the Garbo film, with its exquisite clothes. Robert Piguet does a young girl one in pink slipper satin, with a bumpy off the shoulder line and a high waist. His gorgeous Italian blue crêpe evening gown, high waisted, with little tight sleeves, is worn with a just to be different, boxy suède coat.

If you have always been conservative with your evening colours, you can lose your head this spring, and go into colours like trombones . . . cerise, cyclamen, tomato, orange, royal blue, violet. Don't forget to watch your nail varnish. On the other hand, you could be anybody's little woman in baby blue, pink, pervenche, pale cyclamen, lavender grey, hyacinth. With these colours, you can go to almost any length of baby-ness, almost to arm ties.

PRINTS . . . Chessmen, Greek statues, Dutch scenes, fashion sketches, film stars' autographs, royal and heraldic emblems, butterflies, tulips.

HATS . . . Very flat sailors, heavily flower or bird trimmed, with the same line, larger, for later wear. Bumper berets, tied at the back of the head, as a pirate does it. South American sombreros. Little turned-up straws like a basket of flowers. Tudor berets or beefeaters. Prim little off the face hats with top trimming, like nurses' bonnets.

DETAILS . . . Much embroidery, brilliant ornamentation . . . pockets in twos and threes . . . buttons like baskets, with flowers embroidered above . . . sets of buttons in three colours . . . revers and belts of green leather leaves, of multi-coloured flowers . . . gold filigree work on handbags . . .

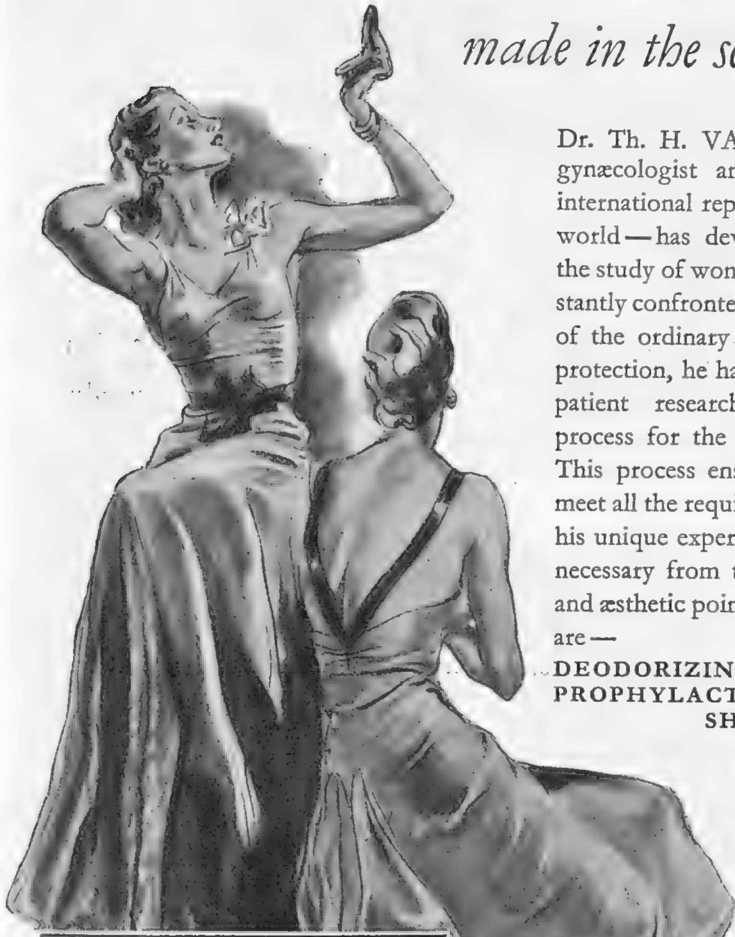


You can get this grand ribbed cashmere cardigan with its pure wool patterned skirt in many lovely colours and four sizes. It is a Pesco model. Designers of this Scottish sportswear have excelled themselves this season. There are models in pure cashmere, pure wool, flecked wool and cool lisle thread for warmer summer days, showing great diversity of design and colour. Ask for them at the Scotch House, Lillywhites, Herd & Walker, Fernden Sports

★ Dr. Th. H. VAN DE VELDE, *World Famous Specialist, solves*

WOMAN'S MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEM

THREE YEARS' PATIENT RESEARCH *by this eminent gynæcologist results in the greatest discovery yet made in the science of intimate feminine hygiene*



Dr. Th. H. VAN DE VELDE—a gynæcologist and scientist with an international reputation in the medical world—has devoted his lifetime to the study of woman's problems. Constantly confronted with the inadequacy of the ordinary methods of sanitary protection, he has—after three years' patient research—evolved a new process for the treatment of towels. This process ensures that the towels meet all the requirements, which, from his unique experience, he knows to be necessary from the medical, hygienic and æsthetic points of view—for they are—

DEODORIZING, ANTISEPTIC, PROPHYLACTIC, SPECIALLY SHAPED

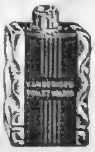
Dr. Van de Velde, after careful consideration of all the manufacturing resources available, arranged with the makers of CAMELIA to manufacture this towel. He based his decision on the world-wide reputation and the high standard of purity and hygiene under which their goods are manufactured.

The process by which the Camelia de Luxe VANDERISED Towel is treated ensures firstly that it shall be *deodorizing*. Thus Dr. Van de Velde solves woman's most difficult problem—the maintenance of scrupulous freshness at a time when, unfortunately, even the most fastidious woman may suffer some degree of embarrassment. The Vanderised process also renders the towel antiseptic, which, with the hygienic conditions under which it is made, prevents the possibility of infection. In addition, it has a beneficial action on the skin and prevents all chafing. If used in conjunction with the Vanderised Toilet Water any soreness which may have been caused by the wearing of untreated towels will be quickly alleviated. Made to a special shape it gives the maximum amount of protection with greatest possible comfort in wear. The Camelia de Luxe VANDERISED Towel is the only towel approved, recommended and guaranteed by Dr. Van de Velde, and is the only towel which fulfils all the requirements of perfect sanitary protection—deodorizing, antiseptic, prophylactic, specially shaped.

The use of Vanderised towels should be seriously considered by every woman—not only for their medical advantages, but for the increased confidence and ease of mind they will most certainly give.

VANDERISED TOILET WATER

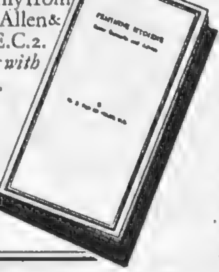
Dr. Van de Velde particularly recommends the use of this toilet water for external intimate hygiene and as an adjunct to the everyday toilet of the fastidious woman. A few drops added to the washing water neutralizes *all* body odours (perspiration, etc.) and is invaluable as an underarm deodorant.



PRICE per bottle **1/6**

★DR. VAN DE VELDE *—the famous authority on women's hygiene has written a booklet which every woman must read . . .*

Dr. Van de Velde has probably made greater contributions to the advance of gynæcology than any other living authority. His published works, some 80 in number, deal with his experiments and experiences. His new booklet "Feminine Hygiene—Some Remarks and Advice" dealing authoritatively with the subject of intimate feminine hygiene, contains the wealth of his experience and knowledge. We invite you to write for a free copy obtainable only from Nurse Ashby, c/o Chappell, Allen & Co. Ltd., 136 London Wall, E.C.2. *Just send your name and address with a 1½d stamp to cover postage.*



SEND FOR *Free* COPY

VIb

Camelia de Luxe

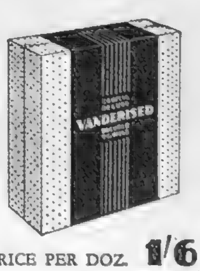
VANDERISED *Towels*

DEODORIZING ★ PROPHYLACTIC

ANTISEPTIC ★ SPECIALLY SHAPED

"CAMELIA" SOLUBLE TOWELS *with either loop or tab ends, are still obtainable at 6d. for six or 1/- for twelve. Super soft, highly absorbent, conveniently shaped with rounded ends for concealment, they are not treated by the Vanderised process, but nevertheless, give excellent sanitary protection.*

THE VANDERISED TOWELS *are packed in one dozens, in two interlocking flat boxes of six towels each, held together by a detachable band label carrying all the wording. This ingenious packing will be much appreciated by women wishing to avoid the embarrassment of carrying or disposing of the box and to facilitate storing.*



PRICE PER DOZ. **1/6**

How Brilliant

You will never know how fine your furniture can look until you polish it with 'Min.' Every drop of this wonderful polishing cream spreads a brilliance of unequalled beauty. So easily too—and so lasting. 'Min' will also save you trouble with the cleaning of enamel paint. Try it and see.

MIN
CREAM
FOR THE PIANO & ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

Tins 6d. & 1/- Of all Dealers

MIN CREAM
FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4. M.O.25

BREATHE **BRONCHITIS** AWAY!

Breathe vapo-medicated air while you sleep. This is how VAPO-CRESOLENE acts on Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh. By its gentle, soothing penetration the most difficult breathing and soreness are more swiftly relieved than by medicine. The proven drugless treatment for 57 years. Prevents infection spreading. From all Chemists.

Vapo-Cresolene

Gets to the seat of the trouble.

Send for Booklet No. 21B Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., 37A, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3

The Zoo's "Night Club"

(*Continued from page 25*)

night-watchman can well understand, for often, when he visits the house in the dead of night, he hears the potto's cry, and, as he graphically put it to me not long ago, "It don't half freeze the marrow in your bones!"

Somewhat similar in appearance is the slow loris, another nocturnal animal who shares the potto's quarters. About the size of a guinea-pig, with dainty padded feet, this Malayan creature has a thick woolly coat, but the most remarkable thing about him is his head, which is as round as a cricket-ball and carries on either side of it two large, circular, glaring orbs which give one the impression that he has just seen a ghost!

A fascinating member of the night club, this, but one which is the despair of all Press photographers. For he has a habit, when brought out into daylight, of covering his face with his paws—a gesture which is characteristic of his kind and which has earned for the loris the name of "bashful cat" among the Malays.

The Zoo has three of these "bashful cats" just now, and though they are not out during the daytime, they can usually be seen. For, unlike the potto, who prefers to curl himself up in a corner of the cage and then cover himself with straw, the three loris prefer to go aloft to sleep. Two climb to a shelf fixed near the ceiling, and the third sleeps on the wire-netting under the skylight, reaching this lofty perch by squeezing himself through a hole which he made in the wires. This is really "out of bounds" to him, but as he uses the wire-netting only as a bedroom, and has never yet tried to break the glass window just above it, the keepers permit him to slumber undisturbed.

BY far the most active members of the night club in this house are the little douracoulis, or owl-faced monkeys from Brazil, of which the Zoo now has several specimens. Although quick to make friends with the last of the day's visitors, the douracoulis are never allowed out of their cage—they are too agile to be trusted and might easily escape. But recently one of them, who incidentally must have worked very feverishly during the night, broke through the side wires of the cage. He was found next morning in the den of the great anteater examining that animal's bushy tail with immense interest!

The douracouli is one of those Zoo animals that are not solely dependent on their owners for their "daily bread." Like all nocturnal creatures, he can see tolerably well in the dark, and the douracoulis now in the gardens spend much time every night hunting for spiders, cockroaches and other insects that invade the cage. One animal is so expert at catching flies that he can even capture them when they are on the wing, and late visitors on summer evenings are often amused to see him energetically engaged in the chase.

The one member of the night club with whom many daytime visitors are familiar is the kinkajou, whose trick of climbing up his long, prehensile tail is so well known.

Of kinkajous the Zoo has several, quartered in different parts of the gardens, and of all the night animals these are certainly the most "popular." Luckily, lack of sleep does not seem to affect them. Consequently, many young visitors have them out in the daytime, to watch the animals shinning up their own tails; but probably few who do so know how the kinkajou employs that tail of his in the Wild. The organ, in fact, does duty as a "fifth hand," and, used as such, is extremely useful. The kinkajou lives in tropical South America, where bees' and birds' nests abound. When he wishes to carry out a smash-and-grab raid, all he has to do is to let himself down from a branch above the wanted nest. The raid complete, nothing is easier than to haul himself up his caudal appendage, and be off and away before the victims realise they have been robbed!

Kinkajous thrive very well at the Zoo, the Society having had specimens which lived in the gardens for over twenty years. One that died recently actually set up a fresh record for longevity. This animal—a great favourite with visitors, who loved to have her out and feed her on her favourite titbit, banana—was just thirty years old when she died. Incidentally, she was one of the oldest animals in the Zoo. It was amusing, during the final stages of her Zoo career, to watch visitors bring their children to see and caress the very kinkajou that they themselves had played with in their own childhood!

THERE are, of course, a number of feathered members of the Zoo's night club. The owls perhaps are the most obvious example. These birds after dark show an animation that is in strange contrast to their lethargic demeanour by day. When night falls, the Zoo owls call, and sometimes call so lustily that they "draw" wild owls over from the surrounding park. On several occasions the night-watchman, passing quietly along in front of the owls' aviary, has been astonished to observe wild owls sitting on the top of the aviary, "talking" to their captive kindred inside.

There is, however, one bird which I think we ought to single out for special notice. This is the Papuan frogmouth, a bird who lives in the Zoo bird house, and who is remarkable for several things. In the first place, he has such a wide mouth that it appears almost to cut his head in half. Secondly, when, at sunrise, he settles down to sleep, he does so with his short beak pointing vertically upwards, bittern-fashion. And thirdly, he slumbers so soundly that his keepers can lift him bodily from one perch to another without waking him up. On one occasion when it became necessary to move a frogmouth from one cage to another, the bird was actually carried to his new home in the hands of a keeper, and continued to slumber when carefully set down upon his new perch. What the frogmouth thought when, in the evening, he eventually became awake, is not recorded history, however!

Daytime visitors invariably find the frogmouth asleep—slumbering in the way I have indicated on top of a stump that is fixed in his cage. Could they visit the bird by night, they would see a very different picture, for as soon as the bird house is closed, the frogmouth becomes as active as an owl and flies about its cage looking for insects. It is as fond of these as it is of the official meat-and-worm rations served out to it every evening.

Because, in the Wild, it is one of the most difficult birds to catch, the frogmouth is seldom seen in zoos. In the dark, its flight is noiseless and the bird itself all but invisible. By day it settles down to sleep on some tree-branch, but without in any way throwing off its "cloak of invisibility," for its mottled plumage blends so perfectly with the colour of its perch that the slumbering bird looks exactly like a natural projection of the wood. Even expert collectors have been deceived. Once the collector has managed to locate a sleeping specimen, however, he can, if careful, actually catch the bird by hand. More than one Zoo frogmouth has been "caught napping" in that way.

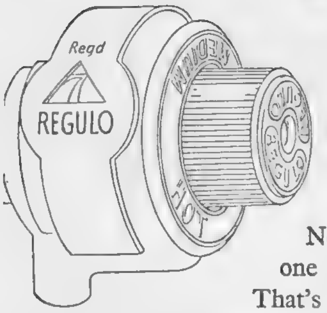
END

Let "RANEE" *read your character from your* Handwriting

See Announcement on page 102.

Cooking won't hinder
my spring cleaning

I'm a regular 'REGULO' fan!

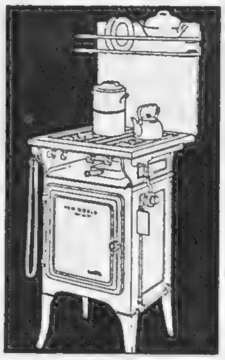


When I spring clean I like to have a regular go at it. No interruptions. No stopping one thing to attend to another. That's why I find the 'Regulo' such a treasure. Once you've put your meal in and set the 'Regulo' control, you've finished. No need to pop in and "see how it's getting on." No need for constant adjustment of the gas.

No! There are never any scrambled meals in our house during the spring cleaning—thanks to the New World 'Regulo'; it's no trouble at all to get proper meals.

FREE. - An invaluable little booklet "Better Breakfasts" that gives you many helpful suggestions about meals which cook themselves, together with 'Regulo' settings and cooking times. POST COUPON TO-DAY. No kitchen should be without this booklet.

The 'Regulo' Cooking Numbers appear in the triangular opening as the knob is rotated. The three sides of the triangle are a reminder of the features that have made the New World the most perfect cooking oven obtainable, i.e., Single Oven Burner, Direct-Bottom-Flue-Outlet, and the 'Regulo' Automatic Oven-Heat Control. These three features together are distinctive of the New World Cooker with which the highest standard of cooking is attainable.



MADE BY
Radiation

NEW WORLD

REGULO-CONTROLLED PORCELAIN ENAMELLED

GAS COOKERS

SEE THEM AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

Post under ½d. stamp

To Radiation Ltd., (Dept. S 53/7),
164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4
Please send me your free Booklet, "Better Breakfasts."

NAME..
ADDRESS..
....

COUPON

be perfectly dressed

....this confidential way

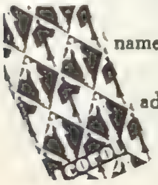
corot offers you quite the loveliest bond street model frocks—and perfectly tailored suits, on a new **confidential** payment plan. **no references or guarantees are needed—and there is no extra charge for instalments.** call at the corot showrooms in bond street **this week**—or post the coupon below for corot's latest fashion portfolio of models for the spring.

"the paddock"
a man-tailored costume in an interesting tweed weave, shows a link-fastened jacket and slim skirt with side slits.
cash 4½ gns. **13/6** monthly
(7 equal payments).

"any time"
a contrast collar in velvet is an effective trimming to the three-quarter coat that is worn with a matching skirt.
cash 5½ gns. **16/6** monthly
(7 equal payments).
(other corot models from 2 to 15 gns.)

corot
(dept. b.111)
33 old bond st.
london, w.1. regent0234.

free send me your fashion portfolio with details of your new "no formality" payment plan.



name..

address.......................................

....
(b.111)

NOTE THE PATENTED HEEL
BRIT. PAT. 283429

VARICOSE VEINS
Quickly relieved
by the world-famous
"Academic" REG'D
SURGICAL HOSE
Made with Rubberless Yarn
also with the
famous "LASTEX" Yarn
Medically approved
BEAUTY of the LEGS
restored and preserved
Comfortable · Washable · Hygienic
Invisible under finest hose

British made
FREE FOLDER from makers

Academic Depot: 156-158 Oxford St. London W.1
Sold by BOOTS, D. H. Evans, Harrods, Selfridges, Army & Navy, Lewis's (L'pool, M'chester, B'ham, Leeds), Chiropodists or direct from makers.

Did Destiny Shape their Ends Alike?

(*Continued from page 19*)

laughed at the swollen-headed customs official and left him to his own devices.

He felt lonely. Without associates, what was there to do?

He exercised a domestic tyranny. He would tolerate no disobedience. His children were severely punished for the slightest naughtiness.

When he wished to speak to Adolf he put his fingers in his mouth and whistled, and Adolf had to appear no matter where he happened to be.

There was no love lost between the son and father. Alois beat his son and bullied him, and thus only made the stubborn child more stubborn.

As may be seen, the difference between Hitler's and Mussolini's father is not very great.

But Mussolini's and Hitler's fathers were not unique in bringing up their sons with blows and punishments. Ali Riza Bey of Salonika and Vissarion Djugashvili of Gori, near Tiflis, treated their sons in a like manner. One of these became Mustapha Kemal, the other Stalin.

This "education with the stick" planted the seed of discontent in these children's hearts. And it is a curious fact—and in the case of all four dictators it is the same—that this strict upbringing ceased from one day to the next. The dictators were still children when their fathers died.

Stalin's father died when his son was eleven, Mustapha lost his father when he was nine, and Hitler was thirteen when his father was carried to the grave. Mussolini was removed from his father's influence at the age of nine, when his mother sent him to school. Was this the reason that later when they grew up they all sought to establish in the countries which they governed a strict "patriarchy"? They wanted to be the fathers of their subjects.

These children—Adolf, Josef, Mustapha, Benito—experienced paternal authority: they learnt to know the will to which they had to bow. They thought that it had so to be. And then suddenly all that had ceased. They were free. They were at liberty to do just what they pleased. Their mothers were too weak. They adored their sons. They relaxed the tightly held curb.

THE resemblance of the mothers of the dictators is startling. Rosa Mussolini, Klara Hitler, Zubeida Riza, Katerina Djugashvili—all were simple peasant women.

They worked hard at domestic drudgery, they were the mothers of large families, they were all deeply religious.

Kemal's mother had a long quarrel with her husband because she wanted to send her son to a religious school; Mussolini's mother met with similar opposition, and only after a long struggle did she succeed in sending Benito to the Salesian school at Faenza. Hitler's mother was happy when Adolf took singing lessons at the seminary of Lambach and came home intoxicated with the solemn pomp of the Church festivals and declared that he would like to be an abbot.

And Stalin's mother swore before Josef's birth that if the child she was expecting were a son and lived (three children had already died soon after they were born), he should preach the Kingdom of God. Fourteen years after making this vow she knocked at the door of the Orthodox Theological Seminary of Tiflis with her son and fulfilled her promise. Stalin became a student of the priestly training college.

We note that the fathers of the dictators were all strong, robust and self-willed men, the mothers, on the other hand, easy-going, nervous, devout and visionary women.

Mussolini writes of his mother: "My poor mother had a life of drudgery. Often she could not sleep at night, and then I heard her get out of bed and walk up and down the stone floor restlessly, trying to calm her agitated nerves; this happened sometimes ten or twenty times a night. In the morning she would wake up tired and exhausted."

HOW did the children of parents of such opposite temperaments develop?

It will be best to let the dictators speak themselves.

Mussolini says: "I was an unruly, quarrelsome street urchin. More than once I came home with a broken head from throwing stones. But I had to have my revenge. I was a daring pilferer. Once I stole the decoy bird from a fowling floor. The owner chased me and I slithered down a slope in flight, but I did not let go my booty."

Hitler: "I was a little ringleader. . . . Woods and meadows formed the arena where the ever-present differences of opinion with my playmates were decided."

Mustapha Kemal: "There was a fight. The teacher collared me as scapegoat and thrashed me. This threw me into such a rage that I ran away from school and swore never to return."

Stalin was the leader of his little friends.

There was a peasant who used regularly to beat his dog when he was drunk. Stalin paid him a visit with his friends.

"What do you want?" asked the peasant.

"Justice," replied Stalin.

And with this word he and his friends hurled themselves upon the man and gave him a sound thrashing.

"Now you know what it feels like to be beaten," said Stalin, as they departed.

But still more eloquent are the stories told by relatives or boyhood friends about the years of childhood of the subsequent dictators.

Hitler's elementary school teacher relates that he was addicted to somnambulism. He was an obstinate boy, always ready to pick a quarrel, self-willed and domineering. He was unpopular with the other boys. He had not one single friend in the school.

Mussolini was no different. He used to make appointments with a seven-year-old little girl from his native village in the fields. There he would let her wait alone, and then burst out violently from behind a hedge to frighten her. But when she screamed with fright he hated it.

"Give me a kiss, Marietta!" commanded Benito. The little girl obeyed. Then he seized her by the hair to play a game of horse and driver, but he soon grew tired of this amusement.

"Now go, run away!" Benito was weary of the game.

Even at this time an incurable restlessness urged the boy to do extraordinary things. Once he ran out of the house as if he had been stung by a tarantula, raced breathlessly for over a mile to the top of a neighbouring hill, and there, without a word, wrenched the hoe out of the hands of an old peasant breaking up the soil, and for six hours on end did the old man's work. Then, without any explanation, he disappeared as suddenly as he had come. Mussolini's friend, Angela Sarfati, tells this story.

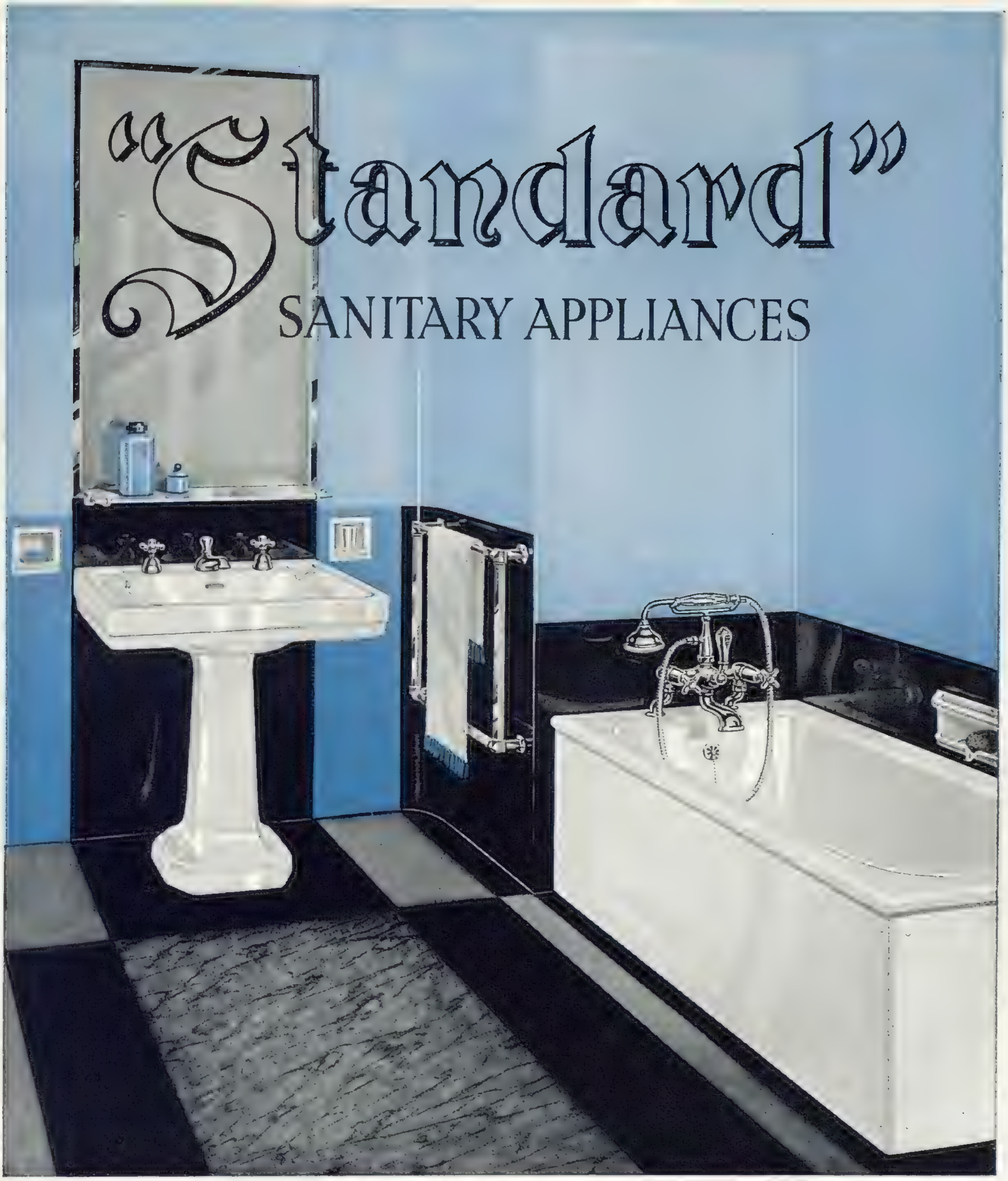
Mustapha Kemal was likewise very wild and obstreperous as a boy. He was always in opposition to the other boys; he was conceited and self-assured. He had no friends, for he was never content to play the second fiddle. He wanted to dominate the other children. His ambition knew no bounds.

Here, too, the characters of the dictators are alike.

They are all consumed with ambition.

MUSSOLINI could never tolerate anyone being more capable than himself; he could not bear to be excelled in anything. He could remain quite quiet for months and then suddenly a spell of sultry weather would make him restless and mysterious; overpowering impulses would gain possession of him. At such times he would let himself be carried away

(*Continued on page 115*)



Appearance is sometimes deceptive—but never with **"Standard"** Sanitary Appliances. The clean design, the gleaming white glaze, typifies hygiene, but these are " surface " effects.

What of the material *beneath* the glaze ? Every lavatory, W.C. suite and bidet in the **"Standard"** range is made of Vitreous China — the only material that remains truly sanitary. It is non-absorbent, strong, and cannot craze. With **"Standard"** Appliances in your home you know they will remain truly sanitary for all time. And the cost is little more than for inferior material. For the new house or for modernising the old, insist on **"Standard"**. Write for descriptive folder B.1. Post Free.

IDEAL BOILERS & RADIATORS
LIMITED
IDEAL WORKS · HULL YORKS

SHOWROOMS · LONDON: GT. MARLBOROUGH ST. W.1 · BIRMINGHAM & HULL

No other Cigarette can so justly be said to meet the tastes of the great majority as Player's. Of course, "It's the Tobacco that Counts"; also in size, packing, and all desirable features Player's predominate.

FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
John Player & Sons
THIS LABEL IS ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND) LIMITED
PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES "MEDIUM" 25
PLAYER'S PLEASE
PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED - IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS - 25 FOR 1/3
N.C.C.358A

by a word, a look, or even for no reason at all, and would hammer his playmates with his fists and terrorise them.

These examples show that the children coupled the wildness, lack of balance and unrest of their fathers with the over-excited nervosity which they inherited from their mothers.

Possibly a more sensible education might have formed their development along more quiet lines.

But exactly the opposite was the case—and here again it was the same with all the four—they were forced to something which they did not want to do.

Hitler was sent to a secondary school. His father wanted to make him a civil servant. Adolf said: "I want to be a painter."

"No," said his father, "not as long as I am alive."

Adolf replied: "In that case I won't learn anything."

And he kept his promise. He began by sticking in the bottom class. When he reached the third class his reports were so bad that his mother—his father was now dead—tried sending him to another school in another place. But that was no use either. Adolf refused to learn. There was nothing for it but to take him away from school.

IT was the same story with Mussolini. He was sent to a school kept by priests. Here he was severely punished for his misdemeanours. Once he was made to kneel in a corner by the door for four hours daily for a fortnight, while the other children were at play.

The principal stormed at him: "Mussolini, your conscience is black as hell! To-morrow you will go to confession."

But the boy's heart was in a state of such furious rebellion that he was not intimidated. In order to avoid the confession to which he had been ordered with such lack of understanding, he spent the whole night curled up behind a hedge.

The reason Mustapha Kemal ran away from school, never to return, has been already mentioned.

And that Stalin was not particularly happy in his four years at the theological seminary may easily be imagined. Unfortunately these measures made the stubborn lads still more stubborn.

These children attempted to rebel; they fought against their fathers' will, and when that was of no avail they sullenly reconciled themselves to their fate. But they waited for a favourable moment which should change their lives.

THEY reconciled themselves to many unpleasantnesses because they loved their mothers, who now decided on their education.

And here again there is a curious parallel. The four boys whom we are comparing were "mothers' darlings." They were petted and spoilt by their mothers.

"I respected my father, but I loved my mother," says Hitler. From the time of his father's death until his mother died he sat at home, doing nothing, dreaming—four whole years. His doting mother worked for him.

Mussolini says: "My greatest love was for my mother. She was so quiet, so tender. She had suffered for me in so many ways. She had lived for my sake so many hours of anxiety."

Stalin's mother turned the nights into days, working to get the necessary money for the education of her only son.

And Mustapha's mother did farm work for her brother only in order to make it easier for her son. And even if Mustapha did things which she did not like to see, she still supported him and was his friend.

Heredity, the strict discipline of father, the devotion of mother, school—what other influences formed the characters of these future dictators?

A great influence in the life of every man is his first book.

The boy Hitler's outlook was suddenly altered when he found in his father's library an illustrated history of the Franco-German War of 1870–71.

"It was not long before the great heroic struggle became for me the profoundest inner experience. From this moment I conceived an ever-growing enthusiasm for everything connected with war and soldiering."

When Mussolini was still a child he heard his father read aloud Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* in the smithy. Later he was given as a present a calf-bound edition of Machiavelli. This book was decisive for his later life. Also at an early age he read the works of Marx and Engels, which he began to translate into Italian in collaboration with his friend Angelica Balabanoff, who was afterwards called in Russia "the grandmother of the revolution."

Stalin was influenced by Marx at a very early age. This was the reason that he was expelled from the theological college. After his expulsion, at the age of twenty, he founded the first illegal Marxist party in Tiflis.

And Kemal interested himself in the battles of Moltke and Napoleon.

These first books had a lasting influence on the characters of the dictators. Hitler became a German nationalist, Mussolini a Machiavellian, Stalin a Marxist, and Kemal a general.

A YET more permeating influence than their first book was exercised upon their lives by two factors: hunger and imprisonment.

All four dictators early made acquaintance with the feeling of not having enough to eat.

Mussolini hungered in Switzerland.

Hitler, too, fared no better. After his mother's death for four years he traipsed about the slums of Vienna. He slept in a doss-house among beggars and vagrants, often living on crusts cadged from one or other of these homeless tramps. When his plight grew worse he went begging.

In these years of poverty Hitler was only able to buy himself a hot meal by selling picture postcards.

And Stalin learnt the meaning of hunger more than once in the long years of his subterranean revolutionary activity, during which he was more often in prison than at liberty.

He holds the record for imprisonment among the dictators. He was six times imprisoned, banished, interned—and each time he escaped. Finally the Tsarist government sent him to the Arctic Circle. From there he could no longer escape. He was not liberated until the revolution. Stalin spent more than eight years behind prison bars and the barbed wire of a concentration camp.

Mussolini was eleven times in prison; in Switzerland, in Austria and in Italy.

When Mustapha was a young cadet he made the acquaintance of the Red Prison of Stamboul on account of his revolutionary activities.

And the failure of the Munich "Putsch" landed Hitler for over a year as prisoner in the fortress of Landsberg-am-Lech, where he wrote his book, *Mein Kampf.*

Prison was the last stage in the education of the dictators before they rose to power. Here they learnt patience and their ruthless tenacity of purpose developed. But here also hatred against the existing order of society formed their character.

The suppression of such natures as these leads always to the opposite result of that which the State seeks to attain by their punishment. As soon as rebels against the existing order come out of prison they begin their revolutionary activity with redoubled vigour.

But they would never have been able to carry through their aims successfully unless the time in which they lived had favoured them. They have become what they are because the political situation of the countries they were living in was ripe for change.

In Russia a fight was going on against the

(*Continued on page* 116)

Leichner
HORMONE CREAM

FOR THE REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN

The formation of new skin tissue is controlled by certain glands in the human system and scientists have found that by the introduction of specific glandular extracts (Hormones) it is possible to stimulate the action of these glands, thereby accelerating the process of skin renewal.

Taking advantage of these facts as revealed by scientific research, Leichner produced a cream which is now placed before you as Leichner Hormone Cream, which cream has the special function of stimulating the formation of new and perfect cellular tissue, which means nothing less than the rejuvenation of the skin.

The regular application of this cream will produce a decided improvement, relaxing tissues will tighten up, lines and wrinkles will be suppressed, and the freshness of the complexion revived.

Leichner Hormone Cream

is absolutely harmless and may be applied without fear of the slightest ill effects. It is a biological product of absolute purity; every detail of its preparation is under constant expert supervision.

Obtainable from all leading Stores and Chemists.

Per Jar 21/- and 12/6.

MADE IN ENGLAND,
AT LEICHNER HOUSE, ACRE LANE, S.W.2

LEICHNER

Famous for Fine Cosmetics since 1873

DON'T WASH BABY'S HAIR
use
NESTOL
GUARANTEED HARMLESS
IT CURLS & CLEANSES

A MONTH'S TREATMENT
3/6
Obtainable from:
BOOTS,
TAYLORS,
TIMOTHY WHITES,
LEWIS'S,
ALL GOOD CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS

Baby's head will soon be clustered with adorable curls if the tiny head is cleansed with Nestol every day

C. NESTLE & CO., LTD., 48 South Molton St., London, W.1.

FROM TOP

TO TOE

Poignée Ltd.

of

16 Old Bond Street

(Regent 7486/7)

London's latest and most luxurious Beauty Salon introduces

The Simplest Way to Beauty

All the normal skin needs as general routine is cleansing, nourishing and toning—here is a list of the Preparations recommended for this purpose.

For Oily Skins

Cleansing Milk	3/6
Skin Food	4/-
"Cocktail" (astringent)	4/6
Creme de Laitue (Foundation for day)	3/-

For Dry Skins

Cleansing Cream	3/6
Special Skin Food	4/-
Skin Tonic	3/6
Cream of Almond Blossom (Foundation for day)	4/-

These preparations have taken over two years careful chemical research and medical testing to produce.

Illustrated booklet will be sent free on application.

TWO YEARS OF GASTRIC TROUBLE

Doctor advised X-ray Examination

Although there is nothing alarming in having an X-ray examination, there is always the dread that it will disclose a serious condition. That was the dismal prospect facing Mr. Thomas Burns, of Bolton, but his grateful letter tells a cheerier story.

"I have been a sufferer from Gastric trouble for the past two years," he writes. "I tried several remedies and got no relief, so made up my mind to give Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial. I began to improve after the first 2/- bottle, and, I am proud to say, it has worked wonders with me. Previous to taking your powder I could not eat and was very ill. I was advised by my doctor to have an X-ray examination but I am feeling remarkably well, thanks to Maclean Brand. I shall never be without it, as I cannot speak too highly of it."

No stomach sufferer should get in the doldrums about his trouble when a few doses of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder will put it right. Stomach pains don't last long when treated with the original powder with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Try it on *your* trouble. Many worse cases than yours have been cured by it. 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, powder or tablets.

K.10 makes you . . .

FEEL YOUNG—LOOK YOUNG

K.10 is the new gland formula which enables the glands to function with renewed zest and vigour, so that you cannot possibly feel old or look old. This revitalising process at the same time banishes lines, wrinkles, sagging tissues, and a sallow or coarse complexion. We want you to give K.10 a thorough test for your own satisfaction and offer you—

A FULL FORTNIGHT'S TREATMENT

at the reduced price of 5/- only, post free.

Write NOW to Dept. B.E.,

KAITS PHARMACIES LTD.

77, High Street, Camden Town, London,

tyranny of Tsarism; in Turkey the Sultan had eighty thousand innocent Armenians massacred. Thousands of fugitives from the neighbouring Ottoman Empire fled to Tiflis, where Stalin went to school, and told the story of inhuman cruelties.

Is it any wonder that the young theological student Josef Djugashvili became a Socialist, that he began to hate the governing class which committed these bloody outrages?

He entered the Socialist party. His career was determined.

In Austria the Czechs were hated. The opposition to the ruling House of Habsburg, which favoured the Czechs, crystallised into the formation of a German National party agitating for the amalgamation of the German-speaking peoples.

Is it any wonder that Hitler was deeply influenced by the lectures of his history teacher, Dr. Pötsch, who inculcated the conception of an Empire in which all Germans should be united? "It was then that I became a revolutionary," asserts Hitler.

Did Destiny Shape their Ends Alike?

And in Italy?

The small Red co-operative societies—the "co-operative rosse" of the Romagna—were fighting the government, which could not make up its mind to divide up the big landed estates and quietly looked on while tens of thousands of Italians left the country to seek their fortunes in the United States.

Alessandro Mussolini, the mayor of the little village of Doria, was an opponent of this absurdity. He was against the government. Because of his Socialist revolutionary activity he was imprisoned. Is it any wonder that his son Benito also became a socialist?

Now is it a mere chance that Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin and Kemal became dictators and not Messrs. Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson?

END

London's Biggest Show

IN a hut of wattle and daub once lived a woman who raised an army that is said to have slain, within a week, 70,000 Romans and Romanised Britons and who, when finally vanquished, committed suicide: Boadicea.

She was a woman whose turbulent spirit amazed her contemporaries even in those wild and troublous times, and it is interesting to speculate upon the conditions in which she lived.

At the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia they have built a hut of the kind in which this astonishing woman may have camped before the great battle at Colchester. Exact replicas of the furniture of the period are shown, and there is pottery copied from examples still in existence in the British Museum.

This is just one feature of the section called "Rooms that Made English History."

A finely timbered Saxon hall, rough-hewn from trees, typifies a residence that may have sheltered Alfred the Great, and elsewhere a stone hall with a groined roof and massive pillars represents part of the Old Priory of Winchester, where Edward the First stayed.

Another interesting feature of this great annual exhibition is a reproduction of the 118 ft. bridge of R.M.S. *Queen Mary*.

Part of the historic home of our new Queen Elizabeth is also shown to the public by permission of the Earl of Strathmore. The interior of the Retainers' Hall, or crypt, which is the oldest portion of Glamis Castle, is reproduced in accurate detail, and the Earl of Strathmore has also lent for the occasion of the exhibition the portrait of John Graham of Claverhouse which is generally supposed to be the work of Lely, and of immense worth.

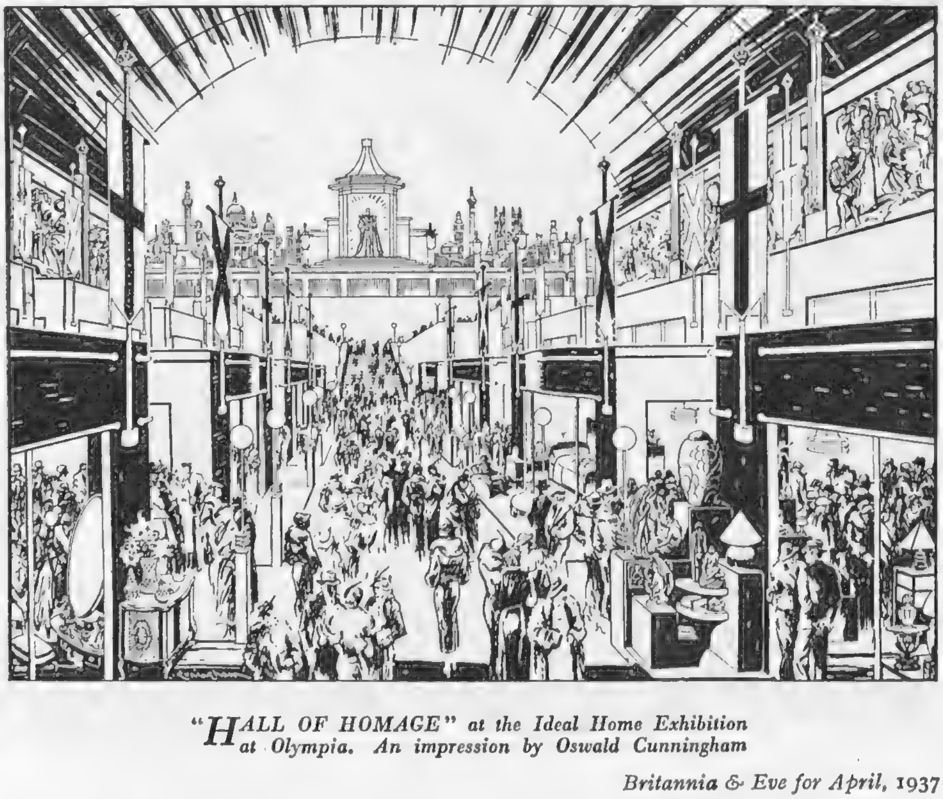
Burns's thatched cottage at Alloway, Ayr, and other unique relics of vivid personalities and stirring times in Scotland are thronging the exhibition at Olympia.

In another section Television equipment is on show, and the G.P.O. is demonstrating also its latest high-speed instruments and methods in a specially equipped room.

Coronation robes as they will be worn by a Duchess, a pageant of the Queens of England in the costumes of their time, feature in the Great Pageant of Fashion, and "Backgrounds for Beauty" provide ideas for home decoration in a practical, yet thrilling style.

Housewives who care to take a look at the working conditions of other women in other countries can do so at the exhibit "Kitchens of the World," and the "Navy at Home" throws an amusing light upon the domestic life of the sailor in a cruiser and a submarine.

The Ideal Home Exhibition, which opened on March 30th, continues until April 24th, from ten in the morning until ten at night.



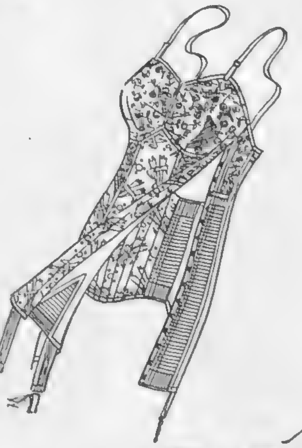
"HALL OF HOMAGE" at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. An impression by Oswald Cunningham

He's Proud of Her!

Proud of the way that heads turn to look at her perfect figure wending its way to their favourite table. Proud of those lissom lines that give her distinction, that make other men envy him as her escort. She's proud of herself too — she knows that her perfection is not just an accident. Maybe the gods did give her a figure that Venus might envy, but she, too, has done her part. She's chosen Fitu to help her keep that figure, to give her support and enable her to face the most strenuous social round with poise and equanimity.

FITU

FOR THE FIGURE THAT'S ADMIRED



FITU 2755B For the smooth unbroken line, choose this attractive corselette. Made in broche it has a brassiere of lace and gives good support. Elastic side panels make for perfect ease in movement and there is a hookside fastening. Underneath is a cleverly concealed well-shaped abdominal belt. Sizes: 34-44 (bust) (every inch) **27/6**

Write for a copy of the new Fitu Brochure

DERRY and TOMS
KENSINGTON
W8
'Phone Western 8181

FN102a

TAKE NO CHANCES
with a ½ Way Dentifrice

Brilliant Teeth—Healthy Gums with this Double Protection

YOUR teeth may look clean and white, even though your gums are soft and spongy. That's the insidious thing about half-way dental care. Forhans brand dentifrice, created by an eminent dental surgeon provides the *double protection* everyone needs. It does *both* vital jobs—*cleans teeth* and *safeguards gums.*

After brushing your teeth, massage your gums, too, with Forhans, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh your mouth feels! Soon you can see the difference.

Forhans costs no more than most ordinary dentifrices, and the big new tube saves you money. Buy Forhans to-day, and *end half-way care* once and for all. On sale throughout the world.

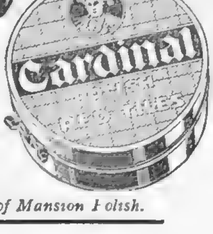
NEW 1/3 SIZE Now on Sale

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

Forhans

BRAND *ORIGINAL* DENTIFRICE

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH
SAVES GUMS

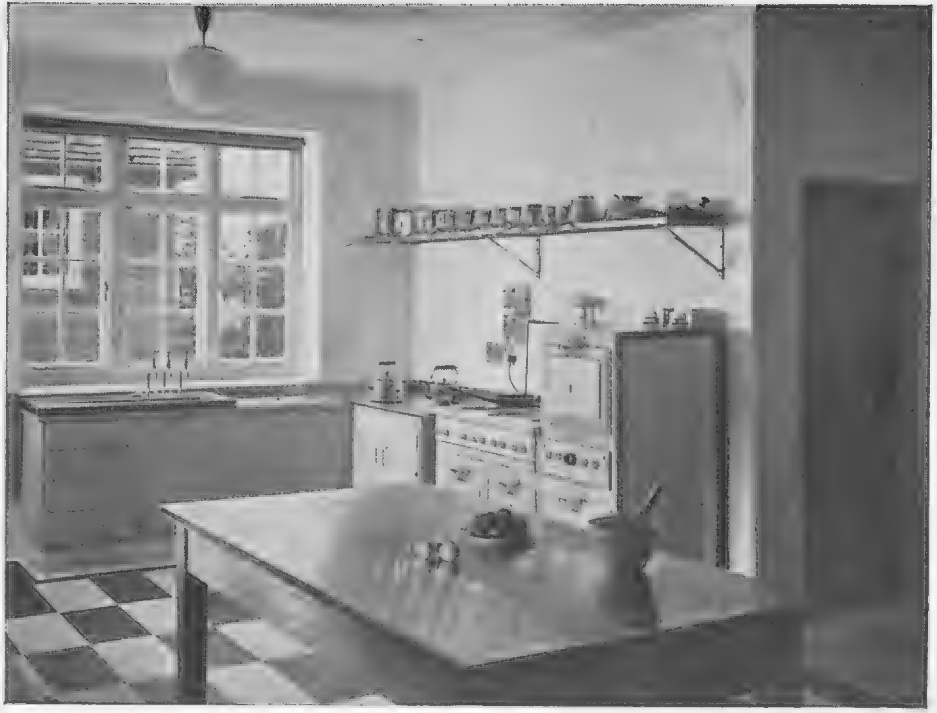


RED TILES
made beautiful with

Red Tile and Red Composition Floors, Front Steps and Stone and Concrete Paths can be given a beautiful, rich red gloss with 'Cardinal,' the polish that gives a waterproof finish.

LARGE TINS, 6d. & 1/-
Of all Dealers.
Also in BUFF, GREEN and WHITE.

Made by makers of Mansion Polish.



Stainless steel, cream tiles and light umber paintwork are features of this modern kitchen installed in a house at Berkhamsted. The steel sink, surrounded with built-in fitments, enjoys a good light from the window. (Designed by R. W. Symonds)

Where Usefulness *and* Beauty Meet

The more efficient modern kitchen is often more attractive in appearance too

By Baseden Butt

SCIENCE—practical, analytical, masculine—and Art—visionary, creative, feminine—these two great realms of human activity, far from being mutually antagonistic, should be regarded as complementary. They are capable of full collaboration. So much have they in common that at times they seem almost indistinguishable.

But for the happy marriage of Art and Science in its perfection, a first-class, up-to-date modern kitchen would be difficult to surpass. You find in this department of the modern home beauty of the highest order wedded to usefulness; and although this union is primarily a marriage of convenience, the result, undoubtedly, is happiness—the elimination of friction, discontent and weariness from daily life.

You have only to glance at the kitchens which we illustrate; their beauty, perfectly harmonised with workaday needs, is immediately apparent. It is not merely that the rooms have been given an appropriate colour scheme, for there is nothing facile or meretricious about their treatment, but their artistic qualities are achieved by imaginative use of the most suitable modern materials. The loveliness inherent in these materials has been emphasised by bringing them together in an artistic unity.

At the same time the modern kitchen makes the housework not merely easy but a positive joy. Drudgery is eliminated completely. The very cleanliness of a good kitchen is itself æsthetic, and this æsthetic quality will be reflected in the preparing of food, in the cooking, and in every branch and department of housework.

Among the kitchens illustrated is a particularly interesting suite which has recently been installed in a house at Berkhamsted by the architect, R. W. Symonds; the suite comprises an L-shaped kitchen and an adjacent service pantry which communicates directly with the dining-room, and the materials and equipment used for these kitchen quarters are calculated to give the greatest possible efficiency: from an architectural and decorative standpoint, they also achieve a most satisfying *ensemble.*

The tiled walls, for example, which are so easy to keep clean, and which, by their coolness, do a great deal to prevent the kitchen getting over-heated, are a cool, clean and very cheerful shade of cream, the coved ceiling being similar in tone. Again, the warm and silent composition tiling used for the floor can be cleaned and polished with the greatest ease and expedition: it is laid in alternating rectangles of terracotta and purple-brown. And the woodwork which is used for the exceptionally liberal cupboard, shelf and dresser accommodation, which is an outstanding feature of the suite, is flush panelled so that there are (*Continued on page 120*)

By Appointment

Beauty Replacements from Bond Street

-in demand all over the world

YARDLEY
Skin Food

In Paris, trying weather has already converted thousands of smart women to Beauty Replacements of natural loveliness and a youthful complexion.

Awaken your Sleeping Beauty

All over the world black withered trees and shrunken shrubs are coming to life at the voice of spring—veiling themselves in tender leaves and petals. And so with women—the beauty you've thought dead, your skin that has grown worn and dull during the winter can be brought anew to tender, glowing beauty. But you must treat it as nature does her plants, to awaken it to loveliness. *Put back the vital life-giving elements it has lost* . . . and it will bloom anew. Here is one simple, lovely cream that is a replacement of those very elements. It contains the simple ingredients of normal skin fat. In the pot these are asleep—waiting to come into contact with your starved skin and awaken it into living beauty. Lovely complexions all over the world are a testimonial to Yardley's Skin Food. Thousands of pots are sold in every land. Enjoy its benefits at our Salon—or use it nightly at home this time of year whatever your type of skin. In good Stores and Chemists, 3/6 and 7/6.

YARDLEY TREATMENT FOR LATE WINTER

All over the world, women have found the simple Yardley system of replacing depleted skin elements the most marvellously effective they have ever tried. Now, before spring catches you unprepared, try this treatment for your winter-starved, depleted skin today. All Skins: ***Liquefying Cleansing Cream,*** equivalent to the oil in a perfect youthful skin, to cleanse at night, after washing with Yardley English Lavender Soap, especially prepared for the complexion. All Skins: ***Skin Food,*** the nutritive elements found in perfect skin; let absorb all night. All Skins: ***Complexion Milk,*** for smoothing, softening and cleansing in the daytime. Normal and dry Skins: ***Complexion Cream,*** slightly nutritive powder base. (Greasy Skins, ***Complexion Milk,*** powder base to regulate oil glands.) Large sizes, Creams, Lotions, 7/6. Make up to taste, with ***Yardley Cream Rouge,*** 2/-, ***Eyeshadow,*** 2/-, ***Lipstick,*** 3/-.

Creams and Lotions 3/6 EACH

FACIAL TREATMENTS USING THESE LOVELY REPLACEMENTS OF NATURAL BEAUTY IN THE YARDLEY TREATMENT SALON, 5/6, 10/6, 15/6.

YARDLEY
Complexion Milk
SKIN LOTION
YARDLEY
English Complexion Cream
YARDLEY
Skin Food
YARDLEY
Liquefying Cleansing Cream

YARDLEY

33 OLD BOND ST.

LONDON, W.1 . . . . . . Regent 1501

The new way
to a lovely skin...
Face Shampoo
with Cuticura Soap

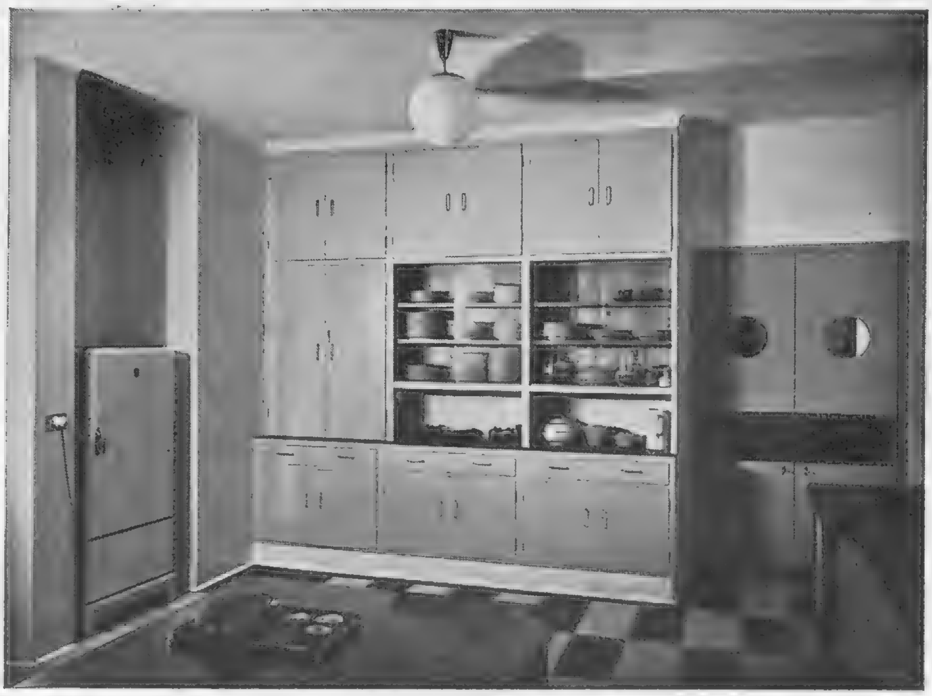
THE logical way to get rid of blackheads, roughness, coarse red patches or 'muddiness', is to improve the *health* of your skin. But ordinary cleansing methods, while making your skin *apparently* clean, leave the pores choked by an accumulation of grime, grease, and 'make-up' residue. The *true* remedy lies in a twice-daily FACE SHAMPOO with CUTICURA SOAP. By giving your skin a thorough shampoo-cleansing, Cuticura Soap frees the pores of all impurities and keeps them sweet and clean. Begin this new way to skin loveliness today. You will love the creamy, luxuriant lather of Cuticura Soap. You can *feel* it soothing your tired, drawn skin. Being mildly antiseptic in action it cleanses and beautifies your skin safely and gently. After only one FACE SHAMPOO with Cuticura Soap your skin feels younger, delightfully refreshed, velvety smooth. And sooner than you believed possible, you have an attractively clear complexion, glowing with health. Keep Cuticura Brand Ointment handy for skin outbreaks, rashes or irritations. Enjoy cooling and refreshing Cuticura Talcum after the bath.

FREE: Sample of Soap, Ointment and Talcum sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, etc. Address: Cuticura (Dept. 39. V.), Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura
PREPARATIONS
CUTICURA SOAP CUTICURA TALCUM
CUTICURA Brand OINTMENT
Sold by all Chemists and Stores

IMÉDIA
The
PERFECT PERMANENT
HAIR TINT
20 NATURAL SHADES
Recommended and used by High Class Hairdressers everywhere

Interesting Booklet Post Free on request to:- C. Nestle & Co., Ltd., 48, South Molton Street, London, W.1

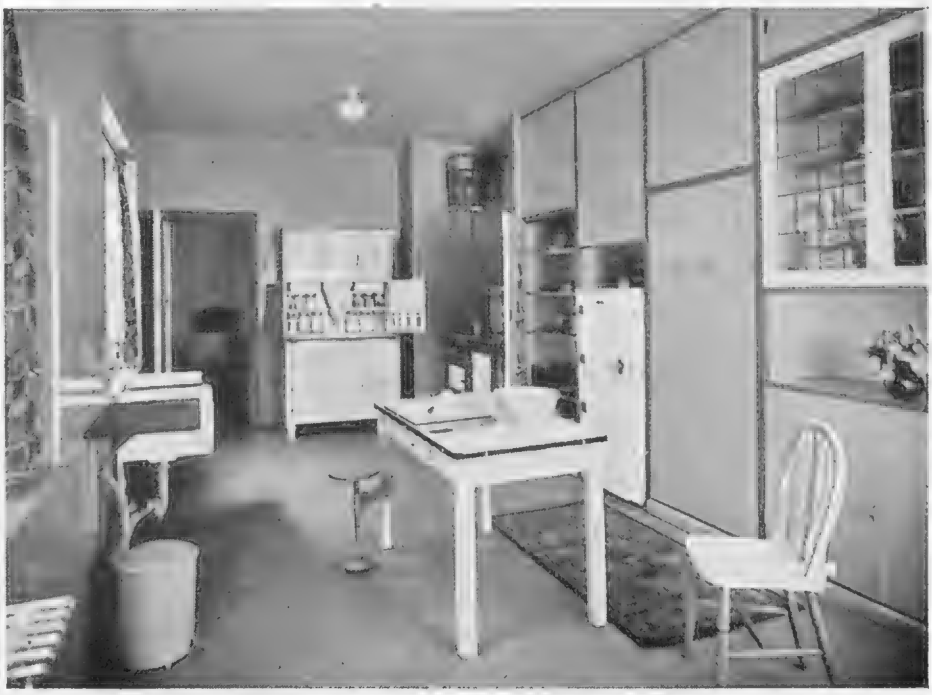


Built-in cabinet fitment and refrigerator in its own recess are features in this kitchen in a house at Berkhamsted. (R. W. Symonds)

absolutely no projecting surfaces to collect dust: they are finished with a semi-glossy washable and unchipable paint in light umber which is at once in perfect harmony with the flooring and in delicate contrast with the walls.

The sinks, moreover, are of stainless steel. In addition to being very easily cleaned, a steel sink has the somewhat surprising advantage of being kind to fragile china. In the kitchen at Berkhamsted the lustrous silver of the sinks and their adjacent draining boards is repeated in the handles and hinges to the various cupboard fitments round the room. Stainless steel is also used for the saucepan shelf, which is a wall fixture above the electric cooker.

Apart from the actual kitchen equipment and its arrangement round the walls in a logical order so that passing to and fro in one's tracks is reduced to a minimum, the shape of the room itself and the aspect of its windows are also of importance. If the house is of moderate size, a narrow kitchen of the "corridor" type has several advantages on the score of labour-saving, for with good arrangement it is only necessary to pass once down the kitchen in preparing each meal. Moreover, sometimes the inclusion of a kitchen of this type is a help in planning the remainder of the house, enabling better use to be made of the ground. A maid's small sitting-room may (*Continued on page* 122)



This kitchen has a colour scheme in jade and buff, and one wall is almost completely lined with cupboard, shelf and dresser fitments. The walls are tiled to a height of six feet. (J. Emberton, F.R.I.B.A.)

WISE *people are using Refrigerators . . . the* **WISEST** *use* "H.M.V."

A refrigerator stores food safely; keeps milk and butter pure for the children ; removes the worry of food " going off " when the kitchen is hot ; keeps flies away ; adds health-giving variety to the daily menu ; makes entertaining a pleasure. Wise housewives know this.

THE WISEST KNOW that the " H.M.V." (electric of course), does all this more surely, more economically because, alone, it has the unique " H.M.V." Silent Circulator—the cold maker which does its work " without a murmur," without interference with radio —always ready to serve you.

THE WISEST KNOW how to compare values—porcelain finish inside and out, greater food storage capacity, sealed ice-making chamber—these are some of the things you should examine.

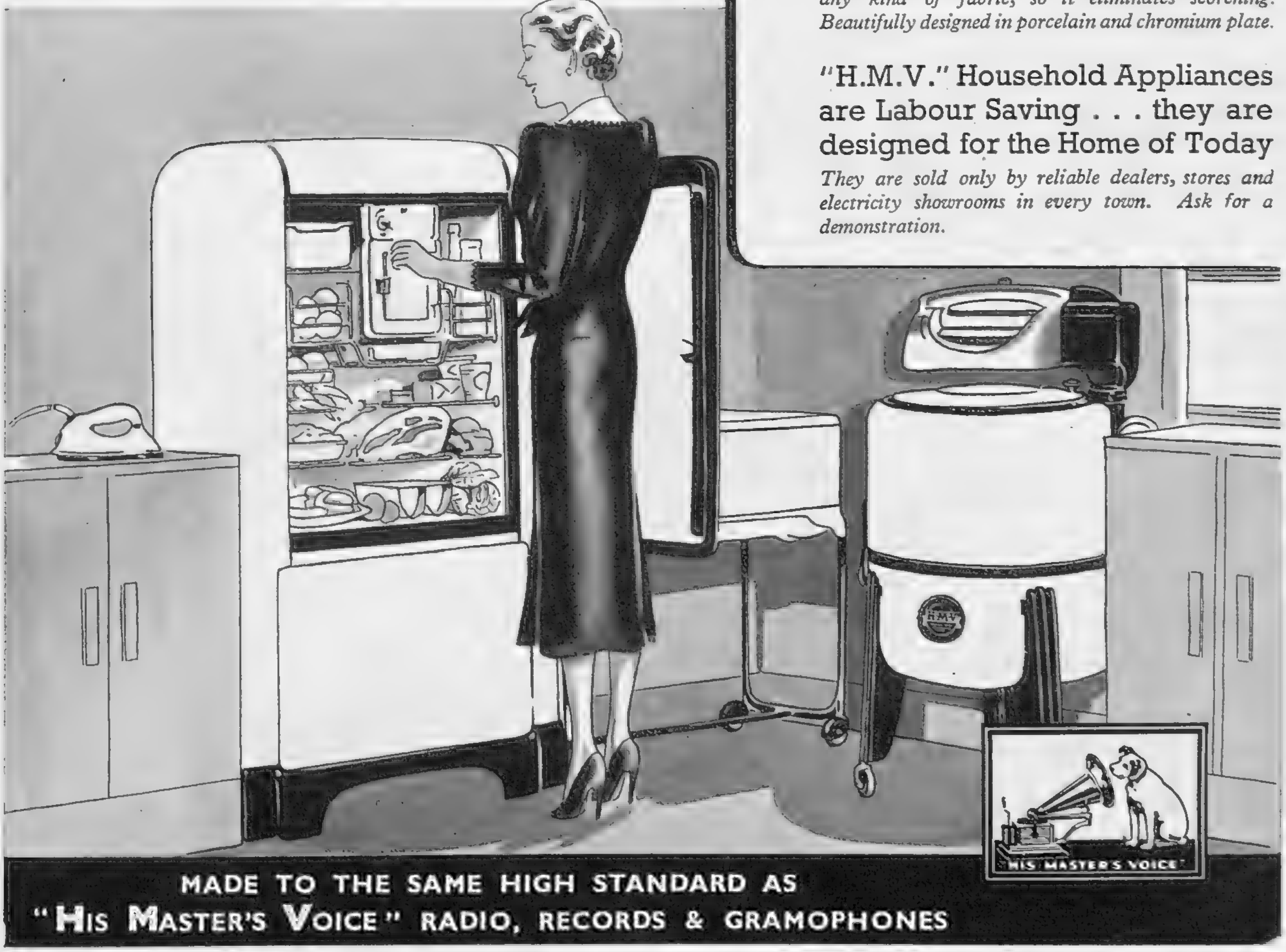
●COMPLETE THE MODERNISATION OF YOUR KITCHEN WITH THE "H.M.V." *Electric* WASHER. *It does all the work : it enables you to control the weekly wash without fuss or fatigue or laundry bills.*

THE "H.M.V." *Electric* IRONER *enables you to sit down to your ironing, and to cut down hand-ironing time by two-thirds while achieving perfect results on intricate or plain work alike.*

THE "H.M.V." *Controlled-Heat* IRON *enables you to obtain and control the heat required for ironing any kind of fabric, so it eliminates scorching. Beautifully designed in porcelain and chromium plate.*

"H.M.V." Household Appliances are Labour Saving . . . they are designed for the Home of Today

They are sold only by reliable dealers, stores and electricity showrooms in every town. Ask for a demonstration.



MADE TO THE SAME HIGH STANDARD AS
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE" RADIO, RECORDS & GRAMOPHONES

YOUR PROTECTION AGAINST WINTER'S CHILLS

You need not fear Winter if you keep the protection of POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES at hand in pocket or handbag.

They ward off infection where rife—influenza, colds, coughs, bronchitis, etc.

If unfortunate enough to catch cold or get catarrh, take a pastille and catarrh and phlegm melt away, and congestion ceases.

A powerful antiseptic when travelling in trains, trams, 'buses, tubes. A positive barrier to influenza. INSTANT RELIEF IN CASES OF THROAT COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, CROUP HAY FEVER, etc.

S.P., Dudley, Worcs: " I was suffering from almost complete loss of voice. I could hardly speak for eighteen months. Your Pastilles not only restored my voice, but my sense of smell also."

Buy a handy 1/3 tin at any chemist, stores or herbalist's, or 1/4½ post free from makers.

POTTER & CLARKE LIMITED,
62G, ARTILLERY LANE, LONDON, E.I.
(Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure)

POTTER'S
CATARRH
PASTILLES

WOMEN OF TO-DAY!...

Life *should* be like this...

To be no more handicapped than a man by any of the regular natural functionings of the human body. . . . hasn't that always been the envious ambition of women? It is an ambition which is achieved by many of the young women of to day, and is *achievable by all healthy women.* You must read the new book which holds out a brave new vision of what life can be like, and *should* be like, for women. The book is called 'Women of To-day.' It is written by a Woman Doctor *and is free.* Send your name and address on a postcard to: Miss Dorothy Downing, Dept. S7/c, Sashena Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5, and a copy will be sent you by return under plain cover.

The book is not an advertisement. But it is published by the makers of the most modern type of sanitary towel, who hold that woman's health and freedom are closely influenced by the type of sanitary protection she uses regularly. If, along with the book, you would also like samples of these towels, send stamps or a postal order for 1/3.

LILIA

THE BRITISH SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL

Standard size, 1/- per carton of 12, with loops (or without them)

Awarded Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene

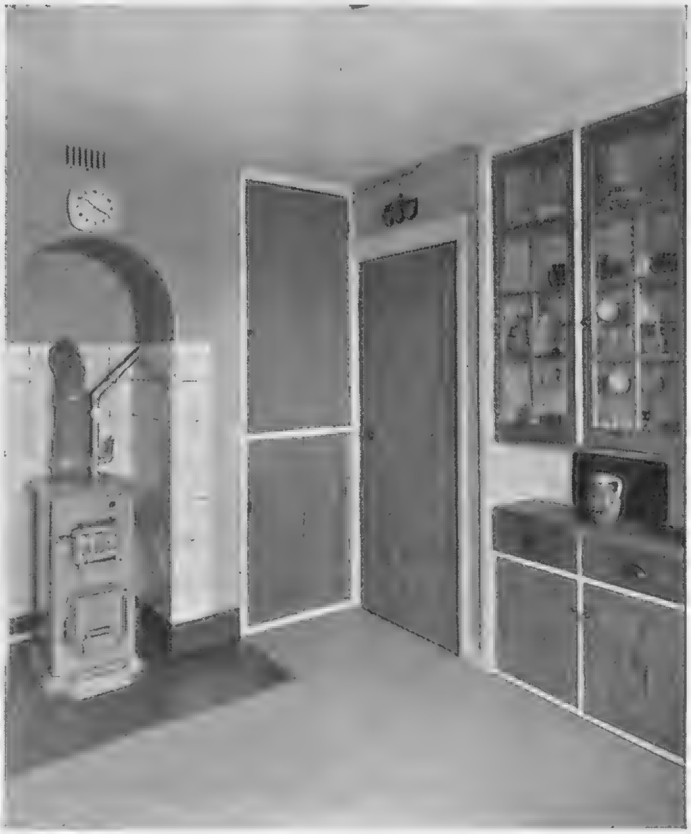
also be included next to the kitchen.

The simplest arrangement in a kitchen of this kind is for the kitchen cabinet, cooker and coke boiler to be on one side of the corridor, and on the other the refrigerator, dresser, sink and various fitted shelves and cupboards.

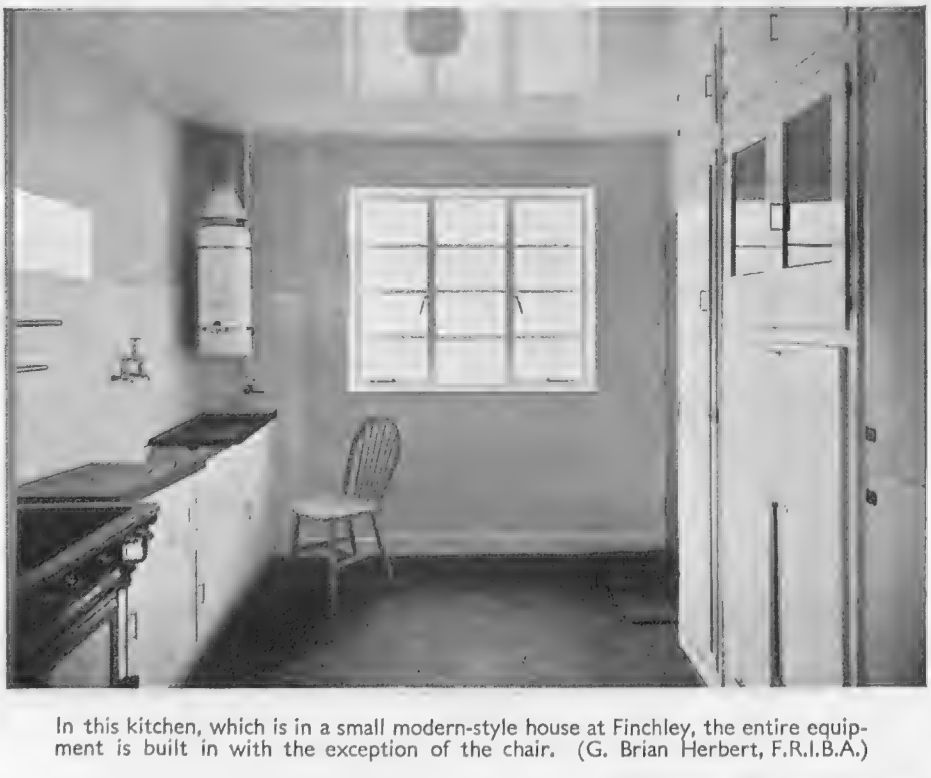
At one time it used to be essential that the kitchen windows should face north, for otherwise there was a possibility that the combination of kitchen range and sunshine might cook the cook. Nowadays, however, we have heat-insulated cookers which will not affect the temperature of the kitchen more than the very slightest, and the rule about north windows need not be adhered to so strictly. Perhaps a window with an easterly aspect, so that the room gets sunshine in the early mornings, but not during the day, is the best arrangement.

If the sink has cupboards underneath it, another good idea is to see that the doors of these cupboards are recessed about four inches compared with the side of the sink. This gives just the necessary toe-space, so that it is possible to stand close to the sink and do the washing-up without getting tired.

ONE discovers frequently nowadays that, with the excep ion of chairs, the entire kitchen furniture is built-in, and the fixtures generally include abundant porcelain-enamelled table surfaces and a folding, collapsible ironing board, in addition to the kitchen cabinet, dresser, broom cupboard and shelves for every need. No matter how much one may hesitate about built-in furniture for other parts of the house, there can be no doubt about the advantages of equipment treated as structural fixtures so far as kitchen and pantry are concerned.

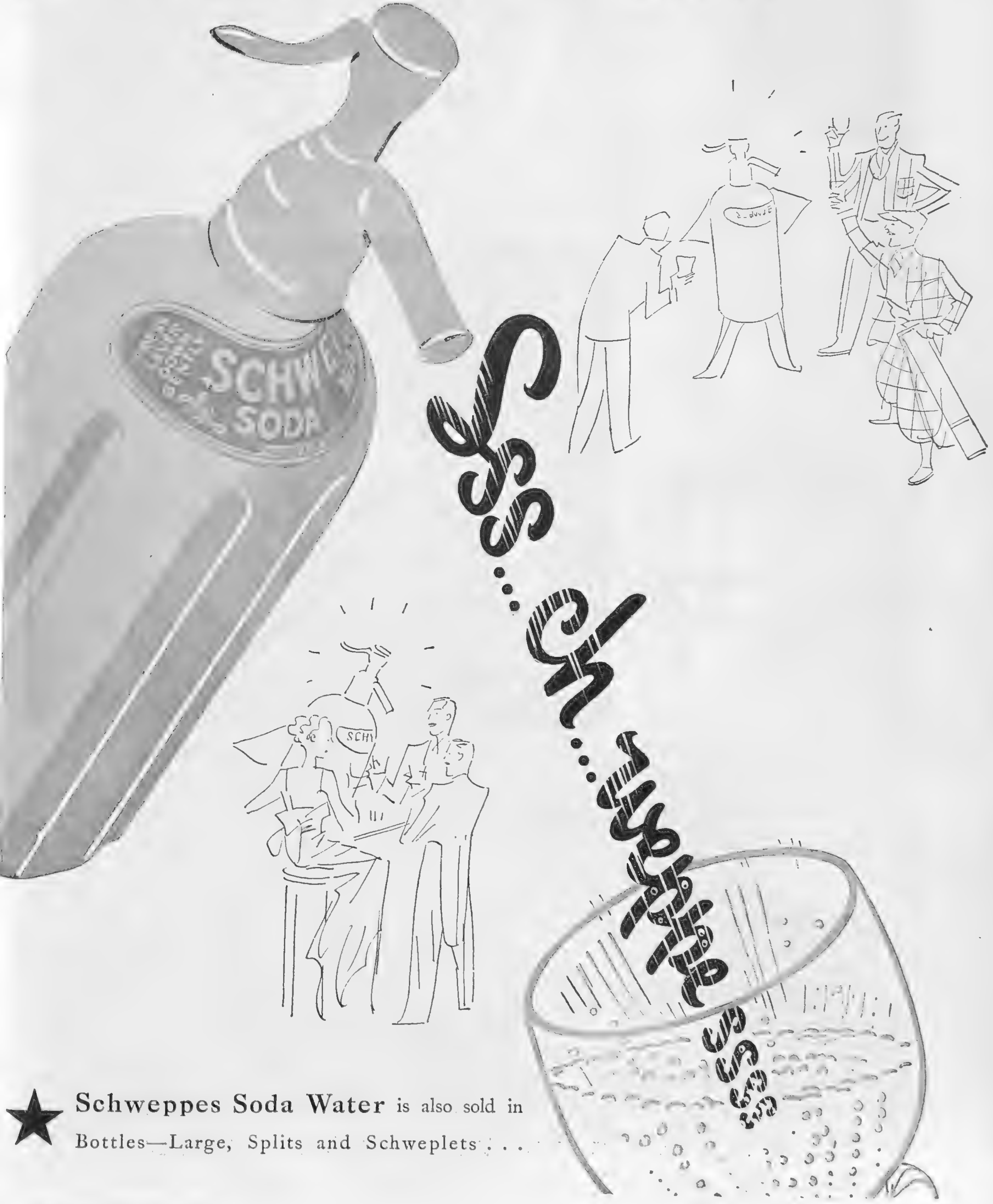


Flush doors of figured Columbian pine are easy to keep clean and give this kitchen a handsome appearance. The built-in dresser is a charming as well as a useful feature. (Paul Badcock, F.R.I.B.A.)



In this kitchen, which is in a small modern-style house at Finchley, the entire equipment is built in with the exception of the chair. (G. Brian Herbert, F.R.I.B.A.)

There'll be life and sparkle at your party, *if your syphons say . . .*


SCHW
SODA
Ss...ch...weppess
SCHW

★ **Schweppes Soda Water** is also sold in Bottles—Large, Splits and Schweplets . . .

Removing unwanted hair can be as easy as powdering your nose!

Don't be bothered by inconvenient, unpleasant preparations that haven't been vouched for by the Medical Profession. Try **Bellin's WONDERSTOEN**, the dainty disc you just rotate over the skin and which whisks away embarrassing hair in a few comfortable moments. **Bellin's WONDERSTOEN** has been recommended by doctors for the past 24 years because it's safe—it's free from injurious chemicals. Nothing can possibly be better or surer than **Bellin's WONDERSTOEN.** Very economical—it lasts months and months.

INTERESTING BOOKLET
SENT FREE ON REQUEST

Bellin's WONDERSTOEN Facial
(for chin, cheeks and upper lip) - - - - 5/6
Bellin's WONDERSTOEN de luxe
(for arms and legs) - - - - - - - 13/6

Obtainable from all stores, chemists and hairdressers.

If any difficulty in obtaining send P.O. to:—
(*Dept. E.*) FASSETT & JOHNSON, LTD.,
86, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

Bellin's
Wonderstoen
DRY METHOD
for Removing Hair from Limbs and Face.

MORNING HEAD BANISHED!

Late nights and happy parties often mean a HEAD in the morning. A dose of Cephos will banish Morning Head like magic.

And for ordinary headache or neuralgia there is no finer remedy you could take. Cephos is not just a single drug, but the prescription of an Eminent Harley Street Physician—it does not affect the heart.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores in Powder or Tablet form 1/3 and 3/-. Single Dose Powder or Tablets 2D.

Cephos REGD
Pronounced See foss
THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY

Sample of Cephos sent on receipt of p.c. to Cephos Ltd., Dept. 2T., Blackburn FREE

Mrs. SHACKLETON

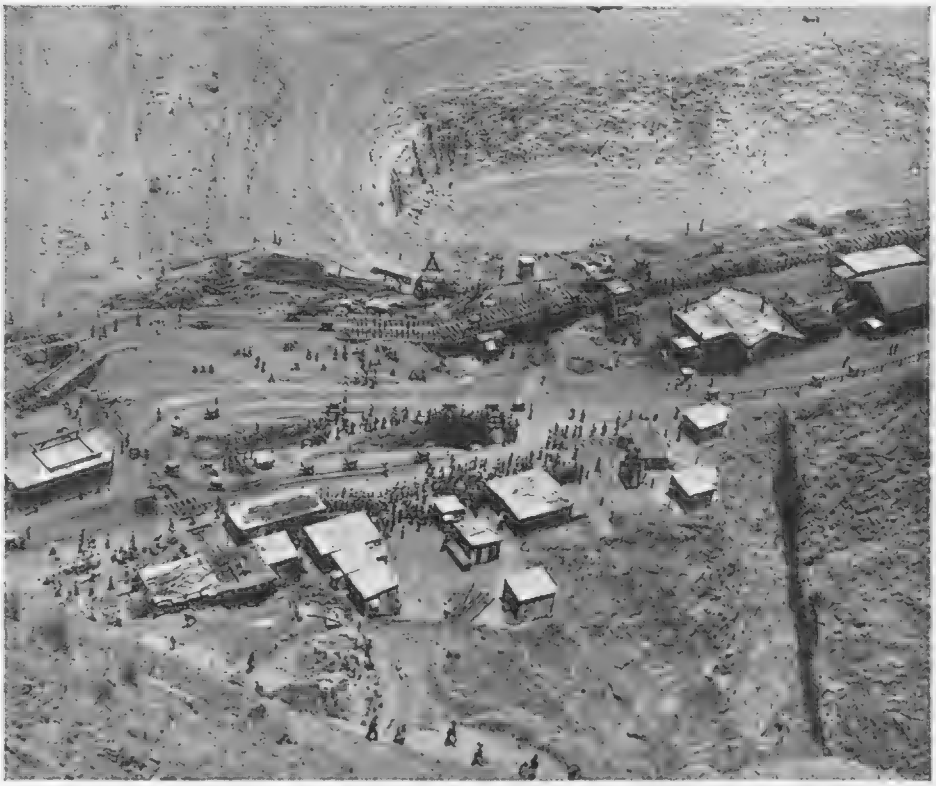
has a great demand for Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Clothes, Furs, Jewellery, Linen, Oddments, Household Articles, Underwear, etc. Best prices possible given. All parcels answered by return. Ladies waited on. Only address—
122 Richmond Road, Kingston-on-Thames
Tel.: Kingston 0707. Banker's reference.

Boom in Jewels

(*Continued from page 11*)

that were exhausted before the eighteenth century opened. In 1921–2, when the Russian émigrés were selling their jewels, and the Red Government added to the stream by throwing on the market gems confiscated or purloined from aristocrats, millionaires, and church ornaments, the market—already suffering from the collapse of the 1919–20 business boom—was knocked sideways. The diamond ring had to buy up many of the diamonds offering to support the world price of diamonds.

In fact, one cannot explain the gems which flash and glitter with white and coloured fire in crown, tiara, necklace, ring and bracelet without reference to the law of supply and demand. In the five unparalleled years, when men thought the very foundations of our machine civilisation were crumbling, the price of all commodities nose-dived. But the fall in the price of diamonds was only a fraction of the drop in other commodities.



THE famous Premier Mine near Pretoria, the largest open diamond mine in the world. It was from this mine that the gigantic Cullinan diamond was taken, and it is now part of the Crown Jewels

A little group of business men with long views saw to this. Controlling the five great African diamond mines, and with contracts with the small fry elsewhere, they closed down the mines and put the world stock of diamonds into cold storage. No new stones came into the markets to break the price lower.

Gems are not valued on a beauty basis. It is their scarcity value which makes them precious. Men can make synthetic diamonds. But these are minute fragments of scientific interest only. The enormous pressures which Nature has exerted to crystallise native carbon in the isometric system, and so produce the diamond, the hardest substance known, cannot be duplicated by any means known to man. He has neither the machines nor the materials for this miracle of synthesis. But if he could do it, the value of the world stock of diamonds would leak out like water through sluices in a flood; and out of crowns and tiaras, necklaces, rings and bracelets, would come those natural diamonds. They would be too common to be prized as now they are prized, and too cheap to serve the symbolical purposes they now serve in royal regalias.

Something of the sort has happened to pearls—which incidentally are not included in the family of precious stones. The pearl oyster is now cultivated artificially to produce the substance which forms the pearl globule; and the "menagerie-bred" pearl so closely resembles his "wild" brother, and the supply is so large, that pearls—excepting the very largest and finest—have been pruned of a large part of their former value. The Oriental potentate and the Western millionairess are not interested in pearls now unless they are so large that even the uninitiated can tell at a glance that they are not the product of the cultured oyster. But even these great pearls can be imitated, and often are, for social-plus-safety purposes.

MANY owners of fine jewels now have reproductions made, and use them instead of the real ones when they go to the theatre or stay at hotels. The various upheavals of the war, the post-war inflation, and the depression largely explain this. A refugee aristocrat would sell her jewels, but first have reproductions made: if she could not have the substance of her jewels, at least she could console herself with the shadow. Great families which had become impoverished, and bankers and entrepreneurs hard pressed for cash secretly sold well-known jewels, but first had them copied. In each case the pretence had an important motive. Family pride can make demands as imperative as the necessity for concealing financial losses and preserving the opulent façade which sustains a financier's and magnate's credit.

A few years ago these folk would have had to be very careful about the conditions under which they displayed the copies; for society as well as the trade has its connoisseurs who can tell an imitation from a genuine stone at a glance. But latterly there have been such extraordinary advances in technique that craftsmen can copy almost any jewel so faithfully that even experts can be deceived unless they are permitted actually to handle the imitation, or inspect it closely.

But the improvements in technique have been made, and the big trade in artificial jewellery has

(*Continued on page 126*)

A BRITISH PRODUCT
LONDON
DAGENHAM
Ford
MADE AT FORD WORKS DAGENHAM
DVW 308

THE FORD V-8 "22"

£210, at Works

Distinguished in any gathering, in appearance and performance, yet purchased, run and maintained at figures in accord with the reasonable expenditure of those who must observe economy, this latest Ford V-8 "22" is a revelation of capability, comfort, roominess, equipment, and sheer delight of handling. Passengers enjoy, drivers positively revel in, every moment and phase of its use. Try it, to understand how zestful really perfect motoring can be, without costing any more than the other kind. Catalogue on Request.

"THERE IS NO COMPARISON!"

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED. DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

An open letter to the learned Judge who asked "What is a hypoid?"

Your Lordship

I will do my best to explain. In most motor-cars the power from the engine is first transferred to the gearbox and then carried by what is called the propeller shaft to the back axle. From there any power that is left goes to the road wheels.

Before the War everyone knew about propeller shafts. They rotated brazenly in full view. Nowadays a propeller shaft is considered rather improper and is concealed as much as possible but the basic problem of transferring the drive from the shaft to the road wheels is as difficult as ever. It was first done by gear wheels set at right angles. Then some people introduced the worm drive which turns the back wheels round with a cork screw action. The latest kind of back axle to burst on an astonished world is a fascinating compromise called the hypoid gear. This driving gear is beautifully silent, it allows the propeller shaft to be lowered several inches and is considered by many to be the last word in back axles. There is only one tiny fly in the ointment. As a result of the angularity of the teeth the pressures are extraordinarily high and I think it is true to say that in a car with hypoid gears, the correct and perfect lubrication of the back axle is technically a more difficult problem than the lubrication of the engine. The hypoid gear is one of the parts of the modern car for which the Mobiloil Plan has been formulated to give balanced lubrication. We believe it is essential for every car owner to drain his sump, gearbox and back axle at least twice a year and fill up with the correct grade of oil. I believe that our technical people have solved these new problems more successfully than anyone else in the lubrication business and I congratulate them most heartily.

That is the case for the hypoid my Lord.

Yours faithfully,

Victor Vacuum

CARS RUN BETTER ON MOBILOIL

VACUUM OIL COMPANY LTD., LONDON S.W.I

Regd. Trade Mark 4366

arisen, on the tide of an ever-increasing demand in the West for colour and ornament. Probably a sociologist could find a link between the expansion in sales of artificial green tourmalines and white sapphires, "crystal" jewellery, chalcedony and coral necklaces and earrings, and pearls chemically manufactured, and the contemporary vogue for golden or auburn hair, lips redder than Nature made them, tinted finger and toe nails, and clothes which grow ever more picturesque, flattering and colourful. A woman used to conceal the fact that her hair was dyed; now she presents it openly as part of her legitimate adornment. Similarly, she was ashamed of sham jewellery and preferred an apologetically small real gem to anything larger and more exotic but shouting "imitation." Timidity and snobbishness were mixed up in this attitude.

But now higher living standards and a franker outlook have made the attitude as old-fashioned as the elaborate and cumbersome settings which characterised jewel pieces made up in the Victorian and Edwardian era. The sham gems that were once the manifestation of a sham gentility, the snobbish pretence of belonging to a higher social stratum, are now worn by the great world of women of all classes without any of that pretence or pretension—worn quite openly, like a flower, curls, a brightly patterned frock, for their decorative qualities.

Pearls are still the commonest of the imitated jewels. But emeralds run them close, and could perhaps overtake them if they were easier to imitate. Emeralds have always been the most prized of gems. We think that Cleopatra was extravagant to spice her wine with melted pearls. But she had turtle shells full of those "tears of the sea." She would not have been so lavish with her emeralds. Some were so large that she is said to have had her portrait carved on them. They came from her own mines in Upper Egypt. These were probably the mines exploited first by Sesostris in 1650 B.C. Emeralds were revered by the old Pharaohs. Some have been found in mummy wrappings; others in the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Every now and then somebody finds a partly cut emerald washed up on the shore near Alexandria. But the old mines which supplied them were long ago worked out.

The Greeks and Romans gutted the old world of emeralds, and when their civilisation collapsed emeralds vanished from the Western world for centuries, and did not reappear until the Spanish conquest of Peru. The Spaniards looted the emerald hoards of the Aztecs and Incas, but failed to find the mines. Legend persists that there are fabulous emerald mines somewhere in Mexico and Peru, but to date nobody has found an emerald in its natural deposit in these lands. The Spaniards did, however, locate a deposit in Somondoco, in Colombia. This mine is still being worked. But the finest emeralds come now from the Muzo mine in a primeval forest region of the Andes, and a small region on the upper Starka in Siberia. A few fine emeralds have been found in mountain regions in the United States. There must be other deposits on the planet.

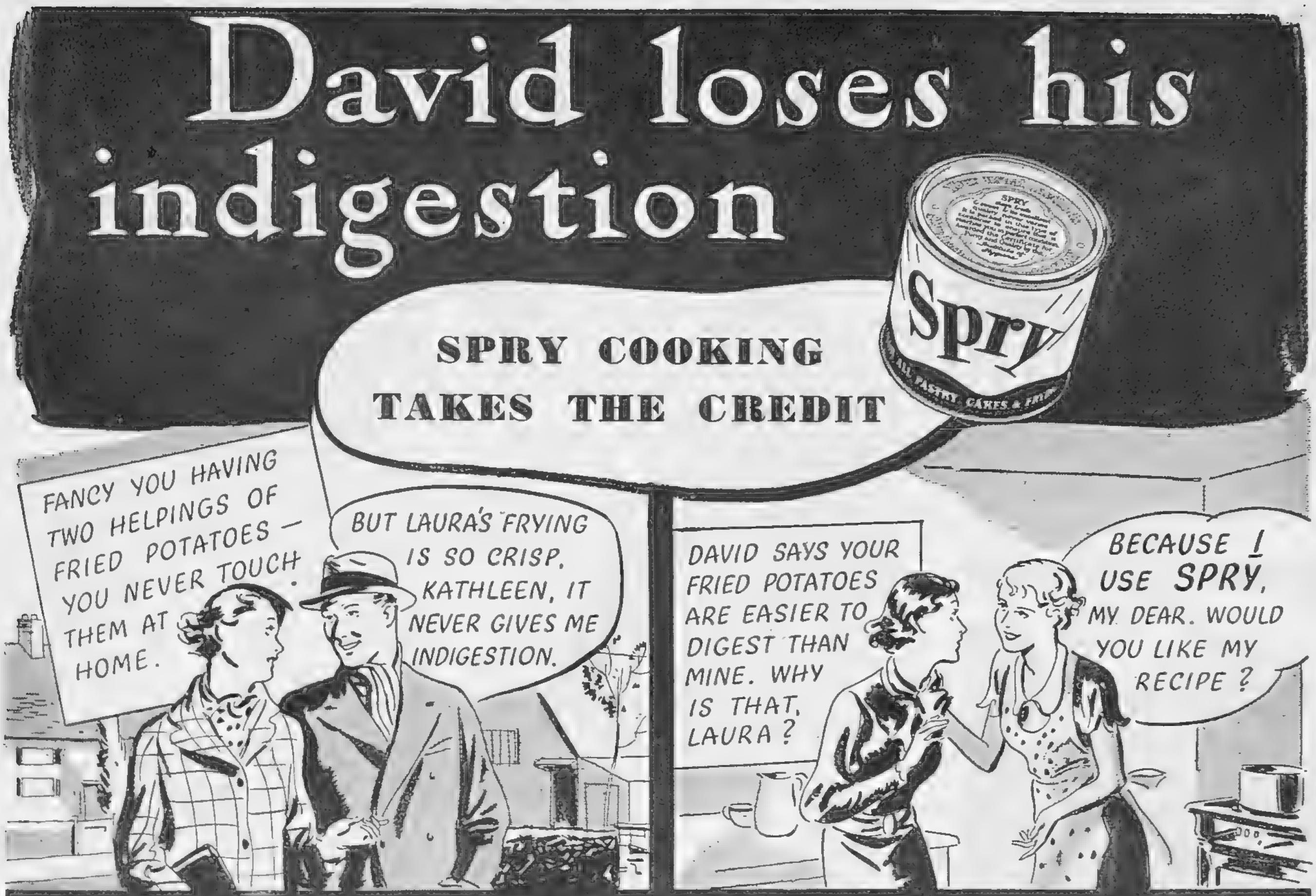
As to that, the diamond pipes of South Africa, the greatest natural hoards ever found (far richer than the Indian and Brazilian fields which supplied the world up to the middle of last century and are now almost worked out), might to-day still be awaiting discovery, if this area had not been in the track of the white man's colonising movement. No geologist deliberately went out to examine a certain zone of the earth where he had reason to suspect, on the formations, that diamonds had been created in Nature's laboratory. It never has been so with the crystallised carbons and corundums.

Up to the start of the eighteenth century, India was the chief source of supply. The big mine was at Golconda, in the desert outside the city of Hyderabad. It is estimated that between 10 and 12 million carats in all were extracted before the field dried up. Brazil was the next big strike.

(*Continued on page* 128)

David loses his indigestion

SPRY COOKING TAKES THE CREDIT


Spry
FANCY YOU HAVING TWO HELPINGS OF FRIED POTATOES — YOU NEVER TOUCH THEM AT HOME.
BUT LAURA'S FRYING IS SO CRISP, KATHLEEN, IT NEVER GIVES ME INDIGESTION.
DAVID SAYS YOUR FRIED POTATOES ARE EASIER TO DIGEST THAN MINE. WHY IS THAT, LAURA?
BECAUSE I USE SPRY, MY DEAR. WOULD YOU LIKE MY RECIPE?

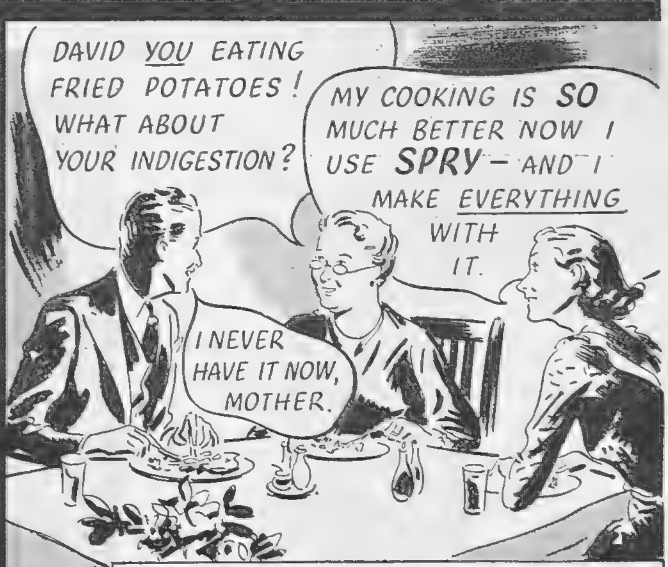
. . . AND THIS IS LAURA'S RECIPE

FOR MORE DIGESTIBLE FRIED POTATOES

FRIED POTATOES. Peel the potatoes, cut into slices $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick and then into finger-length strips. Soak in cold water for 1 hour, and dry well in a clean cloth. Put into a wire frying-basket and lower gently into hot Spry and fry until the potatoes are golden brown. Drain on crumpled paper. Sprinkle with salt, and serve very hot.

TO TEST HEAT OF SPRY. Drop in a small piece of bread. If it turns brown in 1 minute the SPRY is ready for frying potatoes.

For fuller details of digestible frying see the Spry Recipe Book.


DAVID YOU EATING FRIED POTATOES! WHAT ABOUT YOUR INDIGESTION?
MY COOKING IS SO MUCH BETTER NOW I USE SPRY — AND I MAKE EVERYTHING WITH IT.
I NEVER HAVE IT NOW, MOTHER.

The better your cooking is the easier it is to digest, and Spry makes *every* type of cooking better. Use it for pastry, cakes, puddings and frying; in each case you'll get the lightest, most delicious results. And because it is "ready-creamed" by a special process Spry is ever so much easier to use.

FREE COOKERY BOOK—FREE ADVICE

Send for a free copy of the Spry Recipe Book. Send 3d in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing to —
THE SPRY COOKERY ADVISORY SERVICE,
Messrs. R. S. Hudson Limited (Dept. DN.3), Bebington, Cheshire. (Your envelope must be sealed and bear $1\frac{1}{2}$d stamp.)

Have you a cooking problem? Then write to the Spry Cookery Advisory Service explaining your trouble. This Service retains a staff of experts ready to give helpful advice on all cookery matters. It is entirely *free* of cost, and there is no obligation whatsoever.

Spry

$\frac{1}{2}$-lb. size $5\frac{1}{2}$d. 1-lb. size 10d. 3-lb. size 2/4.

. . THE "READY-CREAMED" ALL-PURPOSE COOKING FAT

SPR 77-5

The Brazilian mines dominated the world diamond trade for a century and a half. They produced more than the Indian deposits before they ran out. By the middle of the nineteenth century it looked as if the world stock would have to satisfy man for the rest of his sojourn on earth—in which case, every diamond of the first water was a magnificent investment, bound, while scarcity governed earthly values, to increase steadily in price as the centuries went by.

But the Dutch, wandering from their cramped homeland, found good farm land in the toe of South Africa. One day a Boer farmer's small son found a bright pebble as he played beside the Orange River. He took it home. Father was not impressed, but a neighbour, Schalk van Niekerk, saw the stone and gave a cow for it. Niekerk showed the pebble to John O'Reilly, an ostrich hunter. O'Reilly took a chance, paid money for it, and sent it to Grahamstown for test. It proved to be a diamond. The Governor of the Cape bought it for £500.

Two years later a Hottentot boy brought Niekerk another bright pebble. The Boer bought it for a bag of mealies—and the Earl of Dudley subsequently paid £25,000 for it, a bargain price. This was the celebrated Star of Africa. It started 20,000 men digging on a little patch of yellow earth at Kimberley. The mining regulations prescribed that paths be left between the claim holes. But when the diggers got down 150 ft. the paths caved in. Water seeped in too. And; to cap it all, the yellow ground gave out at depth. Under it was blue ground, too hard to work with the spade. Apparently, it contained no diamonds.

"She's worked out," said the diggers, and they sold out for a song. Two men bought all claims offering, and in the end owned the whole of the big hole excepting a French-owned patch. These two men were the English clergyman's son Cecil Rhodes, who had come to South Africa for his health and left a cotton plantation to seek his fortune at the diamond diggings, and the East End Jew Barney Barnato, who had arrived with some boxes of cigars to sell and made money dealing in diamonds among the diggers. Their gamble came off. The yellow ground was only the skin over the diamond pipes. Below, in the hard blue ground, bigger and better diamonds were embedded—diamonds, it seemed, without end.

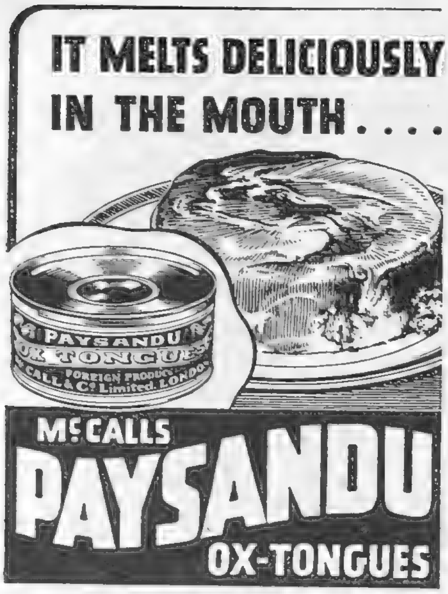
Then Rhodes and Barnato fought for mastery; and Rhodes, with the Rothschild millions at his back, and the astute Jew Alfred Beit to advise him on finance and stock market strategy, won. Rhodes bought the Barnato diamond empire with £5,300,000 of Rothschild money, and formed De Beers Consolidated, the enterprise which now owns the great African pipes and tightly controls the world diamond supply, distribution and price through a powerful monopoly which has the source at one end and at the other the Diamond Corporation, the bottleneck through which all new stones from the mines find their way to the dealers, and so to the market.

People who think in terms of values and investment prefer diamonds. You can sell a diamond anywhere in the world at any time; there is always a buyer: and the price fluctuates less than that of any other stone. But some people dislike diamonds. They think them vulgar, or unlucky.

The traditional "grief jewels," however, are pearls and opals. This is odd, for the opal was associated by the ancients with Venus, goddess of Love, while the pearl was the emblem of Diana, the chaste goddess. But probably opals came to be linked to passion, and so with feud, tragedy, unhappiness, disaster, and violent emotions; and the superstition about pearls may be traced to the poetic but unscientific explanation of Pliny that "tears from heaven fell into the shells and were transformed by the secretions of the oyster into precious pearls."

There is more ground for popular belief in the ill-luck of rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. The ruby is the colour of blood. Further, it is found in the East, and has

Smart travel or country coat for Spring, with a high cravat neck and the new yoke interest stressed by all the Paris houses. Tailored by Messrs. Studd and Millington. £8 : 8 : 0


IT MELTS DELICIOUSLY IN THE MOUTH....
PAYSANDU OX TONGUES
FOREIGN PRODUCE
McCALL & Co Limited LONDON
McCALLS
PAYSANDU
OX-TONGUES

good cheese is better with
FORTT'S
BATH OLIVER
Biscuits

LILLA Handworked SMOCKS

Artistic yet Practical. Ideal for a host of purposes. Hard wearing. Hand-smocked in self or mixture of colours to tone with any colour schemes.

Over 40 styles. 30 guaranteed materials in hundreds of colours.

As illustrated in Figured Duro-crepe 27/9

Figured Tussore 63/- etc., etc., etc.
Other styles from 15/11
CAN BE SENT ON APPRO.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE "2"

LILLA 7 Lower Grosvenor Place,
Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1
'Phone: Vic. 7751

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Removed by Electrolysis at home

The Vandré Home Electrolysis Outfit now enables any lady to remove disfiguring hairs by the genuine Electrolysis process in privacy at home, saving pounds. The only known permanent way. Electrolysis removes each hair and root completely, without any discomfort, leaving the skin lovely; it has never failed. Indispensable to modern woman, and so simple a child could use it; Guaranteed. Complete, with full instructions, £4.4.0, or 10/- monthly. Trial free. Illustrated particulars free in plain envelope.

VANDRÉ LTD. (Dept. E.), 189 Pitt St., Glasgow

inevitably been in the track of Oriental crime, lust, cruelty, and conquest. Emeralds are green, and green for some reason has never been considered a good-luck colour. They are, besides, the oldest and most royal of all the gems, and glimmer in the pattern of many ancient sorrows. Nero and Cleopatra prized them above all stones. The luck of neither held.

AS the most prized stone of the contemporary world, and the most widely distributed, the diamond has gathered more good and bad luck stories round itself than any of its fellow gems. Queen Isabella II of Spain is supposed to have been saved from an assassin's knife by the diamond in her talisman. On the other hand, the bad luck which attends the Hope diamond is world-famous. A flawless sapphire-blue diamond of 44⅜ carats, it is believed to be the original Tavernier stone brought from India and bought by Louis XIV of France. The stone was stolen with other crown jewels from the Garde-Meuble in 1792, and cut again to obliterate traces. Legend has it that the priests of the Hindu temple cursed the thief who stole their great blue diamond and all who might after him possess the stone.

Its trail of damage exceeds that of any other stone of which we have record. The French Bourbons met with nothing but bad luck; and successive owners subsequently had cause to bewail their ill-fortune (if they lived long enough to realise it). Lord Francis Hope acquired it by inheritance—and was nearly killed by the accidental discharge of a gun before he married the American actress May Yohe, who practically ruined him before he divorced her in 1902 (she had worn the diamond—and she died in poverty), so he had to sell the gem to pay his debts. Prince Kamtovski bought it from a jeweller in Paris in 1903 and gave it to his mistress, the French actress Ladue. The night she wore it for the first time on the stage of the Folies Bergère a jealous lover killed her on her return to her apartment. The prince took possession of the diamond, but was murdered a few days later by a man who attempted to steal it.

A Greek merchant bought it, and was murdered, along with his wife and two children. Abdul the Damned then became its owner—poor Abdul! After wreaking some further mischief, it crossed the Atlantic and came to roost with Mrs. Ned McLean, daughter of an old-time prospector who found a gold mine at last and made a vast fortune out of it. Little Vincent McLean ran out of the grounds into the roadway and was run down and killed by a passing motor-car. Mrs. McLean's last piece of bad luck was to hand over $100,000 to the inquiry agent Gaston Means on his assurance that he could buy back the kidnapped Lindbergh baby. He went to jail, but she did not get her money back. In her autobiography, published last year, she declared that she had run through her huge fortune. "I am now broke," she added.

The next owner of that blue diamond will need to be a bold man, a reckless woman—or the Diamond Corporation. The Diamond Corporation does not believe in bad luck. The Golconda diamond—another ancient Indian diamond around which legends have gathered thickly—had a long trail of blood and misery behind it when the Hapsburgs acquired it in 1870. The superstitious would say that the House has not enjoyed anything but bad luck since. But the Diamond Corporation cheerfully bought it from the Archduke Joseph of Hapsburg for £20,000. It is a 66-carat diamond, and a bargain at the price. If the gem had run true to its legend, the bottom should by now have dropped out of the diamond market, while the diamond magnates wended their way sadly to Carey Street. Instead of that, diamonds are booming. De Beers shares have risen from 32s. in 1932 to £20, and the magnates, wreathed in smiles and cigar smoke, are buying new gems for their wives out of their fabulous profits.

END

(Copyright in Canada and the United States of America)

Complexion for moderns

In mother's time, make-up was a dashing experiment; she wielded her powder-puff gingerly—hesitantly—often with a certain amount of trepidation. Today, the art of make-up has been raised to the level of an exact science; and that science was recently carried a step further. Naturally, you have heard of the New Complexion . . . By the use of two powders—**Ardena** and **Japonica**—one above the other—you achieve a depth of tone, a softness and naturalness of effect, that suggests the soft bloom of an exquisite youthful skin. It is the essence of great art to conceal its artistry. That art is peculiarly Elizabeth Arden's. ★ Ardena and Japonica Powders: 7/6 or 12/6 a box. ★ Set of two powders and blending brush: 21/-. ★ Ask for the useful Elizabeth Arden booklet, **Art in Cosmetics.**

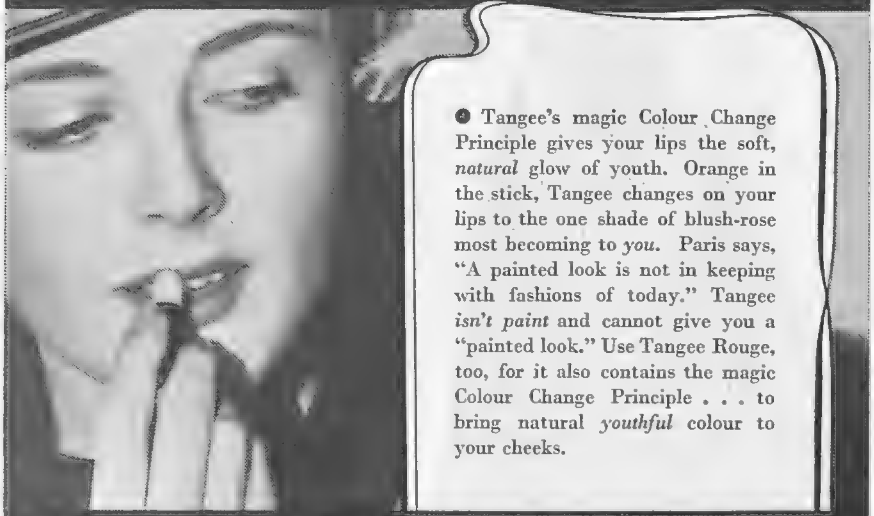
Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden Ltd.

25, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

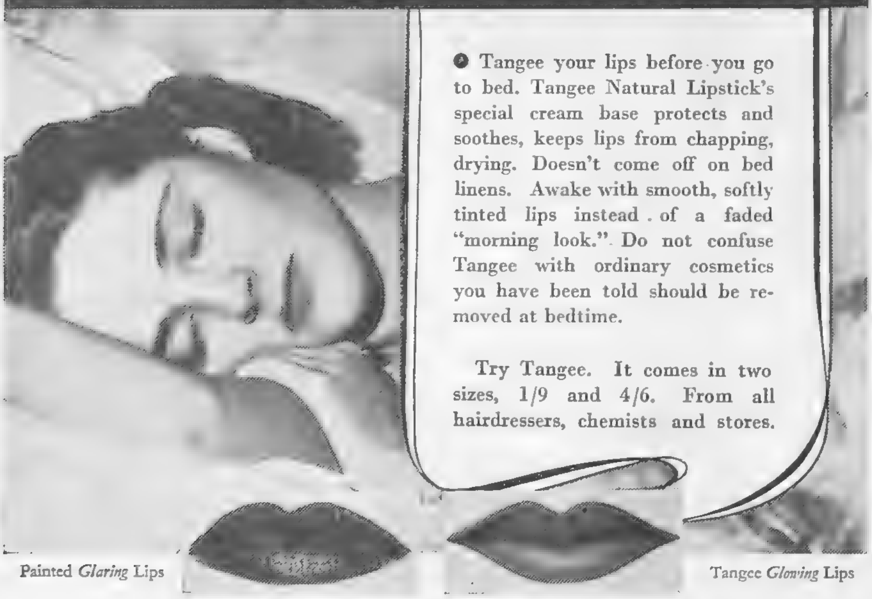
For lips that never look old

THROUGH THE DAY USE TANGEE...WATCH THE BLUSH-ROSE SHADE OF YOUTH APPEAR



● Tangee's magic Colour Change Principle gives your lips the soft, *natural* glow of youth. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to *you*. Paris says, "A painted look is not in keeping with fashions of today." Tangee *isn't paint* and cannot give you a "painted look." Use Tangee Rouge, too, for it also contains the magic Colour Change Principle . . . to bring natural *youthful* colour to your cheeks.

THROUGH THE NIGHT...TANGEE LIPSTICK'S SPECIAL CREAM BASE SOFTENS AND PROTECTS YOUR LIPS



● Tangee your lips before you go to bed. Tangee Natural Lipstick's special cream base protects and soothes, keeps lips from chapping, drying. Doesn't come off on bed linens. Awake with smooth, softly tinted lips instead of a faded "morning look." Do not confuse Tangee with ordinary cosmetics you have been told should be removed at bedtime.

Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 1/9 and 4/6. From all hairdressers, chemists and stores.

Painted *Glaring* Lips

Tangee *Glowing* Lips

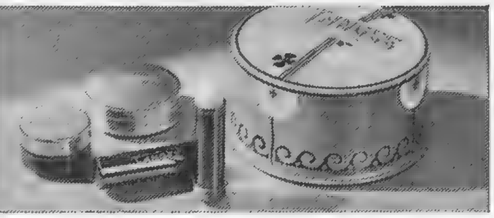
World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!

There is only one Tangee. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more colour for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



Luft-Tangee Ltd., 88 Regent Street, W.1.

Works: Johnsons Place, Pimlico, S.W.1

Pride of Possession

(Continued from page 35)

My old woman's joined a Fascist regiment;
She worships Mussomosley as a god of pure descent.
Now I'm a loyal Bolshie, so we've reached a pretty state:
I have to lay the table and I have to clean the grate;
And if I don't turn out the gas when pots and kettles boil
I gets an overdose of Mary's Fascist castor oil.
She won't do no more washing, however much I grouse,
Just because she will not have a copper in the house.
She wears black what-d'ye-call-'ems, and, as most of mine are red,
You'd take us for a pillar-box when we're tucked up in bed . . .

There was more of it, but it began to be drowned in laughter and applause. Stella sat in the corner of the box, so that the curtains screened her from the audience. Squire was in the shadows behind her.

"Tod always gets it across," he said. "Hullo, here's Morna Lefroy. I suppose she's the Fascist wife. There'll be a bit of backchat, now."

"Why is it always funny when husbands and wives quarrel?" asked Stella. She turned and looked at him for a fraction of a second, then looked back to the stage.

"Don't rub it in," said Squire. "Hullo, here's the chorus. Half in black and half in red. Clever, isn't it? I'll bet there's a comic policeman in a minute."

"Shut up," said Stella. "I can't hear what they're saying."

He said no more till the curtain came down. Then he offered her a cigarette and remarked, in what he hoped was a casual voice:

"I wrote to Ann to-day and asked her to divorce me."

"Why?" asked Stella uncompromisingly.

"Thought it was time I finished sowing wild oats and settled down."

"How's a divorce going to help?"

"I thought I might get married again, perhaps."

"Who's the lucky girl?" asked Stella.

"Oh, hell!" said Squire. He drew farther back into the shadows and felt for her hand. "Stella, be serious a minute. I'm most damnably fond of you. If I get a divorce, will you marry me?"

She turned right round and faced him.

"You know, I think this is a putrid place for a proposal," she said, "but it's better than the last one I had."

"Where was that?" He smiled.

"Mind your own business," she answered. "Charlie, don't you think you're asking rather a lot?"

"Yes," he admitted, "I suppose I am, especially after owning up to the way I treated Ann."

"Oh, that!" She shook her head, and the fair curls rippled like sunset on the sea, in the light behind her head. "I think it's up to a woman to keep a man, if she marries him. No, I meant—a divorce takes a hell of a long time, doesn't it?"

"About a year," said Squire.

"What do you think I'm made of?" she asked. Some chance reflection from the lights set up sparkles in her eyes. He looked. At that moment the house was blacked out for the second act. When the curtain rose she was in his arms.

He heard from Ann two days later. She wrote:

Dear Charles,

Yes, I suppose if you want a divorce, you'd better have it. (Then there were three lines which she had scratched out. He tried, half-heartedly, to decipher them, but failed.) Will you let Blakenet and Norris have the necessary evidence? I take it that you will have no difficulty in supplying this? I have decided to go abroad, so if you write to me again, will you write through them?

Yours sincerely, Ann.

"Oh, hell!" said Squire to himself. He visualised Ann, determining not to be sentimental, scratching out what she had written, so that she should not be thought to wear her heart on her sleeve. The worst of it was that he was quite certain that he still loved her: more than he would ever love Stella. Stella swept him off his feet, made him quiver with the joy of her; but he would never feel the same about hurting her as he felt now about hurting Ann. And yet, what was the use of not facing up to it? Ann would never come back to him. Why should he be a monk for the rest of his life? Now that he had her consent, it would be foolish not to go through with it.

Stella dined with him that evening at the Savoy.

"I've heard from Ann," he said. "She's willing to divorce me. I suppose that means a week-end at Brighton for me, to provide the evidence."

"You dare!" said Stella, and she really looked angry.

"It's only a formality," he explained, lamely.

"Aren't three mistresses evidence enough?" she asked.

"But I can't drag them in," he protested. "Damn it all, Stella, that'd be a bit too thick."

"I suppose it would, now you've discarded them. You really have discarded them?" She held her head a little on one side, provocatively.

"Honest," he said. "It's a bit difficult to explain, but they were only a substitute for the real thing. There won't be anything like that when we're married."

"There certainly won't, my boy!" Though she smiled at him, her eyes narrowed a little. "I'll take good care of that. And, in the meantime, there won't be any going off to Brighton."

"Well, what am I to do?" he asked. "I've got to have a co-respondent."

Her eyes were still narrowed. She nodded, slowly.

"You do mean to marry me, Charlie?" she asked.

His smile was frank enough to dispel any doubts.

"What d'you think I'm going through all this for?" he asked.

"Then there's only one way out of it," she said. "I'll have to be the co-respondent. It'll be a bit of a jar for father, but I expect he'll get over it. D'you mind if we go abroad for a bit, till things blow over? I shall have to chuck my job, of course."

"D'you mean it?" he asked. "Sorry. Oughtn't to have said that. Gosh! Stella, I don't know what to say. It's damned sporting of you."

"You didn't really think I'd wait a year, did you?" she asked and, for the first time, he noticed the faintest blush on her face, and saw a tenderness in her eyes which rendered him incapable of further argument.

"Aren't women hell?" he said. "All right, old thing. Have it your own way. Can you give me a fortnight to straighten things up at the office? I can leave Bell in charge. Where shall we go?"

"Carcassonne," she said. "I've always wanted to go there. Then Capri, then the Dalmatian Coast, the Aegean—Egypt . . ."

"You've got it pretty well worked out," he said.

"Yes, I've been thinking about it," she admitted.

TWO months later, when spring came to the South and the air was filled with the scent of mimosa, Stella desired to visit Egypt before the hot weather set in. Squire's divorce was down on the undefended list, and might come on some time before the summer. In the meantime, he was enjoying the first long holiday he had had for many years, blissfully happy in Stella's company, as she in his. Then there occurred one of those coincidences which do happen in life in spite of the thousand-to-one chance against them. They took tickets on the seaplane from Brindisi, sent on their heavy luggage by sea, and walked up the gangway at the last (*Continued on page* 132)

REGISTERED
EUGENE WAVER

EUGENE
Eugeneol
SACHET

A beautiful wave discovers new beauty in YOU!

● Your whole personality blossoms into new charm and chic under the magic of an inspired permanent wave. That is why smart women are Eugène waved. They know that Eugène is the one perfected system—that it creates long-lasting, perfectly natural waves and curls. On such a basis of charming and obedient hair any of the delightful new styles can be set with ease and confidence. Your self-respect demands the gracious natural beauty of a genuine Eugène Wave—created by your local Registered Eugène Waver with the world-famous Eugène Sachets. Unless your hairdresser displays the sign of the little Green Goddess and uses Eugène Sachets he is unable to give you a genuine Eugène Wave. So ask to see the Sachets actually used on your hair—back as well as front. Just to be on the *safe* side.

● **FREE:** Send your name and address on a postcard for a free specimen Sachet and Betty Brand's famous booklet "On Choosing a Hair-Style." Eugène, Ltd., Edgware Road, Hendon, N.W.9

eugène
Permanent WAVE

CVS—23

HOW TO BE *lovely* IN SPITE OF SPORTS

by THE LADY IRENE CLARK

CLIMBING mountain slopes before the dawn. Waiting hours for a stag. Home again in the dusk. That is her Autumn.

Riding to hounds in any weather. Hunting every day of the week. That is her Winter. She shoots, too, yachts, goes salmon-fishing.

A weather-beaten skin? Oh, no. She is one of the loveliest Society women—her skin is smooth, and as flawless as a hot-house flower.

"My daily skin care is simply Pond's Cold Cream," she declares. "It softens my skin and cleanses so thoroughly that I am not troubled with little blemishes or lines."

This is how Pond's Cold Cream makes skin faultless:—

Lines, blackheads, little blemishes are signs that, down beneath, the muscles, glands and tissues are sluggish. But you can wake up that sleepy *under-skin*—by using Pond's Cold Cream.

Smooth this cream on your skin *every night.* Its fine oils sink deep into the pores and float out dust and powder. Instantly your skin is clearer. Softer, too, and smoother!

Then pat on more cream. Your under-skin will be tingling with life. Every morning give your skin this treatment. Afterwards your powder will go on smoothly, and cling.

Continue this care and blackheads loosen, lines fade, your colour blooms. Your skin becomes softer and finer. Get Pond's Cold Cream today. At chemists everywhere.

LINES, WRINKLES
COARSE PORES
DRYNESS
MUDDINESS
BLACKHEADS, SPOTS

All these skin blemishes start in your under-skin. Read above how to correct and prevent them easily.

Try Pond's Cold Cream free. Also Pond's Vanishing Cream, which holds powder on for hours. Send this coupon. **POND'S**

FREE: For sample tube of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address below, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon; and post in sealed envelope to Dept. C657, Pond's, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

BEAUTY ADVICE FREE: *Write to Constance Holt, Pond's Beauty Expert, at the address above, for free advice on your skin problems.*

moment, burdened only by two suitcases. There were three other passengers in the liner: two men and a woman. The woman looked up as Squire entered, and he stopped dead in the doorway so that Stella cannoned into him from behind.

"Go on!" said Stella.

"Sorry!" mumbled Squire.

"Why, Charles!" Ann Jacqueline, not seeing Stella, got up from her seat with an impulsive gesture of welcome. In a second the tableau changed and, with it, her expression. Squire recovered himself and stepped forward.

"Ann! This is a surprise!" He hesitated for the fraction of a second, then turned to introduce Stella. She was travelling as Mrs. Squire, and it was a trifle difficult to introduce his wife to his wife.

"Stella," he said, "this is Ann."

The steward saved the situation momentarily.

The liner was due to leave, and he wished to get the door shut and the passengers seated.

"Excuse me, sir: pardon me, madam. Would you take your seats, please!"

There was a little hustling about, a giant roar from the great engines, muffled as the door into the pilot's cockpit was shut, a swift run forward over the calm sea. Then they were in the air, and Stella and Ann sat next each other, with Squire facing them.

"I," said Stella, "am the co-respondent."

Ann laughed. She had either to accept the situation or to maintain an impossible frigidity until they reached Alexandria. The steward began to serve lunch, and their conversation was, perforce, conventional. Ann said that she was going on to Palestine to tour the Holy Land. Stella spoke of Luxor and the Valley of the Kings. Ann had been staying with friends in Sicily, was meeting other friends, well known to Squire, in Jerusalem. She looked well and did not seem to have lost her appetite. Squire, looking from one to the other, occasionally interjecting a remark, felt a sudden wave of nostalgia. He longed to talk to Ann of the house at Purley, to plan an alteration to the summer house there, a second French window for the lounge. Then he had a longing to fondle her hair, to hold her to him, to chat in short, jerky sentences as they had used to do. He resented Stella's presence. He had been married to Ann for fifteen years. Stella was an interloper: as much outside their lives as Patricia and the Wesley woman had been. Then he took a drink of Bass: the first he had tasted since leaving England, smacked his lips, and recovered his common sense.

"I knew you two would get on together," he said suddenly.

Ann looked at him.

"Strange, but true," she said. "It seems a pity to me that you are not a Turk, Charles."

"Oh, dammit, my dear," he said.

Stella laughed.

"I'm sure there's something morally indefensible about this party," she said. "You don't think the King's Proctor's aboard this liner by any chance, do you?"

"I'm awfully sorry if this has upset you, Ann," said Charles. "Frightful *faux pas* on our part, but you're being awfully sporting about it. Damn it, it's all wrong. You might be two old friends."

"I'm awfully sorry for her," said Ann. "I'd warn her about you if it was any use."

"She's been warned," said Charles.

"That's what the policeman said that night on the Dorking by-pass," said Ann, gurgling. "You remember, Charles? He said it just like that: 'You've been warned!'"

"Yes." Charles smiled too. It was like old times to reminisce with Ann. He felt restless. Lunch was over and he wanted to smoke, but smoking was not permitted. The steward had disappeared into his little kitchen. The two men at the forward end of the saloon were drinking brandy and talking in some foreign tongue—possibly Arabic, possibly Yiddish for all Squire knew. They were dark, oily-skinned men, with hooked noses. Squire got up and looked out of the window, expecting to see the sea far below. Instead he saw a white billowy expanse of cloud, broken by purple shadows and flashes of iridescence. He looked up at the altimeter in the wall. It said five thousand feet; air speed a hundred and eighty miles an hour. Suddenly, so that it felt oppressive, there was silence. He realised that the engines had stopped. The cabin tilted. They were gliding down towards the clouds, far below. He glanced at his watch. They could hardly be more than halfway yet. Vaguely, he felt alarmed. The steward came out of his kitchen and went forward to the pilot's cockpit—not hurrying, quite casually as if it were part of the normal routine. Squire turned round and looked at the girls.

"We're not there yet, are we?" asked Stella.

"Hardly," he answered. "I expect he's decided to fly below the clouds. Easier to get his bearings, perhaps."

Ann nodded and turned to Stella.

"He has a hot-water bottle all the year round," she said, "when he's at home."

"Well, he must have left it behind him," said Stella; "he hasn't had one since we came abroad."

"Really!" exclaimed Squire, "you two are getting a bit personal, aren't you?"

"Well, she wants to know how to look after you," said Ann. "You don't want to be neglected, do you?"

"Oh, carry on, please!" said Squire, and took a few steps forward, away from them and towards the pilot. The plane was still descending. It was on the point of entering the clouds. The door slid back and the steward came into the cabin.

"Anything wrong?" he asked quietly. The two Levantines stopped chattering and looked up.

"Something gone wrong with the petrol supply," said the steward. "We'll have to come down on the water. Nothing to worry about. We've sent out an S.O.S. and they'll be on the look-out for us. No need to alarm the ladies."

Squire strolled back to his seat.

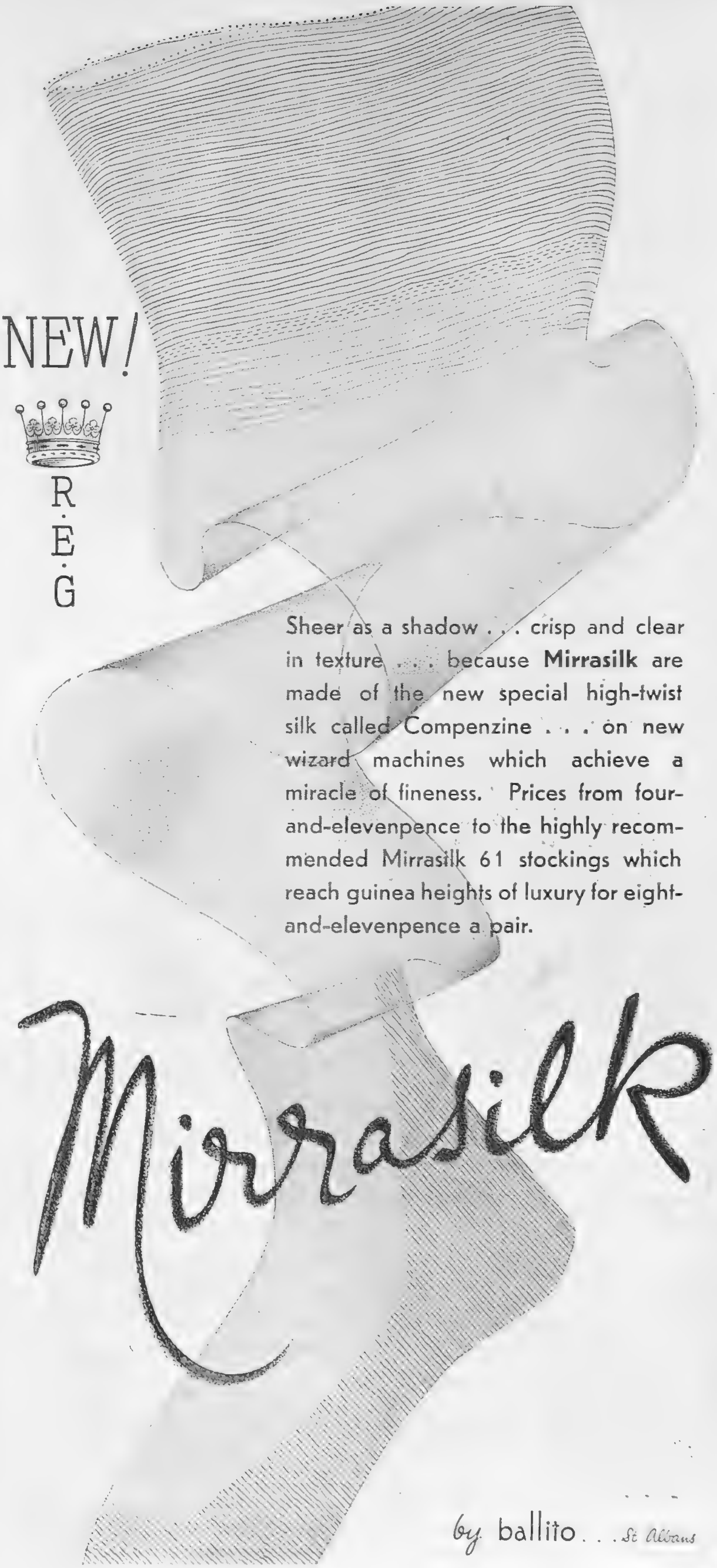
"Making a landing," he said casually. "They've run out of juice, apparently, or something's clogged up the petrol pipe."

"How's he going to see?" asked Stella.

"Be all right below the clouds," said Squire. Stella and Ann started to chat again, and he, restless, worried about his regard for them, got up once more. He tried to be logical, to parcel his emotions. Ann, of course, appealed to his mind. She always had done. Her intellect marched with his. Stella fired him with passion, made him younger, renewed the life in him. Physically, he craved for her. He needed them both—or he needed a mixture of them; but he could not have that. He could not even choose. He had made his choice and must abide by it; but he rebelled at the thought of Ann vanishing again in an hour or two, just when she had come back into his life. Dammit, he thought, he loved her! Nothing, not even Stella, whom he adored, could alter that. She was his—till death did them part. He clenched his fists till his knuckles whitened, turned forward again, so as not to have to look at the two women. There was still cloud outside the windows. He glanced up at the altimeter, and something seemed to freeze up inside him. It said two hundred feet and was falling rapidly. The clouds must go right down to the water. How was the man to make his landing? Squire, without knowing that his legs moved, found himself at the partition, gazing through the glass at the pilot's back. It looked steady and reassuring. His confidence returned. The fellow knew his job; there was no need for alarm. Then his eye caught the pilot's altimeter, and he smiled with relief. It said seven hundred. The thing in the cabin must be wrong. Accurate enough to amuse the passengers, no doubt, but not an instrument of precision. They were still losing height, still in cloud. Six hundred and fifty, six twenty-five—crash!

As Squire's head smashed into the glass in front of him, he realised, in that fraction of time, that the passengers' altimeter had been correct and the pilot's faulty. The man had dived the

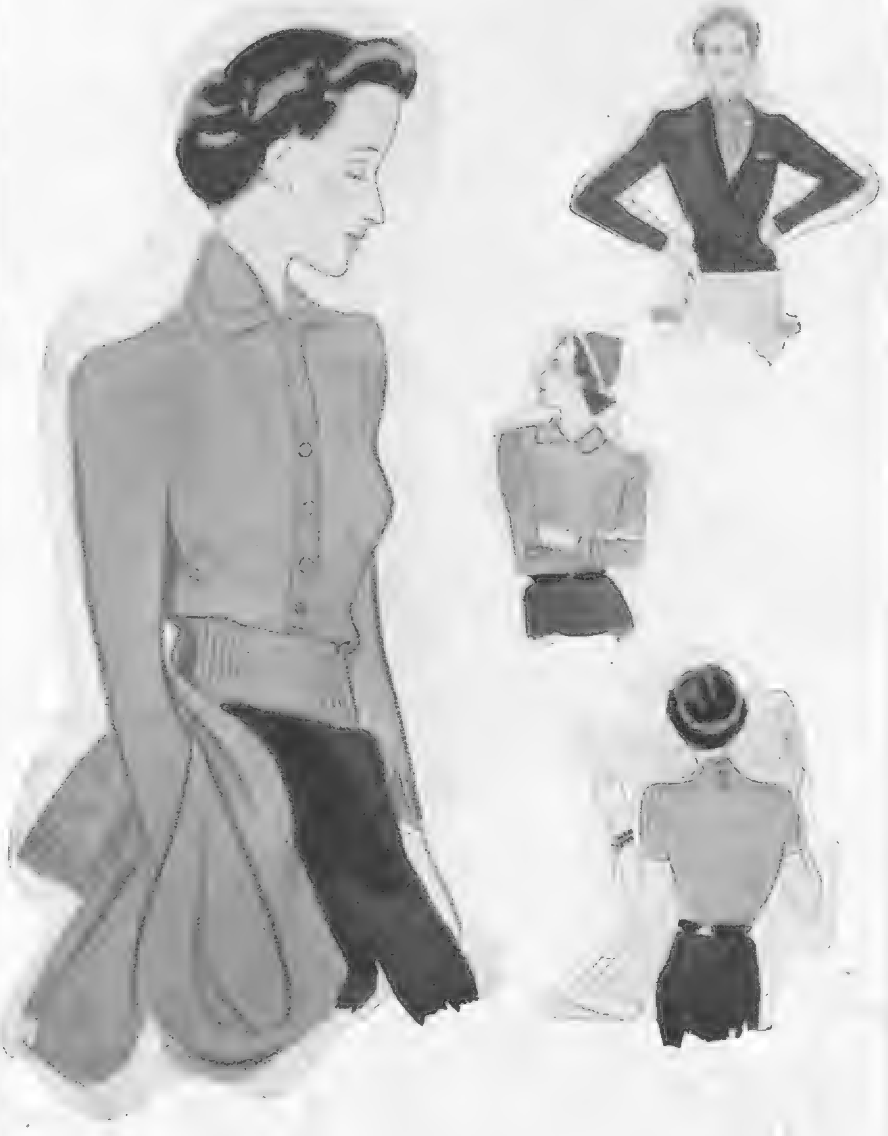
(*Continued on page 134*)



Sheer as a shadow . . . crisp and clear in texture . . . because **Mirrasilk** are made of the new special high-twist silk called Compenzine . . . on new wizard machines which achieve a miracle of fineness. Prices from four-and-elevenpence to the highly recommended Mirrasilk 61 stockings which reach guinea heights of luxury for eight-and-elevenpence a pair.

by ballito . . . *St Albans*

JAEGER
Cashmere



Aristocrats of woollies are these in Jaeger cashmere. Soft and warm, yet almost uncannily light in weight, they are ideal to wear with the slim spring suits that Nineteen Thirty-seven decrees. They are in the neatest shapes and the loveliest colours - glorious cherry reds, deep yellows, soft greens, powdery blues and pinks.

JAEGER HOUSE,
204-6 Regent Street, W.1
OR GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER SHOP

great flying boat straight into the sea. Things hit him in the back—soft bodies. Something caught his ankle, painfully. The lights had gone out and everything was black. Then he realised that the glass in front of him had not broken. There might be—was sure to be—water in the pilot's cockpit, but so far, in these few seconds, it had not reached the cabin. He could see nothing, identify nothing; people were shouting—the Levantines, of course, yammering so that he could not pick out the women's voices. He was overcome by the most acute claustrophobia. He wanted, terribly, to escape: to fight his way out. Then he remembered that there was a rip panel in the roof, opened by pulling a cord. He visualised that cord and leapt for where he knew it to be. Wonderfully, he found it, but he did not regard it as wonderful. He had known that it would be there.

The next second all the Mediterranean seemed to pour into the cabin, and with it came light: green uncertain light which showed struggling people, men and women. The roof was wide open and he kicked out for the surface, his right hand getting a purchase on part of the structure to help him push off. Even as he did so, the two women appeared in front of him—two heads, dark and fair. He had only to clutch with his hand at one of their heads to drag its owner up with him to air and safety. As he pushed off, he made his choice and clutched, and it was the dark head he chose. It was his, and must return to life with him.

He floated on the surface, Ann's head in his hands. The cloud came down to within twenty feet of the water. A few yards away was one of the seaplane's floats, broken off in the crash. He swam towards it, got a spar under Ann's arms and let her cling there. With one hand he supported himself while he looked around. No other head came to the surface. After a while some oil came up with a greasy bubbling. He pulled himself out of the water. Visibility, under the clouds, was good, though the light was dim. Far away he thought he saw a ship. It would have their S.O.S., would be searching for them. If they could hang on long enough, it would find them.

He turned and saw Ann. She was still hanging on to the spar. She had shaken her wet hair back. Her grey eyes looked at him, and in that second he knew beyond all cavil that she had no love for him. And he knew that he had no love for her.

"There's a ship coming, Ann," he said. "Hang on for an hour and it'll pick you up." He looked at her, appraisingly. "Y'know," he said, "you were quite right. It *was* pride of possession. Good-bye, old dear."

He loosened his hold, and slid back into the sea.

END

Aristocrat from Siam

(*Continued from page* 59)

pink tinge in a pale-blue eye, instead of the admired bright blue.

The Siamese cat is spotlessly clean and, of course, is much less trouble to brush and keep tidy than the former favourite, the Persian.

Original in all things, he generally scorns milk as being the mainstay of the ordinary tile-walker. Water he loves (again like a dog), and raw meat to tear his teeth on and remind him of his wild ancestry. Bones for his jaws to grind, cooked rabbit and fish, are his staple diet, with brown bread to provide the vitamin B necessary to his princely development.

This makes him sound a wild creature. But in reality, though he is fey, self-willed and perverse at times, he can be as gentle and pussyish as the mildest little English tabby-cat.

He is, indeed, devoted to human beings; attaching himself, as an Airedale dog is supposed to do, to his owner with an almost embarrassing devotion. Even more than for his own kind, he craves human companionship and affection. A. B.

Norderney

(*Continued from page* 29)

into it, because, you know, the fellow might still be after our pocket-books.

The wary look came back into his eyes.

"Well, at any rate," he said, "can you tell me where there's any water on this part of the island? I—I started to walk from the town to the lighthouse." And, glancing down at his clothes, "Got mixed up a bit in this damned scrub."

I must have looked at him rather queerly. "There's none on the island," I said. "Nowhere except in the village. Do you know of any?" I looked at Elsa.

She shook her head without replying. Her eyes were fixed on him intently. It was as if he were some strange species of wild animal that she had heard of, but never seen before. He sat down on the sand beside us; his body slumped into an inert mass.

Elsa drew a deep breath:

"The game is lost, Herr Englishman."

His head jerked up and he staggered to his feet.

"What do you mean?"

At the look that came into his eyes I scrambled up. But Elsa stared back at him, unflinching. She pointed up the beach.

"See, they come now to find the English spy."

I looked. From the direction of the lighthouse four dots were moving towards us. They were at least a mile away, but even at that distance I could tell what they were.

"Another patrol," muttered the Englishman. His eyes went back to Elsa's. "But they can't know I'm here. They'll go on by—unless you call to them."

She didn't answer, but looked at him as a judge might look at the prisoner in the dock.

He made a step or two as if to run, then stopped with a groan. I saw how nearly he was at the end of his rope. He beckoned me to him and whispered:

"You're not German, are you?"

"American."

"You have your passport with you?"

I nodded.

"Then they'll let you on the steamer. Look here." He took from his pocket a cylinder covered with oiled silk. "This film's a hell of a lot more valuable than I am. Will you take it and start right now as hard as you can go for that steamer? Carry it to the mainland and across the frontier into Holland? Give it to a man who's waiting for it in Groningen?" There was desperate appeal in his voice.

WELL, Cal, as I've told you, I'm simply not the type for that sort of thing. He must have seen it, because, after staring at me for a moment, the hope died out of his eyes. He turned his back on me.

Then he looked at Elsa, and a flash of grim humour came over the gaunt weariness of his face.

"Will you come to see me in prison, Fräulein? Any time this next ten years. Or maybe the job will rate fifteen."

She looked at him with that startled expression, as if only at that moment she had really seen him—the real flesh-and-blood him. She caught her breath with a little gasp.

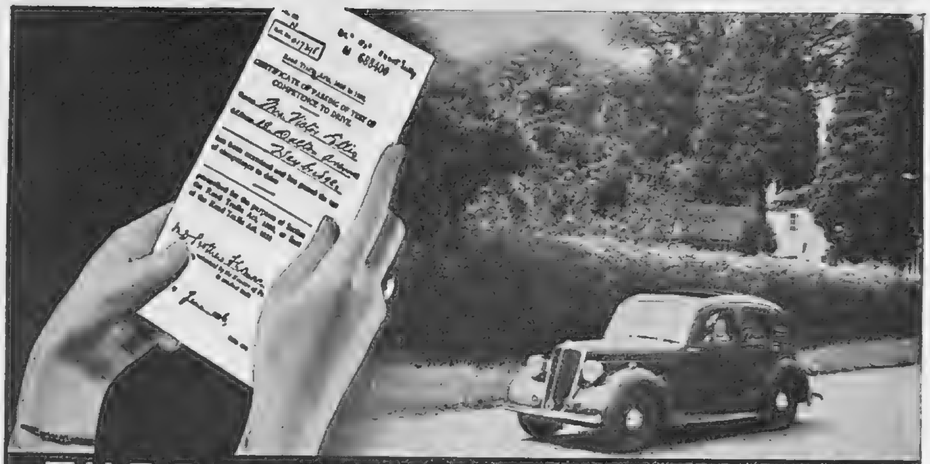
"You are the enemy of the Fatherland," she said tonelessly.

His eyes were on hers; he was smiling, a smile that strained his dry lips across his teeth.

"Yes," he said, "we're enemies—you and I. And here we are together for"—he glanced at the patrol coming along the beach—"for five minutes out between the trenches. Friends for five minutes. *Auf wiedersehen*, enemy. Can I come to see you in ten years—or fifteen?"

He was ridiculous and pathetic. But so was she. Her face was like . . . . Do you remember, Cal, when we were boys and you shot your first deer? When you saw it lying there bleeding and you suddenly realised that the animal was suffering? I remember your face. Elsa's was like that.

The patrol was (*Continued on page* 136)



THESE HANDS MIGHT BE YOURS

. . . YOURS . . . **the pride and satisfaction of car mastery . . . the joy of the open road . . . that social and business asset—efficient driving ability.**

Enjoy the very highest standard of driving tuition. Pass the Test first time and become a competent, self-reliant, courteous driver. It is a duty you owe yourself and the general public. Bad habits once acquired are never lost, and your driving ability depends on the quality of your first few lessons.

Let the B.S.M. train you, attend to all Driving Test formalities, see you through the Test and act as your guide, philosopher and friend through the first two years of your motoring career.

Brand new tuition cars; Instructors of highest qualifications; Free Club Service Facilities for two years after instruction with expert advice on all your motoring problems anywhere in Great Britain.

The BSM

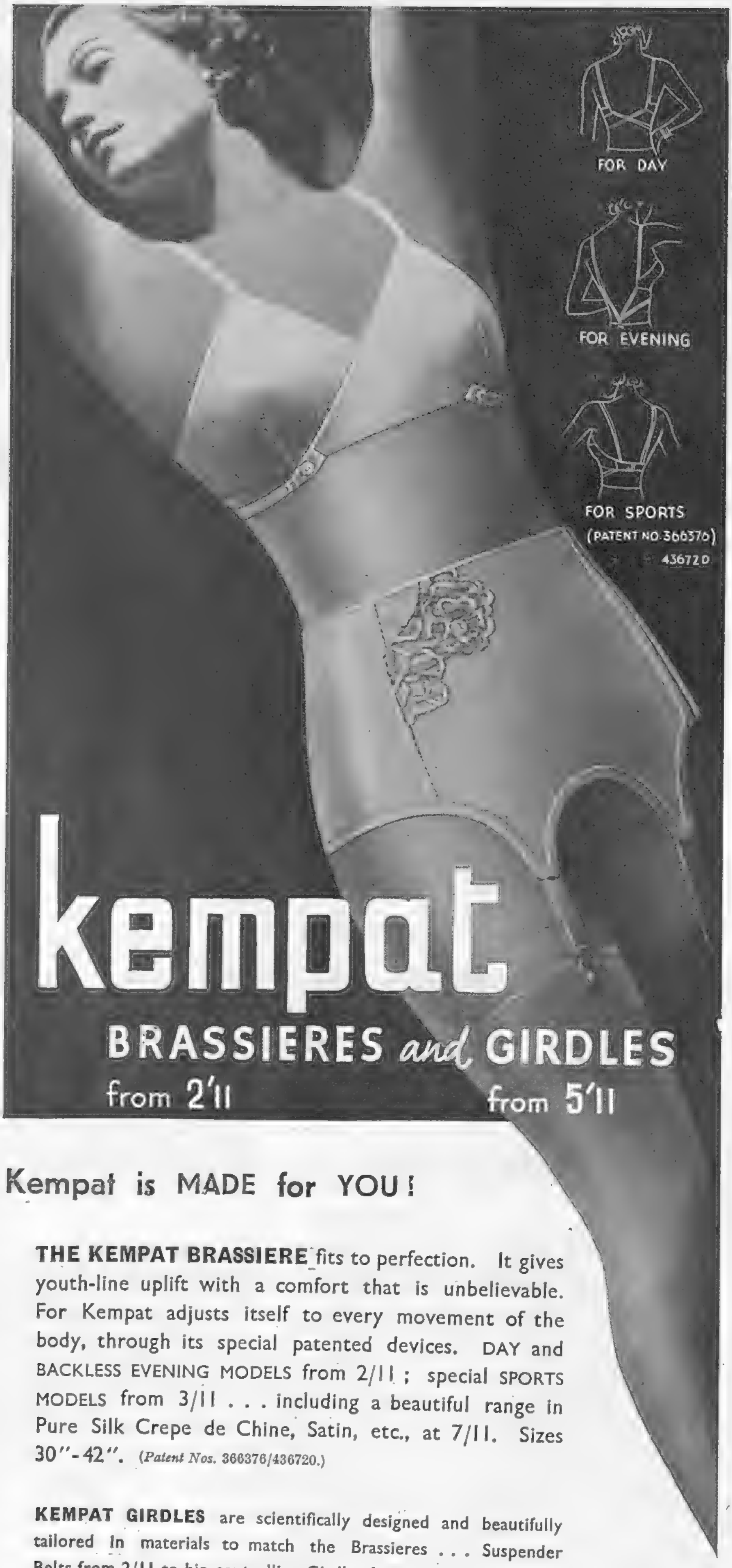
BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING

Head Office:

5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1
and 28 Branches in and around London

BIRMINGHAM: Sheepcote Street, Broad Street.
BOURNEMOUTH: 121, Old Christchurch Road.
BRADFORD: 1, Upper Piccadilly.
BRIGHTON: 32, New Road.
BRISTOL: Tramways Centre.
CARDIFF: 81, Newport Road.
COVENTRY: 23, Hertford Street.
GLASGOW: 206, Sauchiehall Street.
HALIFAX: Silver Street.
HULL: 206, Spring Bank.
LEEDS: 15, Merrion Street.
LEICESTER: 68, Granby Street.
LIVERPOOL: Macdonald House, Clayton Square.
MANCHESTER: 39, Market Street.
NEWCASTLE: 13-15, Blackett Street.
NOTTINGHAM: 4, Bridlesmith Gate.
PLYMOUTH: New Town Chambers, Old Town Street.
SHEFFIELD: 7, Town Hall Chambers, 87, Fargate.

and
ABERDEEN
BATH
BEDFORD
BIRKENHEAD
BLACKPOOL
CAMBRIDGE
CHATHAM
CHELTENHAM
CHESTER
DERBY
DUNDEE
EASTBOURNE
EPSOM
FOLKESTONE
GUILDFORD
HARROGATE
HASTINGS
IPSWICH
KINGSTON
LANCASTER
LUTON
MAIDSTONE
NORWICH
NORTHAMPTON
OXFORD
PENZANCE
PORTSMOUTH
PRESTON
READING
SLOUGH
SOUTHAMPTON
SOUTHEND
STOKE-on-TRENT
ST. ALBANS
STOCKPORT
SUNDERLAND
TAUNTON
TORQUAY
TUNBRIDGE WELLS
WARRINGTON
WATFORD
WORTHING



Kempat is MADE for YOU!

THE KEMPAT BRASSIERE fits to perfection. It gives youth-line uplift with a comfort that is unbelievable. For Kempat adjusts itself to every movement of the body, through its special patented devices. DAY and BACKLESS EVENING MODELS from 2/11; special SPORTS MODELS from 3/11 . . . including a beautiful range in Pure Silk Crepe de Chine, Satin, etc., at 7/11. Sizes 30"-42". *(Patent Nos. 366376/436720.)*

KEMPAT GIRDLES are scientifically designed and beautifully tailored in materials to match the Brassieres . . . Suspender Belts from 2/11 to hip-controlling Girdles from 5/11.

● ***Drapers everywhere are selling Kempat!***

Send a post card for Style Brochure to Dept. B.E.71.

KEMPAT LIMITED, ALBANY HOUSE, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1

royds

near enough for us to see the facings on their uniforms—almost within hailing distance.

"If," Elsa began in a slow, hesitating voice, "if I do not call to them—will you give me the film?"

His smile hardened.

"I will not," he said.

The four were almost abreast of us now. Elsa took a step forward. She's sure of herself again, I thought.

His eyes were on hers, questioning her.

Suddenly her look wavered. It was as if a tree that had stood firm in a storm should begin to quiver from the roots up. She was fighting to keep hold of herself. Then, in a whisper:

"Stoop down lower, so they cannot see you."

The four on the beach were passing. They had passed. They were growing smaller in the distance.

Elsa collapsed on the sand with her head in her arms. I had never seen her weep before.

I put my hand on her shoulder, but she drew away sharply. She looked at me as if she had forgotten I was there.

The Englishman had relaxed with a sigh that was almost a sob. Now he got hold of both of Elsa's hands. She jerked them away, keeping her head turned from him. She was on her feet, starting down the side of the dune.

"Wait," I called.

She paused for a moment.

"I'll go along——" I started to say, then somehow I knew that she'd rather be alone.

We watched her hurrying away, down the broad emptiness of the beach, past the plane and the two figures beside it.

It doesn't take much to revive the young. From the look on the boy's face you'd have thought he'd found food and water and was on his way to Holland. He had completely forgotten me.

But his manners returned to him abruptly. He introduced himself: Richard Falken. As if I were the lady he was about to take in to dinner. Or, rather, his attitude towards me indicated that he had set me down in his mind as Elsa's elderly uncle. The fact that I was not effusive in my response didn't seem to bother him in the least.

Certainly I didn't ask him for the story of his adventures. It seemed to make me a sort of accessory after the fact.

A squadron of German planes had come up after him while he was flying at fifteen thousand feet. He saw them appear suddenly from the clouds five thousand feet below him—"like moths popping up out of a woolly rug." You see, he'd stayed up too long because those clouds had made his exposures difficult. Then something went wrong with his motor. "Shorted an ignition cable," I think he said. He started to run for the Dutch coast and realised that his gas was almost gone. He told this in a few jerky sentences, but I got the impression of a crazy game of hare and hounds up there above the clouds, his plane losing altitude as he dodged them.

When his motor began to miss, of course he thought he was done for. It was the fog that saved him. The hounds lost him then and he went coasting down blind. The chances were ten to one he'd come down in the ocean. He couldn't possibly make Holland, but he hoped for a landing on one of the Frisians.

"And, God knows, I was lucky to make it here, even if it had to be Norderney." You'd have thought the man was safe at home by the fire.

Of course it was his plane that Elsa and I had heard.

"First thing I saw was the surf fifty feet under me—so close I could see the silly little crabs scuttling away from the waves.

"I made my landing all right, but I ran too far. Got into the soft sand above high-water mark. Nosed right over. Smashed the prop to splinters, but I didn't get a scratch.

"I must have got away from the ship

just before the police found it. They worked fast. They've collected every damned boat on the island—even the kids' kayaks. I've wandered up and down and back and forth over this infernal desert, looking for water. Dodging the patrols when they came along. I fancy, though, they haven't looked for me very hard. Knew I'd come in when I got thirsty enough.

"To-day I sneaked back here to see what they'd done with the plane. They'd already repaired the ignition, and a while ago they put a new prop on it. Fast work that. Probably had to send to Berlin for it—must have flown it down.

"Then they pushed it to the edge of the hard sand, filled the tank, and warmed it up. I thought then they'd fly it away. But they played it safe. You see, with this wind they'd have to take off right over the dunes. There'd be clearance enough—I know that, but they aren't sure. They must be hoping for a change of wind to-morrow. So they left it there with those two Johnnies to watch it. When you came along I was about at the point of rushing them."

He grinned at me. "I didn't hope for this."

I didn't know what he meant by "this." He couldn't suppose I was a *deus ex machina* to snatch him out of the hole he was in. And, as for Elsa, she had probably changed her mind and gone for the police. Why should the fellow grin at me confidingly?

Well—I was wrong about Fräulein Elsa.

Presently we saw her coming back along the beach. When she came closer I could see that she had a paper package under one arm, a bottle under the other.

It was provoking to me to see the lack of surprise, the assurance with which Falken accepted it. He helped her up to the top of the dune.

"Welcome, Fräulein. You'll never organise a better picnic than this one."

I was glad that she didn't fall in with his nonsense.

"Do not do that," she said sharply. He had taken the water bottle from her and seemed to be trying to get down the whole quart at one swallow. "You are like a child. Slowly. So."

Then she let him have the food. It was a German hotel picnic lunch, even more ample than usual. She must have stood over the cook and the head waiter at her hotel.

You'd have thought he was lunching in Piccadilly. "Magnificent *Knockwurst*, Fräulein." And "I could do with another slice of the *Schinken*. Thank you. Your health, sir."

When he had leaned back from the crumbs Elsa stood up. Now, I thought, she's done all she can. We'll go back to the village. Why did the fellow still have an expectant look in his eyes?

Elsa pointed abruptly down the beach to his plane.

"Could you fly away in that if the police who watch it should go away?"

He stared at her, suddenly serious.

"Yes, of course. I only have to go to Groningen. Twenty minutes' flying."

"Can you go at night?"

"To-night? Yes, there's a full moon and low tide. I could taxi it down to the edge of the water, float the tail around and take off right across the dunes."

"Then this is what there is to do. To-night, when it is quite dark, you will hide in the dunes close to the plane. I will walk along the beach and I will go to those police who watch. They will know me. I say to them that I have found the Englishman. He is far down the island, near the lighthouse. He is sick and cannot move, perhaps from thirst and hunger. I say I will show them where he is. When they go with me—you will fly away."

"But, good God!"—I shouted it out—"you don't——"

Elsa put her hand on my arm.

"Please do not speak now," she said to me quietly. Her eyes were on Falken.

Every bit of his gaiety had left him now. He spoke slowly, as if he were thinking before each word:

(*Continued on page* 138)

Innoxa
Complexion Milk

Take the DULLNESS from Your Face

★ ★ ★ ★

The reason you have blackheads and blemishes, the reason your skin looks grey and dull beneath your make-up is because it is not really clean. Every day dirt, dust and make-up work through your pores and lie beneath your skin. Soap and water, which merely cleanse the surface of your skin, will not remove these impurities, but Innoxa Complexion Milk will, for it penetrates deeply beneath the surface and gently draws them forth. This is the only way you can obtain a really clean skin. Buy a bottle of Innoxa Complexion Milk to-day. After one week's treatment you will notice a decided improvement, and in one month you will have regained the clear and lovely skin you thought you had lost forever.

INNOXA

Innoxa Complexion Milk is obtainable in three sizes, price 3/6, 6/6, 11/6. If you are worried about your complexion, write to the Beauty Consultant (B.E.9) who will give your problem her individual attention and will write you personally. Innoxa Salon, 38, Old Bond Street, W.1.

INNOXA PREPARATIONS ARE RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

Replace their lost ENERGY

Children burn up so much energy. They are never still. They need Kellogg's Corn Flakes which will give them plenty of good, sustaining nourishment.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are an ideal health food for children. Made in modern, sun-lit factories, amid conditions of cleanliness impossible even in the most carefully kept kitchen. Only the hearts of nourishing, selected corn are used. And special methods of toasting bring out the FLAVOUR and CRISPNESS.

Buy Kellogg's With Full Confidence

No other corn flakes can copy the flavour and golden-toasted goodness of the ORIGINAL Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

Here is one health food everybody loves. Welcome for breakfast, lunch or supper. Perfect for an after-school snack or at bedtime. And always ready. No cooking. Add cold milk or cream, and honey or fruit for an extra treat. Sold by all grocers.

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES
OVEN-FRESH FLAVOUR-PERFECT
W. K. Kellogg

NOW 5½D PER PKT

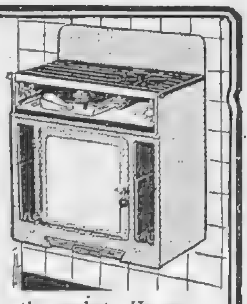
Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

ALL WAYS GUARANTEED

245

THE BIGGEST VALUE IN CEREALS

A FLAVEL ELF UPON YOUR WALL WILL BANISH WORK AWAY, AND MAKE SO LIGHT OF MEALS FOUR TIMES OR MORE A DAY!



The lowest priced, FULL CAPACITY Gas cooker on the market. Hangs on a special wall bracket and is only 18 in. wide by 13 in. back to front with 11 in. x 11 in. x 13 in. oven—a size adequate for a small family. Includes Boiling Burner and Grill, and two plate Warming Chambers. Easily-cleaned porcelain enamel throughout, Mottled Grey or Colours with Ivory Door Panel.

May be seen on our Stand No. 103 Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, and obtained through your Gas Company. List post free from our London Showrooms at

38 WELBECK STREET, W.1

FLAVELS of LEAMINGTON
Stovemakers since 1777

" So they'll go up the beach with you and there'll be no Englishman. They'll come back—and there'll be no plane. Then what will they do to you ? "

She shook her head violently.

" That is not for you to think about. Will you do what I say ? "

He turned away, and for a long time looked out across the ocean without speaking. I wanted to grab him by the throat. Surely the fellow couldn't be low enough to agree.

He looked straight into her eyes.

" I'll do it," he said.

I turned my back on him and took Elsa by the shoulders.

" You can't do it," I said. " I shall not allow it. I—— "

She drew herself up straight and I dropped my hands.

" Do not interfere," she said.

I felt suddenly sick and helpless.

" I'm going back to the village," I said.

They watched me go, not saying a word. Halfway across the beach I turned to look back. They sat there side by side, his dark head and her light one silhouetted against the sky at the top of the dune.

Before it grew dark that evening I was at the door of Elsa's hotel. She came down the stairs, a short tweed skirt swinging around her legs and a beret jammed over her hair.

" Why do you come ? " she asked sharply.

" To go with you. If you must do this idiotic thing, at least you shan't take the consequences alone."

A slow smile spread over her face. She took my hand.

" Very well, my friend. We go together."

For an hour we sat on the terrace, waiting for the night to come. We avoided speaking of what we were about to do. I must have been in a state of some nervous apprehension because I don't remember a word of what we said. And yet it seems to me that we were very close together.

When the last of the daylight had faded on the rim of the western ocean we waited a little longer, then started. The sand was hard underfoot, the surf thundered in our ears, and the waves sent their tongues hissing at our feet. I admitted to myself that I was very much afraid.

We turned to the right to make a detour through the dunes. In the moonlight they were enormous—like snow mountains in a desert. We tramped on and on. I thought with bitterness about that Englishman. It was as if someone I knew had done this mean, shoddy trick. What if it was his duty to his country to save himself and his damned pictures at any cost ? There on the dune with Elsa he'd been playing his own game, saving his own skin at her expense.

We came out on the beach a few hundred yards beyond the plane and turned back towards it.

" No matter if they see us now," said Elsa.

We walked straight towards the plane. I had an impulse, now at the last moment, to turn and run.

" Halt ! "

Two shadows separated from the larger shadows of the plane. Elsa said something to them in German. At once the two broke out in guttural excitement.

The one who seemed to be the leader questioned her in a sharp, urgent tone. She answered, pointing up the beach. At once both of them turned that way.

" They go with us," Elsa told me.

It was like a march to prison—that walk up the moonlit beach. Elsa went ahead with the leader, the other close by my side. We left the plane out of sight behind us.

I strained my ears for the sound of the motor. We went on for what must have been half an hour.

There it was. B—t—t—t—! Silence—then again. The police stopped and listened intently. But we were so far away that the sound might well have come from the landing field. We went on.

The spot to which Elsa led us was nearly at the end of the island, four or five miles from where the plane had been. She halted at last in a sort of recess between two dunes. I had never known she was such a good actress. Just the right expression of surprise registered on her face, the bewildered looking around to be sure she hadn't come back to the wrong place.

" Gone! "

They believed her all right—at first. The two separated to search all the dunes in the neighbourhood.

Elsa stood close by my side.

" Has he surely had time to get away ? "

I answered with a wry face that he had.

When the police came back I thought that the leader already looked at us with some suspicion. He spoke to Elsa.

" He—he suggests," she relayed to me, " that we go with them back to the plane."

We went.

It was a long way back—I wished it were longer. The wind had risen from the north and the surf was louder in our ears. Once I fancied that I heard another plane, then knew that I had imagined it in the sound of the waves.

We were almost back to where the plane had been.

Elsa's sight is better than mine. She stopped, clutched my arm and pointed ahead.

Then I saw it too—the outline of the plane there on the sand, just where we had left it. I began to understand.

" Don't look surprised," I whispered to her.

I don't know whether the leader of the police was disappointed or not, but I'm sure he had been prepared to put us under arrest at once.

Elsa and I walked back together towards the village.

" What has happened ?—what has happened ? " she kept saying.

Then suddenly he stood there in our path.

" Home again, Elsa," he said.

" Buy why," she gasped, " why did you not fly away ? "

" Flew away and back again—like Noah's dove." He turned to me. " You didn't really think I'd let her down, did you ? "

I looked away, rather embarrassed.

" Did you deliver your pictures ? " I asked.

" I did. Turned 'em over to my partner in Groningen. He'd been camping there at the field, waiting for me. When I took off just now, I didn't tell him where I was going."

Elsa was almost in tears.

" But what shall we do now ? I cannot play such a trick on the police the second time."

" We'll find some other trick. A bagful of them."

He grinned at me cheerfully.

WELL, Cal, that's the whole story—almost. Of course you see how we got the young fellow away the second time. I ought to have done it in the first place.

I told you he looked rather as if he might be my younger brother—and that's a compliment to both of us.

" Can you make him up a little ? " I asked Elsa. " Put some silver in his hair and some lines in his face ? And an old, tired look ? "

She put her arms around me. She did, Cal.

" It will be easy," she said. " He is already almost as beautiful as you."

We saw him off on the little steamer last night. At least Elsa did—I hung back so the officials wouldn't see the two of us together. Also, of course, because I have more delicacy than to intrude on a certain sort of farewell. But I stood near enough to see him show my passport at the gangplank. They let him by without a second look. Five minutes later he was waving from the top of the deck as the steamer pulled away.

Elsa walked back to the hotel with me.

" In October," she said, " he wants me to go to London. To visit some friends I have."

" And you'll go, of course ? "

Her eyes were troubled.

" Because I have been a traitor to my country you think I shall desert also ? "

(*Continued on page* 140)

THE DIFFERENCE!
now it's clear of "BlueBloom"

Furniture doesn't RUST

but "Blue Bloom" is just as bad

Furniture with that dull, misty look is furniture literally "under the weather"—fogged and dulled by a condensation of damp. There is one simple way to protect it—**give it a damp-proof polish.** This is the special purpose of Stephenson's Furniture Cream. It is made from a unique combination of emulsified waxes which put a barrier of brilliance between "*Blue Bloom*" and your furniture. Almost like encasing its beauty in the thinnest imaginable coating of glass and just as durable—non-fingermarking and smear-proof. See the beauty of your home with Stephenson's. **In Glass or Stone Bottles 4½d, 6d, 9d & 1/6.** Stephenson Bros. Ltd, Bradford.

Stephenson's Furniture Cream

Specially made to resist "Blue Bloom"

WHY REMAIN GREY ?

FREE TREATISE

Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available.

Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods, that not only restores the colour, but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair—that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed.

You'll find the secret of how to look five, ten, fifteen years younger between the slim covers of the Boudoir Book

It will be sent free on request. Write to the Facktative Co. (Suite 55), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1

THE ONLY METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS

"My child," I said, in my best pulpit manner, "you know your Bible. What was it Ruth said?"

She turned her head away.

"You'll go to London," I said.

I try to keep her from worrying about what may happen to me. I've told her this and that—that it's most unlikely the police will make another canvass of the hotels—that I'll simply stay here until they quit asking for passports on the steamer—that eventually I'll go to some frontier where I can slip across without a passport.

It may work out that way, Cal. If it doesn't, perhaps there'll be something you can do. At any rate, tell the boys at the club that I'm not such a fool as the newspapers will make me seem.—Yours, PHIL.

END

The MAY issue of
BRITANNIA AND EVE
will be a
CORONATION NUMBER
with a specially designed cover by John Nicolson, A.R.E.

Greatly enlarged in size, the price will be 1/6

Order your copy in advance from your newsagent.

Eating Out

(*Continued from page* 70)

one with a rich cream sauce, the fish should be fairly plain, and *vice versa*.

The main dish should be one complete in itself, with just a salad (though even salad should not be served when the dish has a rich sauce). A separate vegetable course is always a good idea. With the exception of asparagus, it is seldom served in England.

The sweet should be something amusing, such as pancakes or peaches *flambées* or an arrangement of fresh fruit, ice cream and a sauce of which Pêche Melba and Poire Hélène are good, if somewhat hackneyed, examples.

The drinks for a dinner party should also be more varied. I would offer a choice between a dry Martini and a White Lady or Bronx (sherry for those who prefer it), to be served in the lounge or foyer, to allow for late comers.

Two wines will be necessary, a white wine with the fish (it can be served again with the sweet) and a red wine with the entrée or roast. They need not be expensive, but it is, of course, a disaster to serve red wine with fish, and many people don't like white wine throughout a meal, especially dinner.

This brings us to supper time, about which it is difficult to make hard-and-fast rules. Most people are content with the kipper, egg and bacon, beer type of supper, but as many people have had little if any dinner at all, you must sometimes think of more substantial fare, though here again the meal should be short and simple.

Something very spicy and savoury to begin with (most supper restaurants make a speciality of these little dishes with kippers or smoked haddock as a basis), a dish of mixed cold meats, a crisp green salad and fresh fruit or an ice to finish with. With this I would drink champagne—when possible—or a pink wine or light Moselle.

Another type of supper is something cold to begin with—an egg in jelly, say—a spicy thing as the main dish, with fresh fruit to follow. Always have a cocktail before supper.

If you and your friends are to stay up late, you need something stimulating to start with.

END

The FOOD of the "QUADS"

Look at these four lovely babies now—THE WORLD-FAMOUS QUADS.

Bonny, sturdy, healthy, happy, normal children, aren't they? Yet never before in England have quadruplets lived for more than a few days.

An additional complication was, the babies were premature and were far less than normal birth weight.

THE DOCTOR, FACED WITH THE DIFFICULT PROBLEM OF FEEDING, PUT THESE BABIES ON COW & GATE AND NOW LOOK AT THEM! THERE *COULD* BE NO MORE CONVINCING EVIDENCE THAT COW & GATE IS *THE* FINEST FOOD IN THE WORLD WHEN NATURAL FEEDING FAILS.

Mother, your child *must* have the best, and the best is COW & GATE. *Get it today!*

COW & GATE MILK FOOD

"THE BEST MILK FOR BABIES WHEN NATURAL FEEDING FAILS" ©2050

Don't blame your hair . . . use KIRBIGRIPS

COLORINSE ADDS COLOUR BEAUTY TO YOUR HAIR

COLORINSE ESSENTIAL AFTER EVERY SHAMPOO 2 for 6d

From all CHEMISTS and HAIRDRESSERS

HAIRS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Can you look your best with a growth of Hair? Or feel your best?
Consult Helen Lawrence
and get expert advice for your superfluous Hair.
Not a Depilatory. Not Electrolysis.
Call or write for Home Treatment 13/-
Personal Treatment at Kensington 10/6
Postage abroad 2/6.
'Phone: Western 4518
Hours 10 to 5
Sat.: 10 to 1.
81, EARL'S COURT ROAD,
Kensington, LONDON, W.8.

SEA SICKNESS

Quick Relief
Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY

Cooking Craft

(*Continued from page* 71)

Poached eggs are cooked in the same way, and remember to put a coffee-spoonful of vinegar in the water for poached eggs. This prevents them from discolouring and also stops the white of the egg from spreading.

Baking

Start always with a very hot oven, the heat to be reduced once the outside of your bird or joint is seized. The meat or bird should be seasoned with salt and pepper (the inside of birds as well), rubbed over with fat or butter and stood on a grid in the baking-tin.

This prevents the bottom part from becoming sodden, for what you want is not a thing half braised, but a crisp, well-browned outside.

Baste frequently and watch the process often, and if you find the outside becomes brown too quickly and will therefore be done long before the inside is cooked, cover the top with a well-greased paper, besides reducing the heat.

Tidiness and Waste

Here is a really golden rule. Wash up as you go along while cooking. As soon as you have finished with something wash it out at once and put it away in its place. It will take half the time and keep the kitchen clear.

For onions and raw fish wash your knives and your hands in *cold* water. If you wash your hands in hot water, it opens the pores and lets in the essence of fish or onion and it will be days before you can get rid of the smell.

Don't throw away things which might come in useful. With odds and ends you can make a soup or a savoury or a little hors-d'œuvre for the following day. A cabbage soup is an excellent thing, but I am not in favour of making soup with cabbage water or carrot water either. Potato water is, on the other hand, good for soups, and so is the water in which dried beans or peas have cooked. But for green vegetables this rule does not apply.

Pacific Scene

(*Continued from page* 31)

enough, the American authorities in Hawaii had taken precautions to screen the details of the gambit on the Pacific chessboard. But it so happened that when the American planes alighted in Pearl Harbour there was a little Japanese oil tanker equipped with cameras fitted with telescopic lenses.

The drama of the Pacific Scene has lovely scenery. A peach-coloured dawn shows a long, thin line of palm trees silhouetted against the skyline. A wine-coloured sea sweeps over the coral strands, as the breakers roll over and over, until they lazily lap the fringe of the beach. A peaceful calm has come over the ship; we seem to have caught something of the beachcombing spirit of the South Seas; we lap along, scarcely moving, hardly breathing; edging up to the wharf-side, where a white-coated orchestra, the Royal Hawaiian Band, is playing "Aloha Oe." The one word *Aloha* twinkles in electric lights above the illuminated dockside clock.

Aloha is the first and the last word one hears in Honolulu. It means—what does it mean? The Hawaiians are simple folk, and they have but twelve letters in their alphabet, so they have to economise with the meaning of their words. *Aloha* can mean: How do you do? How are you? Welcome; Good-bye; I love you. It all depends on the intonation.

Despite the early hour, the band plays on, the same tune, over and over again. The passengers debark, the men to see some of those there hula-hula girls, and the ladies hope that those beach boys won't be too busy surf-riding. Bunk.

(*Continued on page* 142)

OLIVE OIL
HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED IN SOAP

TO KEEP YOUR LOVELINESS PERFECT

Palmolive is made only from a secret blend of pure Palm and Olive Oils

It is really very easy to attain loveliness by keeping your skin in the fresh, natural bloom of youth — just by using Palmolive night and morning. Over 20,000 beauty specialists unanimously agree that there is no simpler, *better* method in the world!

No matter how tender your skin . . . Palmolive with its rich velvety lather will soothe, cleanse and beautify in one action as its rich lather penetrates deeply but gently into the pores. This is because only the pure oils of the olive and the palm are used—and used so generously—in the making of Palmolive.

3d per tablet

PALMOLIVE
AND THIS IS THE SOAP THAT HAS IT

Two New 'Ladye Jayne' Slumber Helmets

No 84
Dainty spotted design in Cotton and Art Silk Price 1/6

The perfect fit, characteristic of all Ladye Jayne Helmets, is retained throughout their long life.

No 85
Beautiful Lace Creation in attractive combination of Silk & Art Silk Price 2/6

Ladye Jayne Helmets 'stay put.' No elastic is used. They cannot fall off during sleep.

OTHER POPULAR NUMBERS FROM 1/- EACH FROM ALL GOOD HAIRDRESSERS STORES & BOOTS

Wear a Ladye Jayne SLUMBER HELMET

Beauty Sleep EVERY NIGHT

Honolulu is a pretty place, but it is one of Uncle Sam's strongholds in the Pacific, and do not forget that. The island is as sophisticated as New York, and although it boasts of a fine level temperature, I found on the famed beach numerous people suffering from intestine influenza.

There is a lovely and scented setting for naval drama here. Those who come to the wharf to greet arriving friends bring with them *leis*, a *lei* being a garland of heavily scented flowers, which the new arrival puts rather self-consciously over the head and lets it hang low down back and front. A newcomer is supposed to wear a *lei* for the whole first day of arrival. Those who have no friends to garland them find outside the docks swarms of natives selling *leis*. Scores of cars strive for the privilege of driving visitors around the island, which has a circumference of a little more than a hundred miles. The roads are wonderful, the scenery grand, a mixture of Switzerland, the Riviera, a bit of any tropical country, and something of the Sussex Downs.

And yet, in this tropical and luxurious setting, one is always conscious of drama; one learns, for instance, that there are 140,000 Japanese living on this island, and then one does not wonder any more why the massed flight was made.

DRIVING to the Country Club, I happen to ask my host how it is that everything is so beautifully green; he has just been telling me that this season has been particularly dry. Then I hear the Dreadful Story of the Secret Rain. IT RAINS EVERY DAY IN HONOLULU.

I note the heavy clouds over the nearby mountains and say cheerfully: "Looks like we're going to have a thunderstorm." There is a chilled silence, during which I eat my luscious pineapple; they slice it downwards, like cake, in Honolulu. I sip my lovely coffee, and thoroughly enjoy my first Hawaiian breakfast—delightful guava preserve, and jam made from a local fruit, the name of which I cannot spell. But my remark about the thunderstorm did not go down so well. Anyhow, there was no thunder; those clouds just meant rain. Then we went to the beach, that famous Waikiki Beach, which is not the least bit like the beautiful pictures, and is very disappointing.

Conditions are very strict. Special lifts are allotted to bathers; nobody in beach costume may walk out of the hotel on to the beach. That is taboo, or *verboten*, whichever of the twelve letters of the Hawaiian language means the same thing—*Aloha*, perhaps.

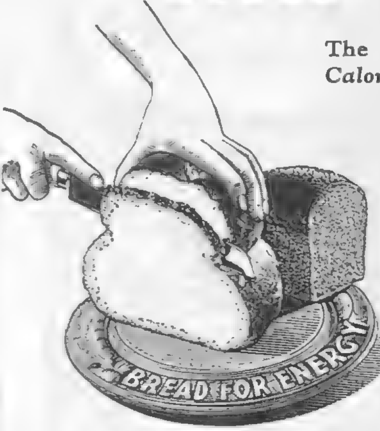
Beachcombing is a dying industry, because the beachcombers are remittance men from the mainlands, and since Depression in America the remittances have shrunk in size, so beachcombing has become a *de luxe* occupation.

There is an island legend that when your ship is leaving the island you must throw a *lei* into the waters of the Pacific, and if the

The REAL TRUTH about food values

Authorities on nutrition, all over the world, are unanimously agreed that physical energy is most abundantly provided by those foods which contain a large percentage of carbohydrates.

THE BEST, MOST CONVENIENT AND MOST ECONOMICAL CARBOHYDRATE FOOD IS BREAD...



The energy value of any food is calculated in *Calories*. Read what these famous scientists say:

"For a given sum, one obtains a larger number of Calories from bread than from any other food."
HUTCHISON & MOTTRAM

"As two-thirds of human energy is derived from carbohydrate, not without warrant is bread regarded as the staff of life."
GRAHAM LUSK

Whatever else you eat be sure you

EAT PLENTY OF BREAD FOR ENERGY

C.F.H.276

REJUVENATION in 20 MINUTES

USE FAMOUS WONDER MASK AS A HOME TREATMENT

An astonishing effect to start an evening's enjoyment, fresh, youthful, rejuvenated, the effect LASTING through the longest evening.

Sufficient for 12-15 weekly treatments £1 1 0

The Latest Rouge and Eye-Shadows, also famous Pearl Powder and Lipstick.

NOSE SHINE PREVENTATIVE GUARANTEES a MATT nose without ANY repowdering.

Free demonstrations of the latest Rouge, Eye-Shadows, also famous adhesive and cooling Pompadour Beauty Powder and Lipstick.

Personal consultations or by letter and booklet free.

Mme. BERTHA JACOBSON (*For 30 years the World - Famous Beauty Specialist*)
Maison de Beauté Pompadour Ltd.
11/12 DOVER ST., MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1 Regent 7612

VAREEN
NAIL POLISH
ALL COLOURS

Now available in Clear, Cream or Pearl.

VAREEN

A pleasure to use. Durable in colour and finish. Gives an exquisite finishing tone to my lady's toilet.

Favourite Colours of Vareen Nail Polish:

Natural	*Pale Coral*	*Orange*	*Red*
Rose	*Coral*	*Rust*	*Lake Red*
Deep Rose	*Blush Pearl*	*Flame*	*Dark Red*

Liquid Nail Polish	1/-, 1/6 and 2/6
Remover or Oily	1/- and 1/6
Cuticle Cream	1/- and 1/6
NAIL WHITE PENCIL	1/-
Cuticle Remover	*1/-*

Obtainable from Messrs. Harrods, Barkers, Marshall & Snelgrove, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, all stores and chemists, including Boots Branches, Hairdressers and Manicurists.

VAREEN, LTD., LONDON, W.11

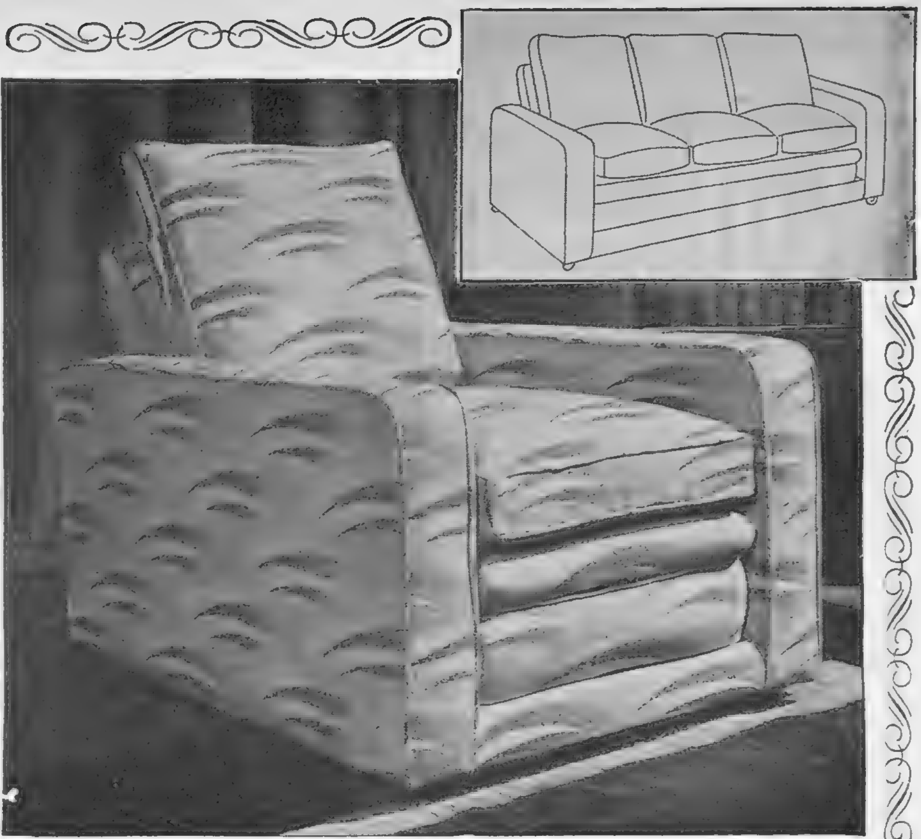
garland of flowers drifts back towards Honolulu, that means that one of these days you will return. I remarked that all the garlands, except those which become waterlogged and sink, do drift back, *with the current*, so that legend is just another clever piece of publicity.

WE steam along, with a ship's band that has recovered from its collective indisposition. The days are hot; we chat with buyers from New Zealand and Australia, driven by desperation to Japan to buy goods which they say they would rather buy from Britain, but the Japanese are making such clever and faithful imitations. In the smoking-room, while an amateur barman ("How do you shake up a Manhattan, pal?"), another college boy, moves about, stories are swapped about this other tableau in the Pacific Scene. Many are the strange stories I hear. A commission house in Auckland obtained a sample cup and saucer from Hanley, England. It was sent to Japan to be copied. In transit the saucer was chipped; the Japanese factory sent back to New Zealand six gross of cups and saucers, and all the saucers were chipped in the same place. I learn of and sample Japanese "Scotch" whisky. I learn a lot of things as I watch the silent-footed Chinese "boys" from Hong Kong move around the decks, and make a mental note of how few white men there are in the crew—just the ship's officers and the purser and head steward. The Captain, a very silent man, spends his mornings and afternoons playing ping-pong, and his evenings playing bridge; I wonder if ever he is on his. I gaze out on to the smooth Pacific gleaming beneath the Southern Cross, and remember that since we left Hawaii we have never seen a ship. And somehow my mind turns to thoughts of disaster. Then I go to bed.

I WAKE up with a white figure standing over me; he is saying something that I do not understand. Then I get it. The ship is on fire. Just like that. No panic; no rushing this way and that; nobody says anything about women and children first. Many great minds think alike. We go to the bar. And there we sit. The fire is somewhere way, way down in the hold. The Captain says it can be kept under control. So for three days and three nights we eat and sleep on top of a smouldering volcano. And on the fourth day we glimpse a real one.

We are approaching Yokohama. I see a large white cone; it is the famous Fuji-Yama. By rights there should be fire, or at least smoke coming from the crest of this snow-covered volcano, but it is extinct. Fuji seems to dominate Japan; they name a certain silk after the volcano, and the picture of it is everywhere. But if Fuji dominates Japan, the Japanese dominate every foreigner who attempts to set foot on the territory of the Rising Sun.

(*Continued on page* 144)



THE finest hardwoods, sound Craftsmanship, the last word in upholstery and coverings combine to give MINTY CLUB CHAIRS a character of their own. The Patented unit construction enables the back and seat to come away completely for cleaning or loose covers.

THE "ISIS" CHAIR *from* **£5 . 19 . 6**
according to length of seat.

"ISIS" SETTEE *from* **£10 . 10 . 0** according to length of seat

Upholstered in a wide range of tapestries of modern design.

VISIT OUR STAND No. 7, GROUND FLOOR
GRAND HALL, at The Ideal Home Exhibition

Write for Catalogue of the MINTY Club Chairs, and patterns of coverings.

MINTY Ltd. (Dept. 86), 44/45, HIGH ST., Oxford
London Showrooms .. 123, Victoria Street, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1
Manchester Showrooms .. 5, Exchange Street, St. Ann's Sq., Manchester

MINTY
Club Chair

Patent No. 340743

Mlle. Claude Roussin, of Paris, wins beauty competition, thanks to MME. DUROY'S EXUBER METHODS

YOU TOO CAN HAVE A
BEAUTIFUL BUST

IF : your bust has lost its beauty through illness, cares, motherhood or age,
IF : your bust is insufficiently developed, or if it is OVER-DEVELOPED

LET ME help you!

There are three entirely different methods for:
(1) STRENGTHENING (2) DEVELOPING (3) REDUCING
which have been used for 27 years all over the world with remarkable results and to which hundreds of thousands of women, who thought their case hopeless, now owe their success and happiness.
Here are the extracts of some successful cases taken among the many thousand received from ladies of all social standings:—

DEVELOPING
Mrs. E. J., Derby, developed breasts of 4" in 18 days
Mrs. J. W. M., Seaforth, " " 4½" " 22 "
Mrs. E. M. M., Preston, " " 4½" " 27 "
Miss K. S., Hove, " " 5½" " 34 "

STRENGTHENING
Mrs. N. A., Bombay, has strengthened breasts in 32 day
Mrs. G. W., Johannesburg, " " 28 "
Mrs. M. U., London, " " 30 "
Mrs. J. B., Wexford, " " 35 "

REDUCING
Mrs. J. G. S., Manchester, reduced and strengthened breasts in 38 days
Mrs. E. J., Birmingham " " " " " 36 ,
Miss Joan C., Montreal " " " " " 42

FREE OFFER

Readers of "Britannia & Eve" will receive under plain cover full particulars about DEVELOPING or STRENGTHENING or REDUCING. Please give name and address in block letters and send to Mme. HELENE DUROY, 11, rue Miromesnil, Div. G 46 AG, Paris, (8e.). Enclose 2½d. stamp for answer. Postage 2½d.

FRENCH
VENUS

Which would YOU rather have –

Skin which only **LOOKS** *beautiful or...*
Skin which really **IS** *beautiful ?*

COSMETICS can make the skin look younger, but they are helpless to rejuvenate it and make it young and fresh again. If the skin is to regain and retain its youthful beauty, its underlying tissues, which have become inactive, must be revitalised and the remedy introduced from within.

Working on this principle the celebrated skin specialist, Dr. J. F. Kapp, evolved a treatment which revitalises tired tissues and stimulates them to normal activity—the only sound method of restoring the skin to the condition of youth. "W-5" is the name of this world-renowned treatment. By imparting life to the skin "W-5" rebuilds it from within in Nature's own way, thus truly rejuvenating it. As the result the skin gradually loses its defects, becomes smooth again, clear and beautiful.

Treatment obtainable from high-class Chemists, Stores, or direct from Distributors.

Full information concerning the skin and its rejuvenation with "W-5" is given in a most interesting and richly illustrated book. This book should be in the hands of every woman. It will be sent gratis and post free.

● Write at once for free
ILLUSTRATED W-5 BOOK
Gelty Distributing Co.
162, Oxford St., London, W.1

CROYDON
PARIS
There's nothing *quite* so good
as
'NUGGET'

to give shoes a lasting polish

The surest way to shoe smartness is to polish them regularly with 'Nugget.' This fine quality polish ensures a brilliance which, at the end of the day, still retains its morning freshness. 'Nugget' also preserves the leather, protects it from the damp and keeps shoes in that soft, pliable condition essential to comfort and sound service.

The Polish of Supreme Quality

In Black, various shades of Brown and White

'Nugget' White does not mark the stockings.

Tins 3d. and 6d
Large Household
Tin 9d.

N.G.4

Bowing, politely hissing, little khaki warriors come aboard and ask pointed, if useless, questions. I have to try to recall the date and place of birth of my maternal grandfather, and neither are my paternal grandfather's antecedents left out of the picture. Nations may come and go, but the Japanese Army needs information for its records; I only trust it does not lose it.

Should you ever go to Japan, be sure to take hundreds of visiting cards with you. When you travel away from the big cities you will be asked four and five times a day for your "calling card." The Red Indians used to collect scalps; the Japanese collect calling cards. On trains, passports are inspected hourly; every inspector asks for your calling card, and politely hands you one of his—Japanese one side, English the other. Several in my collection read: "So-and-so, Japanese Secret Service." Candid, at any rate.

THIS side of the Pacific Scene is not always coloured with pink cherry blossoms like you see in the pictures; in fact, I have seen in the spring more cherry blossom around the Reservoir in Washington, D.C.—the trees were donated by the Mikado—than I have seen in Japan. I arrived in Japan in the midst of a roaring snowstorm; certainly a change from the smouldering fire in the ship's hold. There was also an outbreak of influenza. Every man, woman and child was wearing a black respirator over the mouth. They looked like little gnomes with thick moustaches. But, despite the snow and the bitter, bitter cold, the Japanese were producing oranges and strawberries, grown out of doors. That is a way they have in Japan. In the West we boast of making two blades of grass grow where one grew before; in Japan they make something grow where nothing grew before.

I see strange temples, processions of white-gowned Buddhist priests. I visit General Araki in the Military Club, and he literally rattles his sabre at me—he is wearing it. Fortunately, it remains in its scabbard; but it is quite a terrifying experience, this tiny little white-moustached fire-eater almost biting my head off when I ask him questions.

The Japanese Foreign Office gave a geisha party in my honour. The other non-Japanese guests besides myself were two Englishmen and a Frenchman. They had lived some years in Japan, and the use of chop-sticks was second nature to them. My face was quite red when I was brought a knife, fork and spoon. We sat on cushions with our legs tucked up under us; we had, as is customary, left our shoes outside. Geisha came and knelt opposite us, one for each guest. They were there to entertain us with their brilliant and witty conversation, but when one understands not a word of Japanese, except the word for beer, which really does not count, conversation between a geisha and myself is limited to smiles, bowings, and the offering, by me, of little cups of saki, which I found neither cheers nor inebriates.

When the dinner was over, the geisha danced and sang, or that is what I was told they were doing. After one very expensive geisha, for whom a leading Tokio manufacturer had committed suicide, had minced some steps and had piped a few notes, my host told me she had been singing a famous Japanese patriotic song about a young midshipman who had died in the Russo-Japanese War. I pointed out that that was a long time ago, so we need not bring that up. He agreed. "What about the next one?" he asked.

That is what I like so much about Japan—no illusions. In the main street of Japan they were selling highly coloured booklets. I bought and had them translated to me. All about the War in the Pacific. American ships going down in flames. *Banzai!*

In the Tokio Foreign Office I had everything explained. The American Government was making a cotton loan to China, but, of course, that was merely Chinese pretence; they were spending the money to buy armaments to fight Japan. Japan was just an innocent little child, and nobody would play with her. Wicked, wicked America was pretending to evacuate the Philippines, but really and truly she was building up a huge native army, officered by Americans, and preparing to invade Japan.

What about Yap? What about Guam? Were not these Pacific islands just advanced American bases? As I happened to know that this was quite true, I could make no effective reply. From Alaska, right down the western seaboard of the United States, I had seen the swift building of airplane and seaplane bases; for these machine-made birds of the air are the pawns, knights, bishops and castles on the chessboard of the Pacific. Every island in this vast ocean is a potential base, and there is not a single European country with any overseas interests which lacks interest in these swift and subtle moves made across this huge chessboard.

Our Japanese friends, on their side of the board, watch the British and American moves with smiling faces; to "save face," to show you are not hurt or affected, is the credo of the whole East, and more particularly of Japan and China. But the smiles do not mean amusement; neither do they mean fear, but they do mean weariness, because although the Japanese may be considered aggressive, pushing, and a danger to California as well as to Australia, yet they themselves fear, as I shall explain in a moment, aggression by air from Russia.

LOOK at the map of the Pacific and you will quickly recognise it as the most important sea in the whole world. The whole continent of Australia is washed by its waves; the western side of North and South America look out on to it; Canada is likewise vitally interested; Japan, China, the Dutch colonies in the East Indies, British possessions—all have stakes in the Pacific. It is, therefore, not surprising that when a foreign writer visits Japan he is watched from the moment he lands to the hour he leaves.

It was at another dinner party in Tokio that I first realised how skilfully I was being "pumped" for information concerning my travels. My host was a charming Japanese gentleman who had procured for me meetings with high-up naval authorities; with him another English-speaking Japanese, and the only other person present was an American writer recently arrived in Japan from Shanghai.

We were taken to a Japanese restaurant, unique of its kind in the world. We left our shoes as usual on the threshold, and went upstairs wearing the usual *geta*, a wooden shoe strapped across the foot. It was explained to us that the dining-room was engaged; we sat on cushions and smoked and were handed *hors-d'œuvre* of raw fish. Then we were told the room was free.

It was a small Japanese room. There was a low semicircular counter. Behind the counter, backed by mirrors, was a living Buddha dressed all in white; sitting there, his arms crossed in front of his body, and smiling.

He had beside him a charcoal fire. We seated ourselves on cushions in front of the counter. Then the smiling gentleman placed a paper serviette in front of each of us, and from a pan sizzling over the fire he took smoking morsels of pale brown substance and plumped them on the serviettes. I noticed the Japanese gentlemen took them in their fingers and ate them, and my American friend and I did likewise. They were luscious. I was told they were fried prawns. As fast as they disappeared inside us, the smiling cook replenished the serviettes, and when the serviettes were greasy he changed them, and kept on keeping on handing us fried prawns. My friend said to me: "You notice how he is watching us; he sees we are slowing up; he is going to stop." That was right. The flow of fried prawns stopped, and then the cook began handing us little lumps of something else. Slices of fried eels.

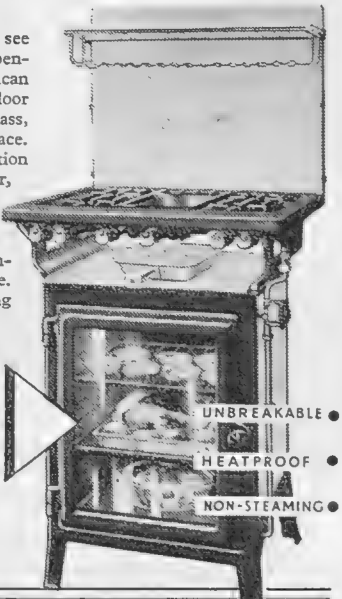
Please do not wrinkle your nose. Never in my life had I (*Continued on page* 146)

ENJOY NOW
NEW ZEALAND
LAMB
THE BEST IN THE WORLD!
LOOK FOR THE MARK
NEW ZEALAND
STAMPED ON THE PRINCIPAL JOINTS
MEAT BRANDED "EMPIRE" IS NOT NEW ZEALAND!
Slam

A *glass* OVEN DOOR..

what a brilliant idea!

What a joy to be able to see inside the oven without opening the door! The Vulcan Gas Stove has an oven door of double Armourplate glass, with an intervening air space. This ensures perfect insulation and prevents steaming over, giving you a clear view of the interior. The Automatic Regulator, once set to the required heat, maintains an even temperature. You will *enjoy* cooking with a Vulcan!



plus these outstanding features...

- *Porcelain enamelled in mottled grey or plain colours. Chromium plated fittings.*
- *Automatic Oven Heat Control.*
- *Large oven space with single back burner; economical.*
- *Housewife planned hotplate with covered griller.*

If you have no gas supply write for special list of Vulcan Cookers for use with Calor Gas, which can be installed in isolated homes, yachts, caravans, etc.

VULCAN
500 SERIES
STOVES

Ask to see Vulcan Stoves at your local Gas Showrooms or write for free list to the Vulcan Stove Co. Ltd. (Dept. B.E.9), Exeter.

V9a

tasted eel; never have I since that night in Tokio.

The supply of lumps of eel ceased to flow, and then came other things—chunks of fried lobster, I recall, and other things from the sea whose names I do not know.

I wondered how it would end; would the host give a signal that no more fish food could be consumed? It was beginning to worry me. But no signal was given. The cook himself ceased fire. He stopped frying fish. He bowed and smiled. We smiled our thanks, and tried to bow gracefully. I suppose the smiling Buddha! pressed a button. I did not see him do it, but this I swear: he folded his arms, and slowly he began to revolve, the mirrors revolving with him. In a few seconds he had disappeared, and there was a mirror again, but where the cook had been there were pots of flowers.

MY friend whispered to me that we would now return to our hotel and drink brandy. That seemed very wise, but our Japanese host had other ideas. He wanted to talk politics. Politics of the Pacific: who, how, why and what. Suffering from a surfeit of fish, I did not feel talkative, but I did learn something that night of the latent fear of the Russians.

It is evident that the Japanese Army and the Navy dislike each other; each wishes to rule the country. The Army sees the future of Japan on the mainland of Asia; the Navy sees it in the Pacific. Mr. Hirota, who was Premier, refused to discuss the future of the Marshall Islands, which were formerly German, and which Japan obtained as her chief prize for entering the war on the side of the Allies. Japan states that these islands are not fortified; when Japan was given a mandate over the islands it was forbidden her to fortify them. But nobody is allowed to visit these islands, comparatively near to Australia—near enough, say the Australians, for the Japanese to use them as a base and from which they could cut off all sea-borne traffic to and from Australia in time of war.

One of the sights of Peking. The Summer Palace Pagoda, which dominates much of the city

The Japanese Navy fears that Russia could bomb all Japanese naval dockyards and airplane bases. The Naval authorities say that Russian planes flying from Vladivostok can destroy Japanese towns in a night.

"Pooh!" says the Japanese Army, "we could take Vladivostok in no time." But could the Japanese Army capture the Russian stronghold before the Russian bombs had wrought terrific damage?

JOURNEYING from Tokio to Kobe, I noticed intensive naval and aerial manœuvres. All lights out; searchlights stabbing the sky as if looking for enemy planes. But a foreigner must neither stop, look nor listen. Upwards and onwards across the narrow sea to Korea, a country full of secrets connected with the Pacific; strategic railways being built; factories for making ammunition; and many zones forbidden to foreigners.

Then to China, a country that is attractive to those who, like myself, find pleasure in colour, strange smells and laughing people. Japan is beautifully patterned and arranged, neat and tidy, like Germany; China is as disorderly and attractive, like France. But perhaps I should not have brought that up.

If I had the space I would like to tell of wandering in Manchuria, another attractive country, formerly Chinese, then partly Russian, now a puppet Japanese state. A novelist in search of plots could find sufficient to last him a lifetime in Manchuria, or Manchukuo, as you must call it if you wish your letters to be delivered. American racketeers could take lessons from the Manchurian bandits; here rackets are rackets. Bandits have cast-iron rules of etiquette; fathers enter their sons for the "Red Beards," a bandit society, with the same pride that an English gentleman puts down his son's name for Eton.

But to return, with some reluctance, to China.

(Continued on page 148)

THE PASSWORD to beauty in this year of Coronation grace is—'natural'. The ladylike lady is back! This, by no means, means leaving your face the way it looks when your maid wakes you. Lilian Mayle can show you how to do it at the salon. If that's out of the question write to her instead. And remember you can't put a natural make-up on a bad skin, so get your skin in order too, with Cyclax Special Lotion, Skin Food and Complexion Milk.

CYCLAX

● All the best shops throughout the Empire sell Cyclax and will advise on the treatment.

To fill out lines and hollows: Cyclax Skin Food gives a youthful suppleness to the skin. Definitely nourishes the under tissue and eradicates wrinkles. Price, 4/-, 7/6.

To clear the face of sallowness or blemishes: Cyclax Special Lotion . . . the lotion that is famous for clarifying the skin, drawing out the acid wastes, removing and preventing blemishes. Price, 5/6, 10/6.

A powder foundation to prevent dry skin: Cyclax Milk of Roses, a fine emollient lotion . . . provides an exquisite powder base for the woman with a dry skin. Price, 4/6, 8/6.

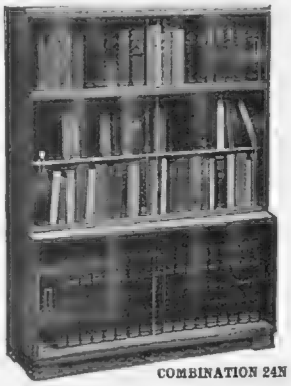
Two powder foundations that last many hours: Cyclax Day Lotion, for dry and normal skins, Cyclax Blended Lotion for greasy skins, supplied in matching tones to all shades of powder. Price, 4/6, 8/6.

58 SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.1 MAYfair 0054: 7 EAST 53rd STREET, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

MINTY
Bookcases
Neo-Craft Styles

COMPINATION 30N shown right. A neat Wall Fitment incorporating Bureau. Height 4 ft. 6½ in. Width 8 ft. 9 in. Oak £22.18.6. Prices of separate stacks leading from left to right £5.3.6, £6.4.6, £11.16.6. Also in Walnut, Mahogany, Waxed and Limed finishes.

COMBINATION 24N shown below. Height 3 ft. 11½ in. Width 2 ft. 11 in. Price for complete Stack. Oak £6.17.6.
Also in Walnut, Mahogany, Waxed and Limed finishes.



COMBINATION 24N

As a man builds up his library, book by book, through the years, so can he build up his Minty Bookcase, section by section. Whether he be bibliophile or just the owner of a few treasured volumes, a Minty Bookcase provides them with a worthy home; keeping them clean, orderly, free from dust; emphasising the beauty of beautiful bindings; bringing a new dignity and an atmosphere of restful quietude to the room. Smooth sliding, plate-glass panels, with recessed finger pulls, give easy access to each unit, and do not require the space of hinged doors. Minty stacks can be arranged to fill a corner, a wall, or to line a complete room. The inclusion of writing desks and cupboards minimises the need for separate furniture; and the quality of woods, fineness of grain and perfection of finish, being Minty, may be taken for granted.

MINTY BOOKCASES CAN BE PURCHASED BY DEFERRED PAYMENTS

Write for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing fullest particulars of MINTY Bookcases, including various period styles at moderate prices.

Minty LTD
(DEPT. 86) - - - - - - 44-45 HIGH STREET, OXFORD
London Showroom - - - - 123 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1
Manchester Showroom - - - 5 Exchange Street, St. Ann's Square, Manchester

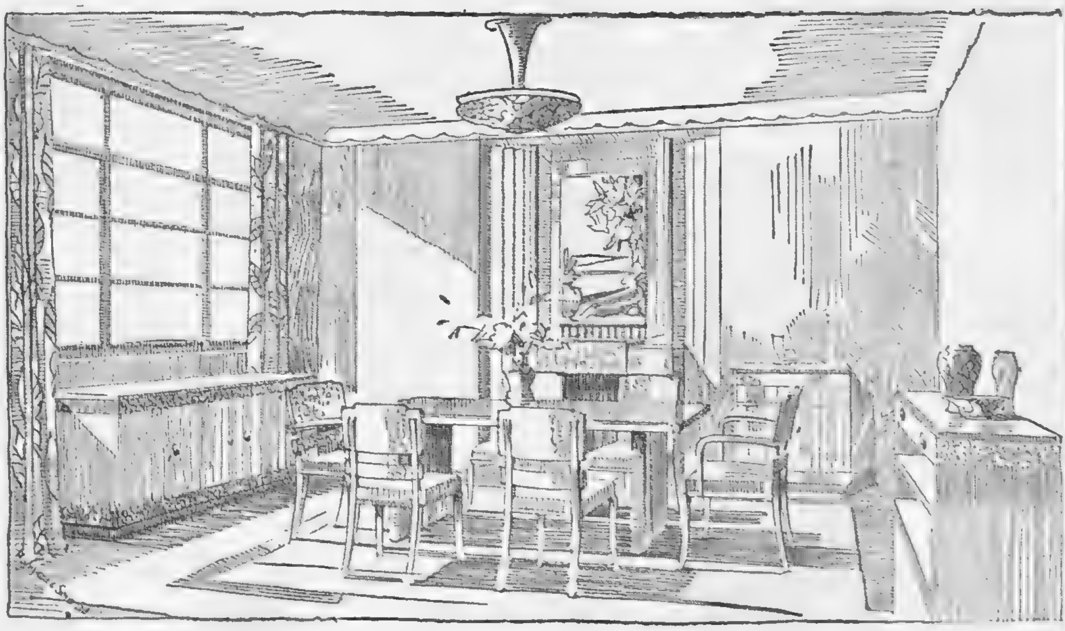
---

A Dining Room in the Modern Style at **HAMPTONS**

IDEAL HOME EXHIBIT
No. 23, Ground Floor,
Grand Hall, OLYMPIA.

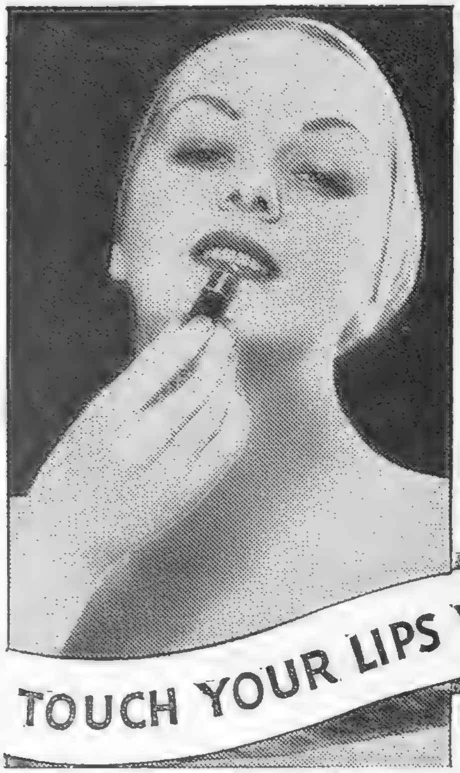
The Furniture is of Amboyna and weathered Sycamore, the Chairs being covered with waterproof Hide.

Other features of Hamptons' Exhibit are special displays of Carpets, Fabrics, Hamptons' Multi-Spring Mattresses and Bedroom Furniture in the Modern Style.



For other examples of completely furnished Reception Rooms and Bedrooms, see the Y. J. Lovell House, No. 3, in the National Hall, furnished throughout by Hamptons, and Hamptons' Booklet I.H. 505.

PALL MALL EAST, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.1. 'PHONES: WHITEHALL 1020.



● Do you know the beauty Michel gives your lips? How infinitely soft it makes them? How warm and appealing?

One touch of Michel Lipstick lasts all day—through all sorts of engagements and all kinds of weather. Michel is truly indelible. Its creamy base guards against dryness and parching. Its flattering colour gives fresh, young beauty to your mouth. Its perfume is delicate and delightful. Try Michel and see how truly lovely your lips can be. Insist on Michel, the Creator of the Permanent Lipstick which changes colour to suit every complexion.

TOUCH YOUR LIPS WITH YOUTH

Michel LIPSTICK AT ALL GOOD SHOPS

7 APPEALING SHADES: Blonde, Brunette, Scarlet, Vivid, Raspberry, Cherry, Capucine,
DE LUXE, 4/6; LARGE, 2/6; POPULAR 1/6.
ASK FOR MICHEL ROUGE AND EYE COSMETIQUE.

SEND FOR INTRODUCTORY OFFER
Calmon & Neate, Ltd. (Dept. B.E.10.)
(*Sole Distributors*),
8, Gerrard St., London, W.1

I enclose 6d. for introductory size Michel Lipstick, in .... shade.
Name ....
Address..
....

Chivers Olde English Marmalade
The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table

Enjoy your breakfast to-morrow with the help of this delicious marmalade. No appetite can resist its delightful touch of tonic bitterness.

New Season's now ready
1-LB. 8D. 2-LB. 1/2½

CHIVERS & SONS LTD.
HISTON, CAMBRIDGE
1358.

Pacific Scene

A Chinaman does not think of to-morrow, or next week, or next year; time is more relative to him than to Herr Einstein. When the Chinaman is faced with a problem he laughs. He sees the Japanese stripping off huge provinces, and he goes on laughing, not because he does not mind, but because in a century or so he feels sure he will have swallowed Japan.

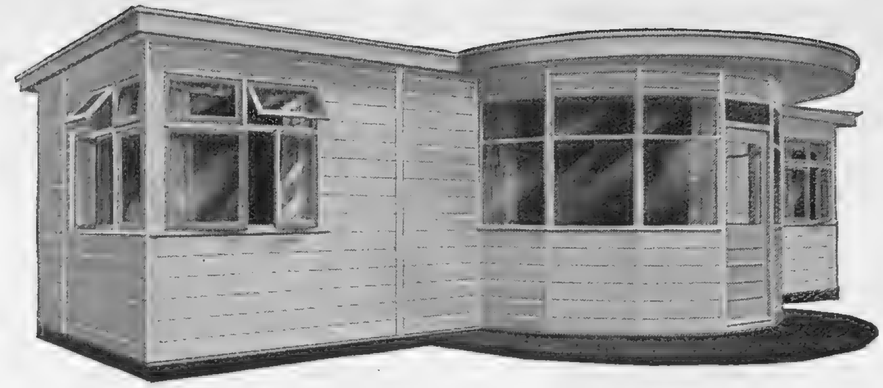
And yet, one finds the truth in many strange places in China. In Peiping, *née* Pekin, I wanted to find the Jade Market. I discovered that it is held between seven and nine. And on a very cold and frosty morning I had my jin-ricksha boy waiting for me at seven, and we jog-trotted through delightfully smelly streets to the market. I would have liked to have got out and listened to the story-tellers, to have taken part in the hundreds of street side-shows that were going on. In fact, a very colourful funeral did make me late for an appointment I had made in the market. But I eventually reached my destination, and was enthralled.

The wonderful Jade Pagoda near Peking

Shall I tell you here and now of the glistening pink jade cups, or the powder boxes of sheer apple-green? Would you hear of dark green jade candlesticks, so marvellously carved that you gasp in wonder?

It is a small place, this market, a very cold place indeed, with a glass roof. They might be selling poultry, and not priceless jades. There are wooden trestles and pieces of beauty scattered negligently about, with smiling merchants watching you admire their wares, with much the same pleasure as an English mother notices you admiring her infant.

But it is not my purpose to-day to describe for you the Jade Market in Peiping. It was in this place that an old man in a skull-cap and a long black robe embroidered with yellow dragons spoke with me about Young China. There is a Youth Movement in China, led, as Youth Movements are the world over, by the middle-aged and the old, which is secretly working to unite China and to hurl the Japanese back into their island homes. Will it ever come to pass? I do not know, because I am never sure when a Chinaman says "soon" exactly what he means; he may mean next year or next century, but I have an idea that this new movement in China is going to prove one of the most dramatic tableaux in the fascinating Pacific Scene.



SUNSHINE HOLIDAY HOME

NEW · MODERN · DELIGHTFUL

HERE IS your inducement for getting away regularly from the humdrum of daily life—a delightful retreat for week-ends, high days and holidays; an inexpensive holiday home of lovely design and finish, planned to catch every bit of the sun and to admit an abundance of fresh air—the windows in the large semi-circular bay can be let right down if necessary, just by the turn of a handle.

This Sunshine Bungalow is roomy, convenient, hygienic and easy to clean. It can readily be extended when required. You can choose the colour and treatment for outside and inside from a special range of attractive schemes. "Easiwork" built-in furniture, specially designed, can be included if desired.

Judge its attractiveness for yourself—see it in the National Hall, House 10, Olympia; or write for fully descriptive catalogue 416.

OLYMPIA
HOUSE No. 10
NATIONAL HALL

BOULTON & PAUL LTD. NORWICH
LONDON, Horseferry House, Horseferry Road, S.W.1.

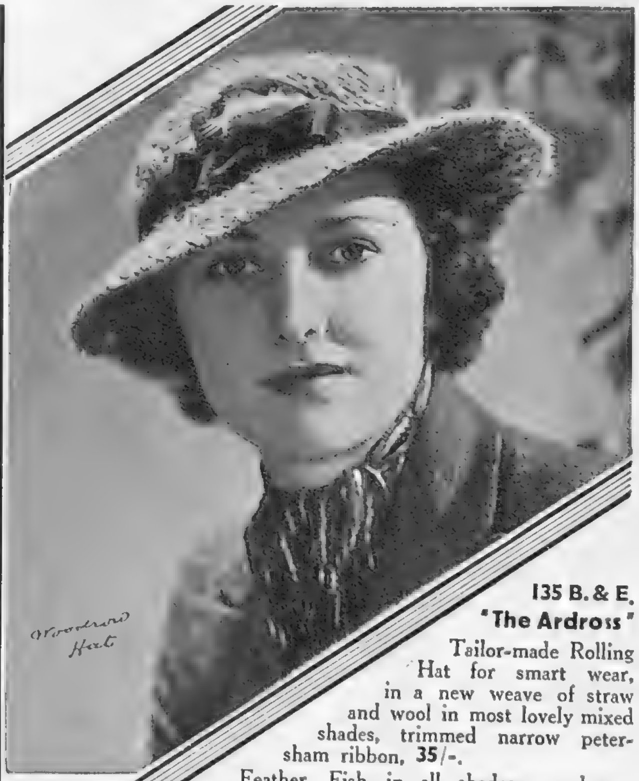
Catalogues on application

Phone: Regent 0189

Woodrow

62, Piccadilly W.1.

By Appointment



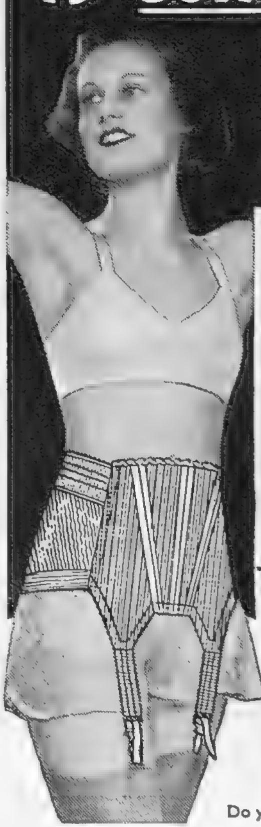
135 B. & E.
"The Ardross"

Tailor-made Rolling Hat for smart wear, in a new weave of straw and wool in most lovely mixed shades, trimmed narrow petersham ribbon, **35/-**.

Feather Fish in all shades as shown, **5/6** extra.

This hat is very light in weight, can be supplied in all sizes, in blue, green, heather, brown and other mixtures.

The fashionable line is comfortable in Aertex Corsetry



You must insist on an Aertex Corset if you want the fashionable line *with the comfort of the exclusive Aertex weave.* This special cellular fabric lets your body breathe, and guards you against changes of temperature. Whatever fashionable style of corset you favour, you will find in Aertex. They are pretty and hard-wearing.

P.800. Hook side fastening suspender belt, with 7 in. elastic panels at sides. Front depth, 8 in. White or Peach **4/11**

To the Advertising Manager,
The Cellular Clothing Co., Ltd., 14, Moor Lane, London, E.C. 2.

Please send me illustrated catalogue of Aertex Corsetry.

Name ……………………………………

Address ……………………………………

……………………………………

……………………………………

Do you know your nearest retailer? ……………… (45)

Charming Two-piece Suit in sand crêpe. Hand-worked bar stitching on bodice. Attractive buttons dyed to match. Colours: pink, jade, powder-blue, also white. Hips 36 to 42.

7 GNS.

From the
Inexpensive Dress
Department
First Floor
Liberty & Co. Ltd.
Regent Street,
London, W.1.

Libertys

This Youth Business

> "The worth of a State, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it."
> JOHN STUART MILL.

WHAT are the characteristics of Modern Youth? Let us examine squarely this increasingly bewildering problem. Obviously it would be idle to lump all these human flowers into a "Country Bunch" and label them merely "Blossoms from the Garden of To-day." It is true that at a glance there is a great similarity. For the most part they are splendid young people, well built and taller than the previous generation. The girls have never been so good-looking. Their skins are lovely and their perfectly groomed hair is a glory to behold. Their figures are superb. Their limbs are well moulded, suggesting remarkable muscular strength. They are, undeniably, in the fullest physical sense of the term, well bred.

These outward attributes apply to the youth of to-day in general, but it is with the girls that we are chiefly concerned in this article. One might imagine from the above description that they, too, are all much alike; but on closer acquaintance we discover that Nature, as ever, has asserted her prerogative and fashioned each one differently, each possessing, moreover, entirely individual characteristics. Out of this Garden Bunch, for instance, we might pick the demure little maiden of sixteen or seventeen who is young for her age and who has not yet really quite grown up. For her, "Life is a Pudding full of Plums . . ." She has no sense of responsibility, but she is full of a natural grace and charm, and quite unspoilt. Consequently she is greatly admired and beloved of her elders, but is utterly despised by the advanced ones of her own generation. "*Too young,*" they say, in supercilious and vastly superior tones, and in these two words lie volumes of meaning—of pity mingled with scorn, because she has failed to take advantage of the license within reach of all modern youth who care to seize it.

THEN in contrast with this type we have the girl who has grown up too soon, whom circumstances of one kind or another have pushed into the forefront of the world's battle, forcing her to fight her own way through life. She is, perhaps, the chief support of the family and has nothing to spare for frivolities or pleasures, and even had she the money to pay for them there would be neither time nor energy left to enjoy them—and perhaps no inclination either. This type of girl is forced to take life too seriously, and to keep her mind tuned to one note only: making ends meet.

There is also the girl who, whilst working during the day, spends her nights in amusement. She, no doubt, deems that she is entitled to do this, since she has no other time at her disposal. But the effect of late nights is cumulative, and although she herself fails to notice any falling off in her efficiency, not to mention her looks, her employer and her friends are not so blind to these facts.

Always youth is extravagant and wasteful and generally incapable of conserving anything, least of all its own health and strength. Eventually, therefore, something has to go. Either the too-frequent late nights must be curtailed or the job must suffer, with the possibility, maybe, of subsequent dismissal. Yet no amount of kindly proffered advice will alter her behaviour. To "win by tenderness," to "conquer by forgiveness," are maxims entirely out of date. Youth does what it pleases nowadays.

Now, apart altogether from the above types, there are unfortunately far too many girls to-day who have really nothing to do, and, being without hobbies or even serious interests, they spend their time gadding about and getting into mischief. These are the girls who are causing so many of us the greatest concern. What does this getting into mischief mean, and what are the opportunities afforded (*Continued on page* 152)

The original of this letter can be seen at our London Office

● Mrs. M. T. says . . .

"After using three bottles of your (Redex) lotion, I reduced 11 pounds in weight and 4½ inches in measurement."

The most wonderful flesh-reducing discovery of the age Unfailingly effective, safe, easy to use. Applied *externally*. Absolutely harmless to the most sensitive parts of the body Analytical report says: "Contains nothing deleterious or irritating to the skin."

slimming

REDUCES ONLY WHERE APPLIED
●
APPROVED BY PHYSICIANS
●
ACTS IN 7 TO 10 DAYS
●
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS
●
APPLIED EXTERNALLY
●
SIMPLE TO USE

Rēdex

for SLIMMING
21/-
a bottle

To REDEX PROPRIETARIES LIMITED
85/86, New Bond Street, London, W.1
Please send me, post free......bottle(s) of Redex, for which I enclose........................
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
.... B.72
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN CAPITAL LETTERS

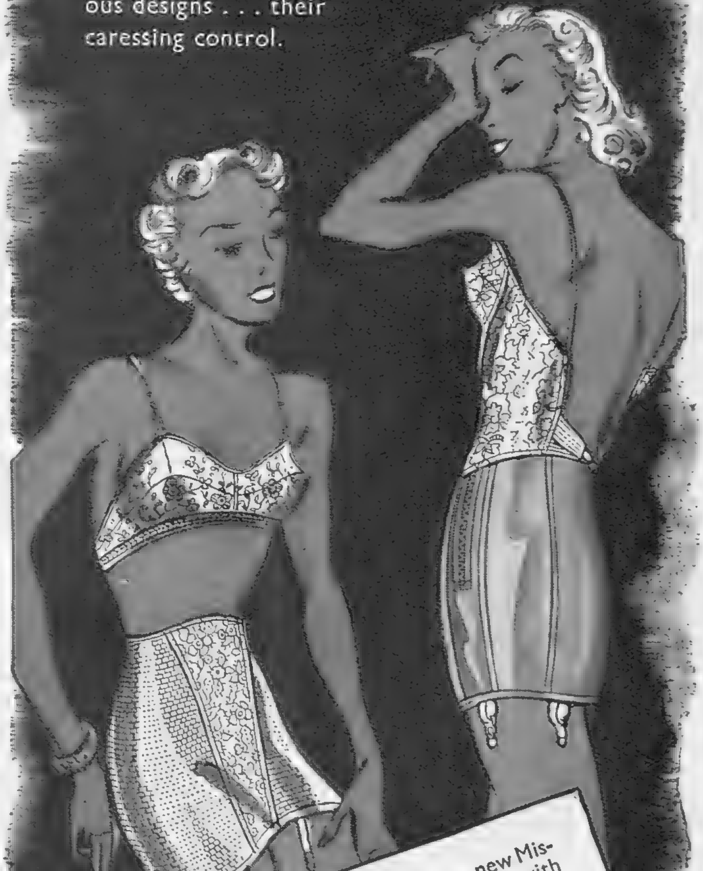
COUPON

At Selfridge's, Fortnum & Mason's, Bentall's, leading Boots branches, Army & Navy Stores, Marshall & Snelgrove's, and all good stores and chemists. If any trouble in obtaining, post free from us by sending the attached coupon.

Hedley, Byrne & Co.

Be Glorified
BY GOSSARD

Thrilling new creations . . . lovelier, sheerer fabrics . . . more beautiful, more youthful silhouettes . . . such are the offerings of the new Line of Beauty foundations by Gossard. Smarter women on two continents are already intrigued by their new glamourous designs . . . their caressing control.



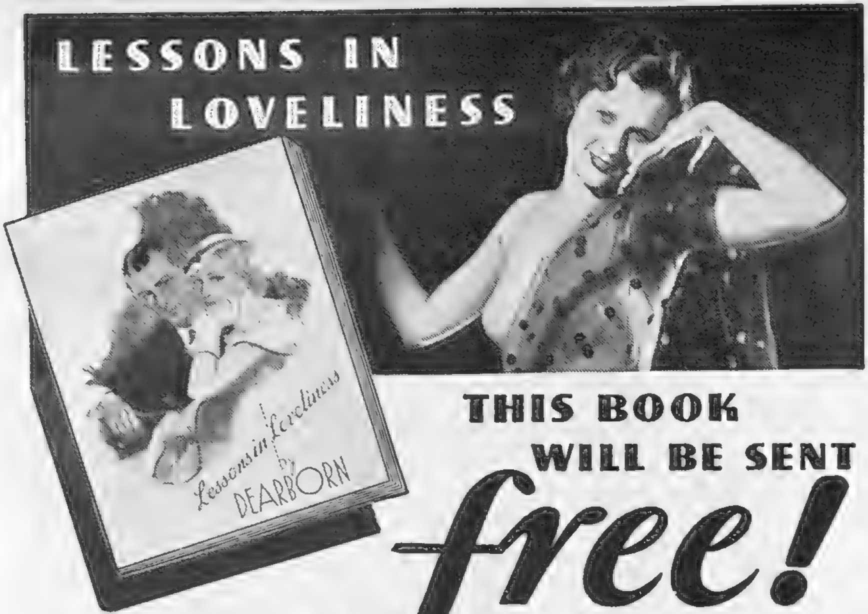
MODEL 7370 is a STEP-IN for the tall figure. It is made of GOSS-AMOUR, the power-elastic net so sheer and fine that its appearance belies its firmness. Slender front panel of lace. Tea rose. Sizes 26 to 32. - - 63/-

MODEL 3656—a new Mis-Simplicity of art satin with satin elastic panels. It is a semi Step-in design with a "Lightning" fastener at the side. Lace top; low fitting at back. Tea rose. Sizes 34 to 42 (odd and even). - 52/6

GOSSARD
New Line of Beauty

New illustrated Catalogue sent upon request

GOSSARD LTD., 168 REGENT ST., W.1 (*Wholesale only*)


LESSONS IN LOVELINESS
Lessons in Loveliness by DEARBORN

THIS BOOK WILL BE SENT *free!*

To the woman who wants to make the most of the gifts Nature has given her, "*Lessons in Loveliness*"—the new Beauty Book published by the makers of Mercolized Wax—will teach her the rules of the beauty game. It is so complete. Almost every problem connected with the beautifying of the feminine face and figure is dealt with. And it is written by a well-known Beauty Expert. Send to-day for your free copy of this wonderful book and put yourself on the path to Beauty.

SPECIAL 'BEAUTÉ COMPLÈTE' OFFER

Here's a wonderful offer. If you care to send 6d. with the coupon, the makers of Mercolized Wax will send you a complete beauty outfit, comprising 4 shades of Dearborn's Powder, Dearborn's Lipstick and a generous supply of both Dearborn's Foundation Cream and Dearborn's Powder Cream. All these products are of the same high degree of quality as the famous Mercolized Wax.

Send Now!

COUPON *To Dearborn* (1923) *Ltd., 37, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.*1. Please send me post free a copy of your booklet "Lessons in Loveliness."

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

* I enclose 6d. for Beauty Outfit. *(Strike out if not required).*

7

A Complete Resort on the Ayrshire Coast

TURNBERRY HOTEL

ARTHUR TOWLE hotels CONTROLLER

EXPRESS SERVICES BY LMS

them? They are many. Never before has there been so much freedom for our daughters. A generation ago our sons, sometimes at the risk of disinheritance, were "sowing their wild oats." To-day our daughters not only insist on doing the same, but are actually claiming the moral right to do so. Their parents are not permitted to interfere on pain of severing the slender cord of friendship between them that is already difficult enough to maintain. Most girls to-day insist on having their own latch-keys. Some prove themselves worthy of this trust, but unfortunately too many abuse it.

What of the girls, *the future mothers, be it remembered,* who, not satisfied with a full evening's entertainment, must resort to night clubs and there remain drinking with their "boy friends" till the small hours of the morning? What of the girls who are conducted home in a semi-conscious condition and put to bed by their young companions who, though equally intemperate, happen to be less susceptible? What of those who succumb to the habit of betting and are consequently obliged by their inevitable losses to borrow from their young men friends—thus placing themselves at a grave disadvantage? Finally, how are we to regard the act of the young woman who deliberately solicits the company of a male companion for the week-end with the sole object of satisfying her sex curiosity? Are we to understand that such indulgences as these are claimed by the young to constitute their superiority over their derided Victorian prototype? Is this prodigal sowing of wild oats, then, the much-vaunted "progress"? And when their conduct calls forth expostulation they reply: "It is my life; I can do what I like with it." It is obvious, of course, that such words as these could only emanate from a mind which has either not yet realised or else has refused to acknowledge that *there is a responsibility on the part of each individual towards the State.*

WHAT then is going to be the outcome of all this unprecedented liberty and libertinism? The mothers of daughters who insist on their "Modern Rights" must surely tremble to think of the possible results. Present-day girls of all ranks have equal privileges, but they do not all use them alike. Fortunately some of them come through unharmed, unscathed, and indeed with an added wisdom and poise. They have learnt their lesson and profited by it. There are others, however, who, too weak to pull themselves up at the right moment, fail pitiably to withstand the test and go gradually down, until one day, to their own sorrow and amazement, they find it impossible to extricate themselves from the degradation into which they have unwittingly fallen. Youth to-day does not want to think and has not yet learnt to feel. A conscience is out of date. And the parents of such are forced to stand aside and look on—helpless, powerless.

In the old days of chaperonage, when that form of supervision was imposed upon and dutifully accepted by the young, and when it was judiciously applied, such a state of affairs, happily, was rare.

ANY such supervision in these days is unthinkable and would not be tolerated by the young, who are entirely uncompromising and insist on being a complete law unto themselves.

Yet, if we wish to save these future mothers of sons and daughters, it is surely imperative that something should be done to replace that now-banished form of guardianship. In a few cases there may be a kind of patronising friendliness on the part of the young for the parent, and this acts as a mild sort of brake. But in most cases they will brook no interference whatsoever, and insist on coming and going precisely as they please. There are few young women to-day with bottled-up emotions. If the emotions are there they are given free play. When this is not so, as perhaps (*Continued on page* 154)

Dress smartly on small monthly payments. *open a* CREDIT ACCOUNT *with Smartwear*

EXTENDED CREDIT TERMS

NO REFERENCES *even from non house holders*

HEATHER. Exceptionally smart Two-Piece. Swagger-style Coat with double collar, lined art. crêpe; neatly tucked tailored Dress. Bouclé Cloth in Green, Beige, Navy, Blue, Grey. SSW., SW., W. and WX.

Price... 6½ gns.
20/- monthly.

visit OUR REGENT STREET SHOWROOMS

write for catalogue

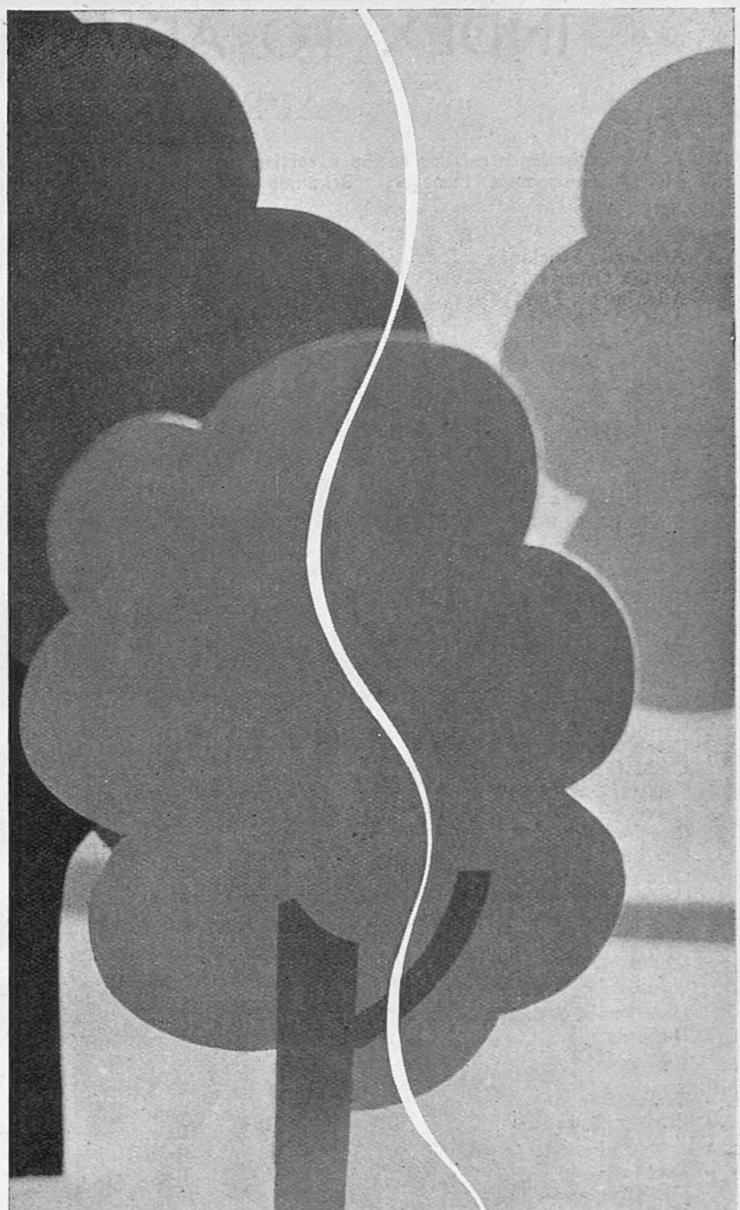
Smartwear LTD
263-271, REGENT STREET
OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1.

EXCLUSIVE
GUESTS ON
INCLUSIVE
TERMS

It is here that the *beau monde* utters its *dernier cri*—especially if it takes a set from our tennis professional on the new Covered Courts. Here the nobility and gentry indulge in *savoir faire, noblesse oblige,* and also—on the electric camel in the gymnasium—for *sauve qui peut.* For ourselves, we consider that in providing free golf, tennis, squash, badminton, bowls, swimming pool, gymnasium, sunlounges, dancing, entertainments and talking pictures, we have achieved an *embarras des richesses,* since even millionaires are not allowed to pay extra for them. (Guests are requested not to ask our *maître d'hotel* to translate these sparkling phrases—he is English!)

PALACE
HOTEL
TORQUAY

Phone: Torquay 2271



"Wills's Gold Flake
—now there's a
CLEAN SMOKE
for you"

CLEAN AND SMOOTH TO THE PALATE

G.F.B.106

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

APRIL, 1937

All correspondence relating to the advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "Britannia & Eve," 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

Page

A
Academic Stockings 112
Aertex Corsets 149
Allenbury's Food 6
Alura Wave Set 108
Alvis, Ltd 90
Arch Preserver Shoes 75
Arden, Elizabeth 129
Austin Motors 103
Avon Tyres 88

B
Ballito Stockings 133
Berlei Corsets Cover ii
Boulton and Paul 149
Bread 142
British Electrical Development Association 73
British School of Motoring 135
Burberrys 4

C
Camelia 109
Car Mart 82, 86
Cardinal Polish 118
Carr's Biscuits 5
Cash, J. and J. 104
Cephos 124
Chivers 148
Ciro Pearls 97
Colorinse Shampoo 140
Corot, Ltd. 112
Courtaulds 1
Cow and Gate 140
Cuticura 120
Cyclax 146

D
Dearborn's, Ltd. 152
Dubarry 96
Duroy, Helene 143

E
Eccles Caravans 92
Eugène, Ltd. 131

F
Facktative 139
Fiat (England), Ltd. 86
Fitu Corsets 117
Flavels 138
Ford Motors 125
Forhans 118
Fortt's Bath Oliver Biscuits 128

G
Gossard, Ltd. 151
Green Label Chutney 104
G.W.R. "Devon" 5

H
Hamptons 147
Heath, Henry 5
H.M.V. Refrigerators 121
Humber 80

I
Ideal Home Exhibition Cover iii
Imédia 120
Innoxa 137

J
Jacobson, Mme. B. 142
Jaeger 134

K
Kaits Pharmacies 116
Keating's 106
Kellogg's Corn Flakes 138
Kempat, Ltd. 136
Kirbigrips 140
K.L.G. Plugs 84

L
Ladye Jayne Slumber Helmet 141
Lagonda Motors 84
Larola 108
Lawrence, Helen 140

Page
Leichner 115
Liberty 150
Lilla 128
Lillywhites 4
L.M.S. Turnberry Hotel 152
Lodge Plugs 92

M
Maclean's Stomach Powder 116
Main, R. and A. 107
Mansion Polish 100
Mappin and Webb 93
McCall's Paysandu Ox-Tongue 128
Meltonian Cream 106
M.G. Cars 90
Michel Lipstick 148
Min Cream 110
Minty Bookcases 147
Minty Chairs 143
Morris Motors 99
Mothersill Remedy 140

N
National Benzole 101
Nestol 115
New Zealand Butter 95
New Zealand Lamb 145
Nugget Polish 144

O
Optrex 76

P
Palace Hotel, Torquay 153
Palmolive Soap 141
Philco Radio 91
Phosferine 94
Player's Cigarettes 114
Pond's Cream 132
Potter and Clarke 122

R
Radiation, Ltd. 111
Redex 151
Remington Typewriter Co. 91
Rolls-Royce 82
Rosebank Fabrics 77

S
Sashena 122
Scholl, Dr. 100
Schweppes, Ltd. 123
Shackleton, Mrs. 124
Simpson, J. W. (Chemist), Ltd. 102
Singer Cars 88
Smartwear 153
Smith, S., and Sons 84
Soignée, Ltd. 116
Spry 127
S.S. Cars 86
Standard Cars 92
Standard Sanitary Appliances 113
Stephenson's Furniture Cream 139

T
Tangee Lipstick 130
Tattoo Lipstick Cover iv
Tek Toothbrushes 98

V
Vacuum Oil Co. 126
Vandré, Ltd. 128
Vapo-Cresolene 110
Vareen 142
Vauxhall Motors 2
Vulcan Stoves 145

W
Wakefield Castrol 105
Wills's Gold Flake 153
Wolseley Motors 78
Wonderstoen 124
Woodrow 149
W-5 Tablets 144

Y
Yardley Beauty Shop 119

in the backward type of girl, then it merely means that the urge does not exist. Where it is present there is no repression, and they believe in letting off steam at all costs and in all directions. They are ready and willing, moreover, to risk the consequences without being fully able to grasp or calculate what such consequences may be. And they are unwilling to learn, except by personal experience.

IT must not be thought that there is any intention here of denying the many magnificent qualities possessed by the young women of the present day. Their sweetness and charm of disposition must be acknowledged by all, even the most critical. They are mostly warm-hearted young things, and display many lovable attributes. Their capabilities, too, in business, domestic matters, sport and in many other fields are quite astonishing. They are undoubtedly capable of great achievements. Is it not then the more deplorable that so much splendid material should go to waste and that the world should be deprived of their good citizenship? It is perfectly plain that the present degree of liberty is making neither for future happiness nor for the well-being of the next generation. And there is surely sufficient evidence to show that, in the long run, it is not merely unkind but positively dangerous to allow our youth such freedom of action as it is now enjoying. "The worth of a State, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it." But a compromise is all we dare ask for. How, then, is this to be brought about? The average girl of to-day at the best is not easy to understand, and at the worst she is a veritable enigma. For parents it is indeed an anxious and bewildering time. *Youth is at loggerheads with good citizenship.* The matter is far too serious to be lightly dismissed.

Is it possible to discover a practical solution to a problem at once so urgent and so baffling?

END

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

"Britannia & Eve"

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland & Abroad	4/6	8/9	17/6
Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

ORDER FORM

To the Publisher, BRITANNIA & EVE,
32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.
Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE

Monthly for....................months commencing with the........................issue

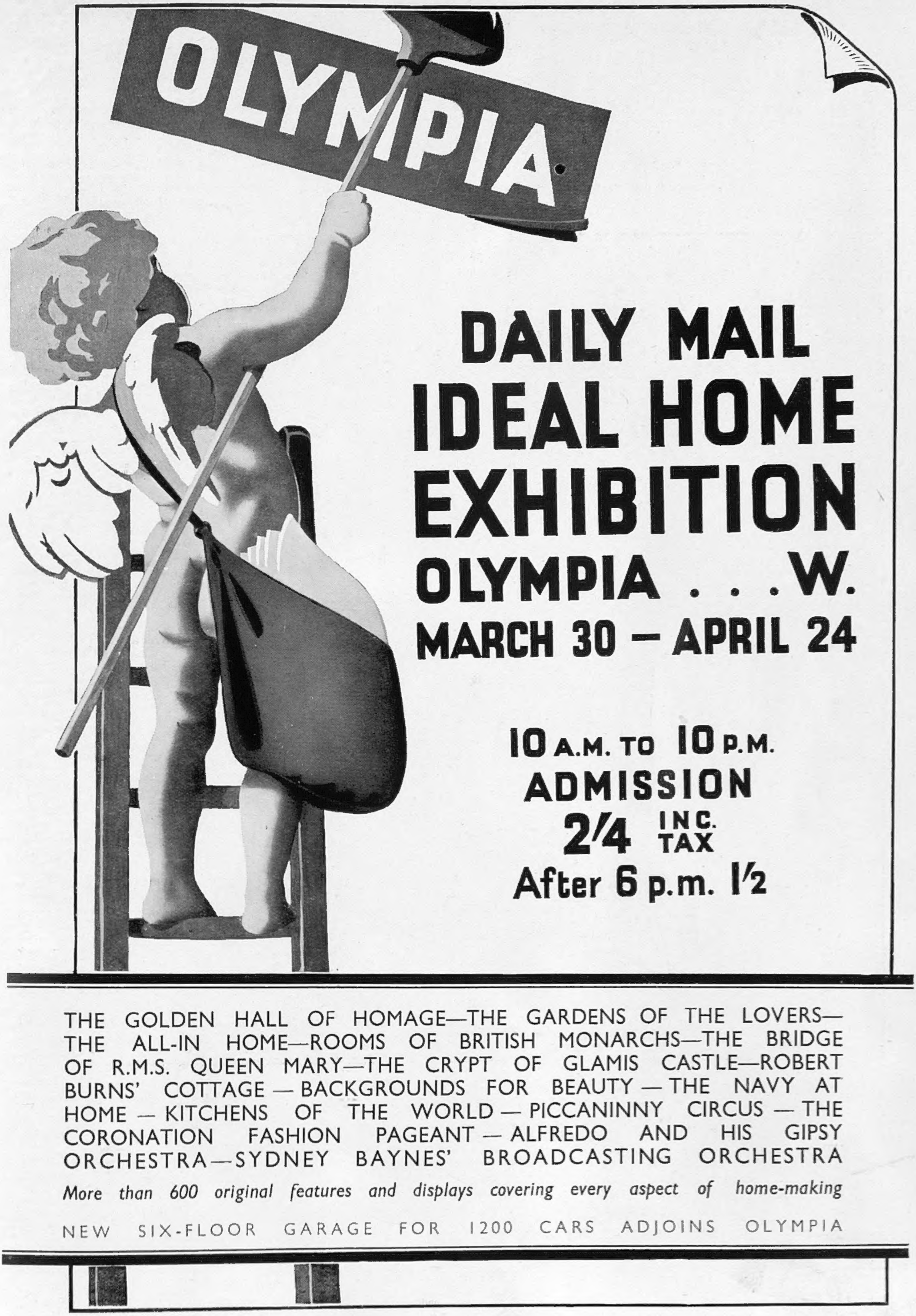
for which I enclose..........................

Name...

Address.......................................

Date...................................1937

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by W. H. SMITH AND SON, LTD., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the Proprietors, BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, Sec. 397, P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies, 1s. 6d., and for Canada 14s. per annum, 7s. for six months. Sole agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.



DAILY MAIL IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION

OLYMPIA . . . W.

MARCH 30 – APRIL 24

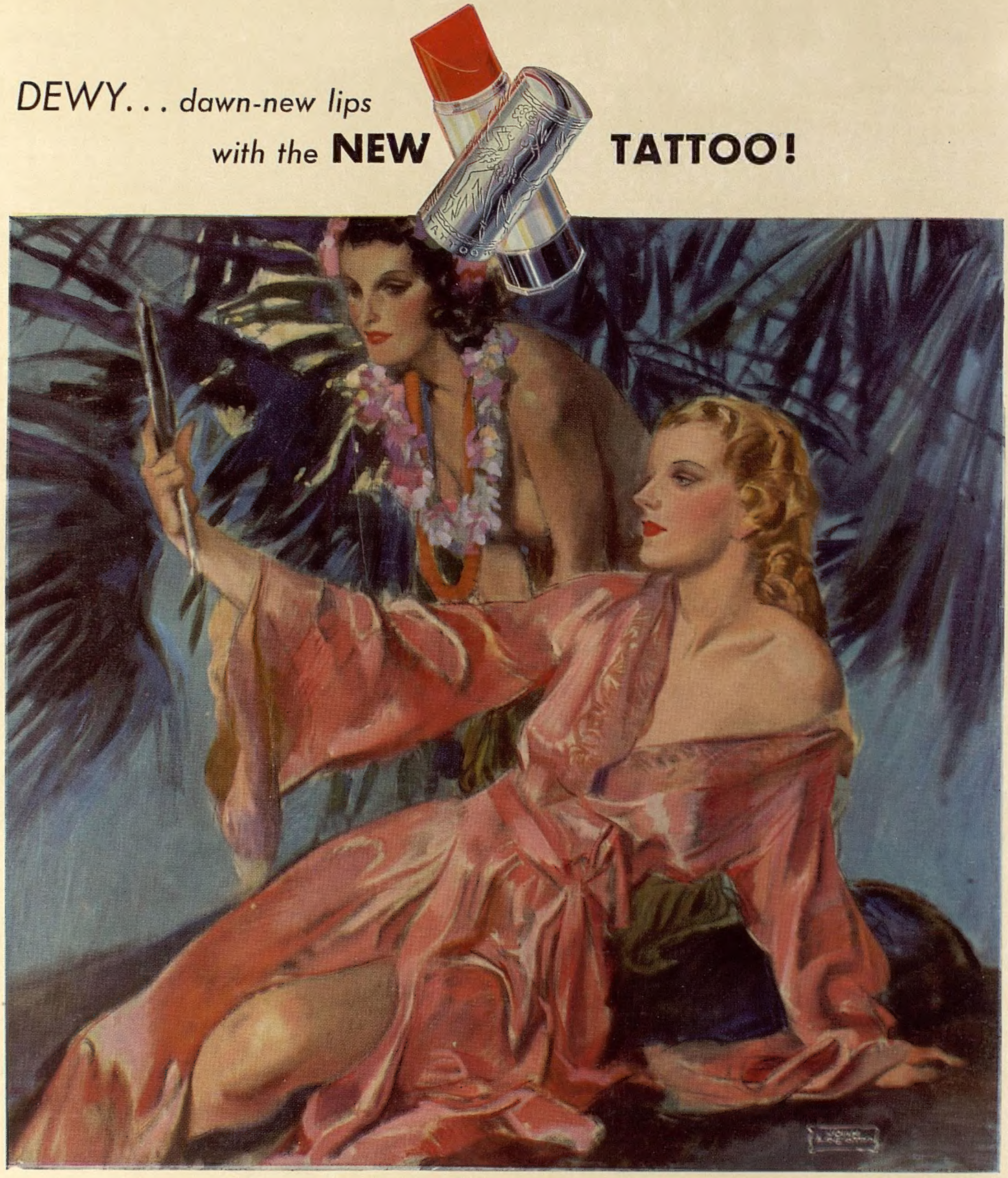
10 A.M. TO 10 P.M.
ADMISSION
2/4 INC. TAX
After 6 p.m. 1/2

THE GOLDEN HALL OF HOMAGE—THE GARDENS OF THE LOVERS—THE ALL-IN HOME—ROOMS OF BRITISH MONARCHS—THE BRIDGE OF R.M.S. QUEEN MARY—THE CRYPT OF GLAMIS CASTLE—ROBERT BURNS' COTTAGE — BACKGROUNDS FOR BEAUTY — THE NAVY AT HOME — KITCHENS OF THE WORLD — PICCANINNY CIRCUS — THE CORONATION FASHION PAGEANT — ALFREDO AND HIS GIPSY ORCHESTRA—SYDNEY BAYNES' BROADCASTING ORCHESTRA

More than 600 original features and displays covering every aspect of home-making

NEW SIX-FLOOR GARAGE FOR 1200 CARS ADJOINS OLYMPIA

DEWY. . . dawn-new lips with the **NEW** **TATTOO!**



The New TATTOO gives them exciting South Sea red that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible . . . yet keeps lips moist, shimmering, smooth . . . actually softens them!

★ ★ ★

Stolen from the bewitching little South Seas maiden was the idea of permanent, pasteless, transparent lip colour ; lasting, loyal *stain* for lips instead of temporary, "pasty," fickle coating! Now this same enchantress has revealed her way of keeping lips soft, smooth, luscious and moistly shimmering too. • We offer it to you as the *New* TATTOO . . . an entirely new kind of indelible lipstick . . . the *only* lipstick that can give your lips the irresistible witchery of transparent, pasteless, South Sea colour . . the *only* lipstick containing the magic ingredient that will make your lips sparkle like the moon-path o'er an iridescent tropical sea . . . at the same time keeping your lips youthfully smooth, wrinkle-free . . . caressingly soft. TATTOO your lips . . . with the *New* TATTOO ! 4/6 everywhere.

FIVE SHADES . . CORAL . . EXOTIC . . NATURAL . . PASTEL . . HAWAIIAN